

The Strathallian
1991/92

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The Strathallian



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Front Cover photograph — The Headmaster with pupils: Salvete et Valete.	

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A. M. Tod, PhD (Edin), BA (Oxon)

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M. Wilson, RN

SUBJECT

English

Geography/Maths

Design/Technology

Chemistry/Music

English

Mathematics

French

English

French/Spanish

History

French/Russian

Jnr. Chemistry/Physics

Design/Technology

Geography

Biology

Mathematics/PE

French/German

Mathematics

Geography

English/P.E.

English

Mathematics

Divinity

Art

Econ/Business Studies

English

History/Music

Chemistry

Design/Technology

History

History

Mathematics

Music

French

Biology/Computers

P.E.

Econ/Business Studies

Mathematics

French/German

Physics

Physics

English/Philosophy

History

Physics

Biology

Biology

Design/Technology

Geography

French/Russian

Careers

Design/Technology

Housemaster Ruthven

Head of Department

Head of Department

Administrative Secretary

Housemaster Freeland

Housemaster Simpson

Head of Department

Housemaster Nicol

Head of Department

Chaplain

Head of Department

Director of Studies

Senior Master

Head of Department

Housemistress Thornbank

Head of Department

Housemaster Woodlands

Head of Department

Housemaster Riley

Head of Department

Head of Department

Head of Department

Head of Department

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Mrs E. D. Buchan (Jordanihill)

Mrs E. Cairns, DA (Edinburgh)

Mrs A. Croft, MA (Dundee)

Mrs J. Forbes, MA (Aberdeen)

Mrs E. Hamilton, MA (Aberdeen)

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Geography/English

Games

Art

Business Studies

English

Chemistry

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Mrs K. I. Maltman, MA (Aberdeen)

Mrs I. I. McFarlane, MA (Edinburgh)

Mrs F. N. Ninham, BA (St Andrews)

Mrs H. C. K. Segauld

Art

Science

Games

French

English

Mathematics

Games

Medical Officer

A. Forsyth, MB, ChB, D.Obst, MRCP, RCOG

School Authority

Academic Year 1991/92

Captain of School
A. M. G. Burrell

Head of Freeland
Head of Nicol
Head of Ruthven
Head of Simpson
Head of Thornbank
Head of Woodlands

H. M. Lochore
N. P. Buckley
G. R. Maclellan
J. A. Leiper
L. S. Grant
F. M. Clayton

School Prefects

P. Aitken, E. D. Anderson, F. M. M. Hutchison, R. G. J. Johnston,
M. S. R. Tench, C. L. Tomlin, J. A. Tornos, A. F. C. Wood.

Academic Year 1992/93

Captain of School
C. S. Nicol

Head of Freeland
Head of Nicol
Head of Ruthven
Head of Simpson
Head of Thornbank
Head of Woodlands

A. S. Doodson
P. G. Ainsworth
P. J. Ferguson
A. R. McNamara
E. F. Smart
P. M. Lockhart

School Prefects

S. Blackstock, N. A. Gray, T. M. Hughes, C. R. Mackay,
R. Mitchell, A. Mitchell, R. C. Obineche, P. Raper.

SALVETE

RILEY HOUSE

C. J. Breaden, J. I. Caird, J. R. Common,
T. A. Gemmill, M. J. Harington, S. J.
Harvey, L. Higgins, A. D. Macmillan, E.
C. Matheson, D. Mirander, C. Narchi, J.
A. C. Paterson, C. A. Southcott, D.
Stevenson, C. I. A. Stewart, A. E.
Stringer, A. M. Wallace, H. Crump, A. N.
G. Thwaites, G. P. Anczak, C. L. Bradley,
S. D. Buchan, J. E. Cameron, A. L.
Carswell, D. F. Crosthwaite, J. C.
Hepworth, A. M. Illingworth, R. I. Jones,
T. F. Latter, D. J. A. P. McReadie, J.
McLardy, S. D. McMillan, C. J.
McMurtrie, J. J. M. Perry, E. L.
Readman, S. A. B. Rider, M. A. S. Smith,
K. A. S. Young.

FREELAND HOUSE

K. P. Eadie, M. S. Elder, S. C. Scales, C.

J. Wands, R. E. Wands, C. Reid, P. J.
Watson, J. Frier.

NICOL HOUSE

D. W. Burns, A. K. Senior, A. D.
Tewson, P. A. Todd, N. E. Winsey, P. C.
J. Seymour, J. Figuerola, P. G. F. Haenle,
D. Shepherd.

RUTHVEN HOUSE

J. R. Cessford, A. Choudry, K. Diana-Oli,
N. S. Fowler, C. I. A. High, P. C. Price,
C. J. Roberts, A. C. M. Thompson, G. J.
Tyldesley, D. Culliford, G. I. M. Duncan,
F. Syme, D. Blaimer, R. M. Griffiths, T.
G. K. Kloubert, R. Moffat, W. W. L.
Tang, R. A. D. Williams, C. P. E. Crump.

SIMPSON HOUSE

E. J. Adam, R. S. Clarke, D. M. B.

Gilbert, R. A. Gove, G. J. Greenwood, A.
I. D. Grieve, J. H. Hepworth, A. R.
Kettle, G. M. Kettle, S. C. Mitchell, R. M.
Sim, D. R. Smith, M. A. Smith, C. A.
Stevens, S. Gerber.

THORNBANK HOUSE

G. C. Anderson, F. C. Bethune, A. M.
Bradley, S. J. C. Caird, R. L. Clegg, D. B.
Mason, H. E. Nesbitt, K. E. Walker, G. P.
Wallace, E. K. Cathcart, K. Palmer, S. E.
Stewart, J. F. M. Inglis, J. P. Mair,
K. Willmen.

WOODLANDS HOUSE

L. H. M. Allison, K. E. Butler, K. J.
Combe, E. S. J. Galt, K. A. Glimm, L. J.
Graham-Campbell, J. E. Littleford, J. S.
Malcolm, H. F. Miller, K. L. Miller, S. L.
J. Prentice, E. A. Watson.

EDITORIAL

"A chance to comment on the undercurrents, the mood of the school", smiled Mrs Adam ducking off into the dinner queue, and I smiled innocently back. I'm not, however, smiling now.

The trouble is the apparent lack of an event or a subject that stands out as unique and says something specific about this year. The sort of thing that teeth could be sunk into and from which would be drawn out some penetrating observation. There has been plenty of activity — both academic and sporting — and 'The Strathallian' will give a pretty comprehensive picture of this sort of thing. It will, however, all be very much the same as the year before — the names have

changed but the story remains the same.

It is therefore a consolation to glance over a few previous editorials and realize that they highlight this consistency as well as anything. In issue after issue they nestle inside the front cover, sheepishly admitting their failure to find anything different or significant to write about.

That this year should fit the pattern so well is still a little surprising. There have, after all, been major and obvious changes — the accommodation programme has at last been completed, everyone now has a study bedroom. The threat to something that might be called house-spirit arrived at least in theory. If such a thing ever existed the year has shown that the changeover

has not made much difference: apart from the little extra privacy and being locked up every night, things go on the same as ever. No doubt this is a relief for the architects who have preserved a human factor amongst the bricks and cement. No doubt, too, it is healthy for those in charge of the school, consistency indicating that energies are being as effectively channelled as ever. An added bonus is that most people continue to appear quite content — apart from the writers of editorials!

GORDON WATT

An alternative perspective of the year is offered on page 63 by Claire Tomlin in "Last Words".

STAFF NOTES

To reader and writer alike I suspect that "Staff Notes" arouse a mixture of feelings. On the one hand we are saying goodbye to colleagues with whom we have worked and lived for a number of years, and in certain cases for a good many years; this inevitably brings a twinge of sadness. At the same time we are awaiting their successors with some excitement and perhaps, naturally, a little apprehension. Amongst our leavers this year we have a number who have filled senior positions with such distinction that their services have been sought elsewhere, a compliment to them and to Strathallan. To all those families leaving: "thank you" and to everyone, whether leaving or about to arrive, all happiness in the new life ahead.

Mr Forster came as Head of English in 1983 and had the daunting task of modernising a department to meet the many changes that were happening as the result of government legislation. In '86 when Mr and Mrs Williams retired from Woodlands, Mr Forster and his wife, Paula, were an obvious choice to oversee its further development and expansion which eventually enabled the creation of Thornbank. Somehow Mr Forster found

time to breathe fresh air into our drama department and we must not forget — they won't — the active part he played in Riley's rugby and cricket. The girls at Moreton Hall will certainly have a participating Headmaster. Mr Alan Ball who succeeds Mr Forster in the English department has the distinction of being appointed without ever visiting the School; it seemed a very long way from Australia and after all he had had a brief introduction to the School when the School toured his country a few years ago.

Mr Elliot, who does not actually leave until January '93 after eight years at the School, came to Strathallan to set the scene for the development of the new CDT department. His advice, energy and commitment have established this department as one of the foremost in the UK and it is no wonder that Jordanhill College want him to teach teachers to teach. Mr Clive Mockford is leaving a similar post at Sunderland University to come back to the coal face having had his appetite whetted by taking a sabbatical at Gordonstoun. During the year Mr Wallace left to take up a Head of Departments position in London and has been replaced by Mr Peter Belwood who,

as a mature graduate in the subject, has come via industry.

Mr Pengelley came as Head of History department in '85 and is leaving to become Senior Master at Rossall. Not only has Mr Pengelley successfully steered the department through the multitude of changes that have affected the approach to teaching History at both A-level and GCSE but he has been fully committed to rugby, athletics, House Tutoring and for a time acted as President of the Common Room. Dr Andrew Tod, Mr Pengelley's replacement, is no stranger to Strathallan having brought numerous hockey sides here in the past from Stewarts Melville, Edinburgh.

Mr Stewart leaves the Physics department after five years to join Glasgow Academy, his old School. His position as Head of Department is taken by Mr Paul Summersgill and Mr Paul Todd is the new member of staff having left research into astrophysics at the Cavendish for the more down to earth life as Schoolmaster, firstly at Slindon college and now with us.

Mr Love leaves his position as Assistant Director of Music, we think for his old haunts in Ireland, and has proved irreplaceable.



Dr Andrew Tod.



Mr Paul Todd.



Mr Alan Ball.

Prize Winners June 1992

The Smith Cup for Captain of School
The Houston Prize for All Round Merit
The Scanlon Cup for Merit (Girls)
Dux
The William Tattersall Art Prize
The Robert Barr Memorial Prize for Music
The Patrick Grandison Prize for Strings
The Wilfred Hoare Senior Reading Prize
The Richard Moffat Prize for History
The David Bogie Prize for Economics
The Lord Kincaig Prize for English

Aleck Burrell
Edward Anderson
Clodagh Meiklejohn
Philip Laing
Ben Muir & Heather Dewar
Richard Townhill
Claire Corrie
Heather Dewar
Louise Weston
Colin Macdonald
Gordon Watt

Geography
French
German
Mathematics
Chemistry
Physics
Biology
Art
Design & Technology
Politics
Maths/Chemistry
Business Studies

Fiona Hutchison
David Graham
Tracey Morton
David Clark
David Clark
David Clark
Lindsay Grant
Sophie Allen
Fiona Hutchison
Tessa Dunlop
James Tornos
Claire Tomlin

SCHOOL PRIZES

The Chairman's Address at the presentation of prizes by Mrs Dinsmore in the Music Room:

One of the great attractions of having a fete every 5 years is that there is no Speech Day.

This, I have to admit, takes a certain amount of strain off me and I am sure that you boys and girls are absolutely delighted. However, the down side is undoubtedly arranging a suitable occasion on which to present the prizes and I hope you don't feel cheated that you haven't had one of the Good and the Great to give you yours tonight — that there isn't a captain of industry, a leading academic or a high ranking politician to hand on the benefits of their experiences in the School of Life.

So what, I asked myself, could I do to compensate the "Year of '92" prizewinners for not bringing them a grand public figure — a man — or woman — of distinction.

What can I do or say that will stop that glazed look (which I know so well from the speech day platform) spreading over your faces? I thought — but only briefly — of singing but that would not have been a success.

Educationalists might suggest a different format — overhead projectors, slides, flip charts. Equally they might say that this seating arrangement and this number of people — I would hesitate to call you a mixed ability group! — is only about 5% efficient — which would mean that only 5% of you are listening to me — which may well be just about right!

Educationalists — the more traditional perhaps — might also say that revision is the thing to get the message home. So taking my cue from the Earth Summit in Rio and in the knowledge that we must conserve our resources at every opportunity, I intend to give you a distillation of the combined wisdom and advice that we have had from the great and good over the last few years, with just a bit of Dinsmore thrown in. I can guarantee that there is no waste, every word is genuinely recycled and has been used before.

Sir Norman, now Lord, McFarlane reckoned that if we all cleaned our shoes we would (at least by implication) become Chairman of Guinness — I have been polishing like mad ever since but have remained merely a consumer. But then he also said that success comes to all who have a thirst for it — so maybe I'm on the right lines after all.

Lord Fraser last year urged us to recognise the importance of our parents — and that's a sentiment always worth repeating — at least in our household — whilst Sir Roger Young with a graphic analogy of the man who painstakingly planted tens of thousands of trees in a barren valley as his life's work, emphasised the need to lay sure foundations to be able to enjoy later the fruits of one's labours — if that

isn't mixing my metaphors too much!

Each of our guests in their own way had particular as well as general advice to give.

For example:

We mustn't become confused by what is beyond immediate understanding but should enjoy life for what it is now.

This does not mean "live now, pay later".

We must discover our own limits, our strengths and weaknesses and set our own priorities to reflect these.

We should be daring about our futures and not be hidebound by tradition. Life without change would be very dull.

Sir Graham Hill, the then Principal of Strathclyde University, started by gravely announcing that he was a serious sort of man. He admired, he said, the man who, when asked how he would like his hair cut, replied, "In silence".

Sir Graham wasn't sure about awarding prizes for academic excellence at all and, interestingly, running through each of these wise men's words — and they are wise men — is that common thread: a general ambivalence to awarding prizes at all. Their reluctance stems from the view that "you are what you are". We all inherit our various characteristics. Cleverness is established at birth — whether it be intelligence or an ability to run fast or to kick or hit a ball better than most.

What is intelligence? One of the questions in our scholarship entrance examination this year was in two parts:

Q.1. What is a monetary policy?

Q.2. Give an example of one which has failed.

This proved too much for most of the candidates. Some said it was something or other to do with the European Community and they had heard about it on the TV news but didn't really know what it was.

Others gave up saying they hadn't been taught it and therefore it wasn't their fault they didn't know about it.

But one young man wrote:

My father gives me 50p a week pocket money — this is a monetary policy.

It isn't enough — and this is an example of a monetary policy which has failed!

My own view, for what it's worth, is that it is absolutely appropriate to reward excellence. We do this — more or less — throughout life. It is a far from perfect system and regrettably it is a far from perfect world. But your prizes today have been won by developing and using the talents that you have been given in a particular field. It will have demanded considerable effort, application and determination and I congratulate you on your achievements.

Equally, however, — or even more so — it is so important to develop character

traits which are not inherited. They are taught and acquired for life. A sense of caring, of thinking of others, of making efforts, of assuming responsibility, or recognising and appreciating non-academic qualities such as grace and tenderness, reliability and loyalty and sensitivity.

Finally, from all the Speech Days I have been at, "the message" I can remember most clearly, perhaps because it is simple, was delivered by a retired prep school headmistress at a prep school prizegiving. She described — very vividly — two small children, standing at the foot of an enormous flight of steps, dithering about and yammering that they couldn't possibly climb them and they could never get to the top. Their mother looked at them sternly and said "If you don't begin you'll never know — so stop staring up the steps, start stepping up the stairs". Now I won't make you all repeat that 10 times as she made us all do that day but it was excellent advice for those about to move on to another stage of their lives. "Stop staring up the steps, start stepping up the stairs."

You may also remember how fond I am of the old proverb which likens life to two sailing ships leaving harbour at the same time — one goes east and the other west. It is the same wind that blows for both. Which direction they go in depends on how they trim their sails to that wind. Boys and girls, even in these tricky times, the wind of opportunity is always blowing. Your time at Strathallan should have prepared you to use that wind of opportunity to its best advantage to further your talents and ambitions. So — stop staring up the steps and start stepping up the stairs — and may God go with you."

J. W. DINSMORE



The Chairman of the Board of Governors.

THE FÊTE

By a substantial majority, pupils, academic staff, parents and, indeed, Governors rate going to and even helping out at a Fête a more popular pastime than Speech Day. Even the organisers have emerged from the last four relatively unscathed. All have sought retirement of one sort or another and none has had a second go but equally none is less sane than before.

Planning starts euphorically a full year ahead with the booking dates and major facilities, the recruitment of a core committee and the development of a broad strategy. It is at this stage, however, that one's skills in the management of communication are first tested. Too little and too late invites the little man with the large spanner to attack the working parts; too much and too early brings a downpour of conflicting advice and suggestion from an army of Thomases, Richards and Harolds.

There is no doubt that it is in the last weeks, days and hours that the mettle is tested. We're in to the latter half of the last and busiest term: there are exams to set, invigilate and mark; there are reports to write and tours to prepare; the games programme reaches a frenzied peak and the troops are showing the first signs of demob happiness. Will the sideshow construction be finished in time? Will there be enough prizes for the Tombola; bottles for the bottle stall and things to auction? Should I have ever agreed to do this? Is there a handy darkened room or enough in the kitty for a one-way ticket to Train Robbers' Paradise?

It is then as D-Day dawns that one realises that the most important decision of all was taken months ago: the selection of one's helpers.

The auction which brought the proceedings to a close — a remarkable professional tour de force by Lindsay Burns — was in fact a double act. Brian Raine had spent hours on the telephone, energetically assisted by the Headmaster, persuading any number of friends and contacts to part with auctionable goods and services. Brian, I owe you one!

The thousands of Golden Oscars, Fête Fliers and programmes which launched the Fête, all produced in-house to the highest standards, came by courtesy of Peter Keir, Lyn Smith and Mike Wilson.

Paul Vallot and his enthusiastic sidekick, David Giles, overcame some twitch-inducing last minute snags to stage an impressive array of sideshows — all built and manned by pupil power — to test, tease and taunt the skill of contestants.

Meanwhile, a whole bevy of ladies, and at least half a dozen gentlemen, created in the main marquee, at Florence Proctor's behest, a souk to rival anything between Port Said and Marrakech: Cosmo's Grotshop; Eva's Calorie Corner; Gillian and Jimmy Dinsmore's Tombola; Helen

and Ann's Strathalliana and Bric-a-brac; Greg's Greenhouse; Louise's books and a Mayes of bottles along with Alastair and Andrew's Wheel of Fortune and a forest of balloons.

Amongst the hardest worked on the day were those catering for the various gastronomic appetites of our visitors. As usual the bar, masterminded in a repeat — but this time farewell — performance by Simon Pengelley was one of the first facilities open and was certainly the last to close as it catered also for the foot-sore and weary from all other departments.

Janet Watson's "Café à l'Aubis" was a popular early venue for those whose craving for coffee and croissants overcame any hesitation at trying their French on the Riley waitresses.

Alan Christie and Noel Smart had coerced family and friends to help them run a magnificently successful and highly popular Buck's Fizz, Pimm's and Smoked Salmon rendez-vous.

Meanwhile, Craig and Carmel Young with Chefs Jim, David and Gordon and a small army of assistants, were barbecuers of anything that Gordon Clark could provide, vendors of ice cream and purveyors of Pump Room teas in the Music Room.

Elsewhere folk were persuaded by Charles Court to cast flies; by Bill Bullard to pot clays; by Ian Keith to shoot air; by Klaus Glimm to abseil the West Face of Old Ruthven and by Roy Sneddon to bounce in Euan Fraser's castle — while Lesley Court and Julie Summersgill happily, I'm told, creched children.

Jane Forbes exerted masterly control of the public address information service as a squad of talented pupils showed themselves clearly destined for careers as DJ's, quizz-show hosts or station announcers.

Trevor Goody, a stalwart and enterprising site manager, took on all sorts of tasks from building stages and shifting tons of furniture to keeping an eye on litter.

One of the real highlights of the day



Unexpected angles were achieved by Mr Giles.



Ice-creams and Roses.

was the constant flow of top-class entertainment. John Broadfoot, ultimately a major beneficiary of the Fête, and Adam Streatfeild-James, took charge of Entente Theatre productions whilst Nick Reed's musicians were simply admirable — dance and jazz bands and a fiddle orchestra drew even greater crowds to the bar area whilst the harp in the 'Pump Room' created the miracle of a genteel oasis amidst the hurly-burly.

Graeme Longmuir and Bert Baron successfully co-ordinated and controlled the talents not only of the School's Pipe Band but also of the Old Strathallian Irregulars led by Gordon Wallace and Alan MacMillan.

Other memories of the day: the sartorial dash of Proctor versus the swagger of Keir; (the aforementioned Proctor well in to next month's salary and still bidding at the auction); small children in large velcro suits hurling themselves at the barfly wall; Colin Walker peacefully sewing torn canvas 30 feet up in the marquee as the first visitors arrived; Elizabeth Adam patiently picking up their rubbish as they left.

Finally, to all those who helped: thank you; to all those that I've forgotten to mention: sorry; to all those who missed it: you'll have just one more chance this century!

Successful? If you enjoyed it, yes; from the point of view of the Theatre Fund, yes — to the tune of £20,927.58.

J.F.C.



Old friends and new.



The Café à l'Aubis took orders in français only!

THE LIFE OF RILEY

It is 7.00am Monday morning. Everyone lies asleep, having dreadful nightmares about the day ahead of them. Are we in prison? Are we in training for the Olympic Games? No, not quite. We're in Riley House, the junior boarding house at Strathallan School. Suddenly our attention moves from our dreams to the increasing crescendo of footsteps nearing the door. Could it be a herd of elephants? A stampede of buffaloes? No, it isn't. It's Matron! Everyone's worst nightmares are beginning to become reality — Matron refuses to leave the room until everyone is out of bed and starting to get dressed. This may seem quite sensible to you, but as soon as she goes out of the door everyone leaps straight back into bed again and attempts to snatch a few more minutes of warmth.

There's no chance of breakfast in bed at Strathallan. Oh no! At 7.30 we're all off to the dining hall which is at the furthest removed corner of the school from Riley. Everyone shuffles over there with their ties seldom tied in the accepted manner, their shirt tails and fronts waving in the breeze and their shoes, although meant to be black, ranging considerably in colour depending on what encrusted layers have been deposited upon them!

Do we stay like that all day long is the question. No chance! The school prefect on breakfast duty (who is slightly more awake than most of us) sorts us out before too long.

On a Monday, after breakfast, we are rewarded with the glorious fun of doing laundry. Do they honestly let us wash our own clothes — I hear you ask. Nope! All we have to do is bung our dirty washing in a trolley and the clothes are taken to Fishers' Laundry in Fife. Easy, isn't it?

Cleanliness is next to Godliness, they say, and at 8.30am it is time for chapel. The service appears to last an hour but is actually about only a quarter of that time. It is taken by the Rev, as he's most commonly known at school.

At 9.00am the dreaded classes begin. These vary considerably depending on the day. Mondays and Fridays are full days, and also horrible days for lessons. The other days are broken by afternoon sessions of games, apart from Sundays, which are free days (thank God!) after chapel in the morning.

Games themselves also vary — this time depending on the term. Each term there are one or two types of game which are compulsory for us.

In the Autumn term, like most other schools, we play rugby — which is well known in Riley as the cause of quite a few bloody noses and black eyes!

The Spring term is the term of broken noses, broken arms and broken legs. What kind of sport do we do in this term? Skiing, of course! Expeditions are made



Riley himself — Nicol, the Gnome.

to Glenshee when conditions permit, although this isn't a compulsory sport. Hockey (also dangerous!) is played this term, too.

The sun comes out in the summer term when boys all over the school play cricket. This is a lot of people's favourite sport but I can't say I share their enthusiasm! I am truly sorry for Mr Forster and Mr Murray who had to put up with me the whole term.

After games there is some free time when we can relax for a while before going to tea. Most people spend that time in the common room eating tuck. Then when we get to the dining hall we surprisingly find we're not very hungry and we wander back to Riley again. It's quite silly actually! After tea is activities time when there is always something for everyone to do. Many clubs take place,

such as air rifle shooting (which is strictly controlled to prevent pupils shooting one another rather than the targets). There is canoeing (which is strictly controlled to prevent pupils trying to drown each other). There is also CDT (which is strictly controlled to prevent loss of limbs by electric saws etc).

At 7.15pm prep begins. During this we all sit in a Riley classroom, each of us keeping as silent as possible. If one makes a noise, one is very likely to get into serious trouble. One must not leave the chair one is sitting on. One must not lift one's pencil from the page one is writing on. Breathing or blinking is normally allowed, however!

After prep, which finishes at 8pm, we go back and get ready for bed. Wearing our slippers and dressing gowns we head to the kitchen for supper. This consists of a big feast 3 biscuits — and only 3 biscuits. (Unless, of course, Matron happens to turn her back for a moment and then.....!)

We have to be in bed by 8.00pm and silent, reading a book at 8.45. After half an hour, the duty master comes in to switch off our lights. No noise is supposed to be made after this. As usual there's absolutely no chance of us shutting up for ages! That's the way we are and the masters all know it.

All in all, although this may sound like hell to you, in fact it's great fun and you could say we lead the Life of Riley!

NICOL NICOLSON
(1st Form)

NB This is the text of the speech with which Nicol won the under-seventeen Public Speaking class at the Edinburgh Competition Festival.



Fun, glorious fun: Gnomes gambol in the Spring.

BLAIRMORE GAMES

On Saturday, 6th June, Marcus Honig and his team ventured to Blairmore for the Junior Games. There were various other teams from all over Scotland as our competition.

With caber tossing and hammer hurling over and done with the scores couldn't have been tighter. It was all down to the dancing; the weeks of practise had paid off and we finished a stunning 2nd. We won the trophy but only by two points.

Thanks to Mr Keith and Mr Bolton for taking us and to Mrs Hamilton for all those secret dancing lessons!

QUIZZES

This year Riley's academic front was rather successful out of school, with Stuart Catto in the winning 'Top of the Form' team. He was alongside John Osborne, Colin Perry and Matthew Morley, in a rather obscure quiz for Scottish Prep Schools, in which they picked up 2nd Prize. Stuart Catto and Colin Perry also won scholarships into the Senior School. Well done to them.

VERSE SPEAKING

It has been a successful year for poem reading and verse speaking, hasn't it?!

Going to the Perth and Edinburgh festivals was good, but coming first was excellent. The hard work definitely proved worth it. The First Year won their ensemble with "The Lady of Shallott" and "The Way Through the Woods".

The girls lay prostrate, drooling at Nicol Nicolson's feet after his stunning performance in the under-seventeen speech competition in Edinburgh. This wasn't enough though — he continued to win contests in Perth.

It was a marvellous effort by the First Year, not to mention the Second Years' appearance in both festivals. Well done to everyone.



Hammer-hurling and caber-tossing Gnomes at Blairmore.

FRENCH WEEKEND

An essential feature of the summer term for any Riley pupil has to be at least one weekend spent under canvas and this year, with the long spells of glorious unbroken sunshine, proved to be ideal for this. However, one Riley weekend away from school was rather different; canvas was forsaken for the comfort of the Middleton Cottages in Glenisla (kindly loaned to us by George Watson's College) and the medium of communication was largely French.

P.J.C., M.A.R. and Anthony Coles led a merry band of enthusiastic 2nd form French scholars who spent 24 happy hours exploring the Perthshire countryside and the river which meandered through an enticing glade below the cottages. The warm weather and the long, light evening made a camp fire completely irresistible, even though we were not

camping. Great delight was to be had in cooking the fare on the fire, though most of it was either reduced to smouldering cinders or was merely warmed. Once the sun had finally dipped below the horizon all returned to base and went to bed, claiming exhaustion.

P.J.C.

BOYS' SPORTS

The boys' sports this year have gone quite well overall. The U13s, after having a disastrous rugby season, went on to have a very successful hockey season. They won eight games out of nine. The hockey lovers were extremely annoyed when told that the Strath Sixes would be cancelled due to bad weather. They had a good chance of winning it.

The skiing was terrible with only one visit to Glenshee.

The cricket season was mixed, with 3 wins, 3 losses and 2 draws.

Nevertheless, let us not forget the U12s who had a respectable season.

GIRLS' GAMES

Yet another day of games as the Riley girls march down to the playing fields! In the summer rounders is the girls' sport and in winter it is hockey. Of the sideline games, lacrosse is the most unpopular. Nobody can be bothered to carry a long wooden stick with a net on the end! The girls' sporting year has been good and they deserved every win that they got.

RUNNING

The Fun Run held some marvellous performances, especially for Riley.

Matthew Morley came in 9th for the whole School. Riley raised over £100 in total in sponsorship money.

In the Loch Rannoch Fun Run Riley boys (Matthew Morley, Ian Stewart and Donald Matheson) came 1st, 2nd and 3rd — a new record.



Supporting Gnomes on the sidelines.

FREELAND

"Novice" was what Nik, The Quill, Hartley wrote in the last Strathallian. "Who's he calling 'novice'?" I thought to myself. I was, after all, an old hand at the teaching game, even just simply old. I knew more tricks than Keith Salters at the Fête bottle-stall and was no green-horn Christopher Mayes. This old-timer had handled more dark hostiles than General Custer Healy, more shoot-in-the-backs than Billy the Kid Anderson, more headaches in the night than Doc Socrates Holliday and deadlier duos than Butch Micky and the Sundance Fez. Not only that, but I'd shot more buffalo than Burgie Bill Spanner and scalped more indians than Rod 'The Shane' Lamb. I would just mosey down to the old Band H Corral, past Fishy's, the old slow-working undertaker's place, and pick 'em off one by one: Dead-eye Dick was blind and only had one eyebrow, so he'd be easy; The Smith Brothers were gonna be a piece of cake; Quiet Martin would be so busy shootin' his mouth he'd forget his gun and Loud Jamie'd be planning the route of the next big cattle-drive so he wouldn't even notice the fencing waggon, driven by Beserk Benjy, run him down. Oh, I'd clean forgot to mention that Dan, the Mountain Man, had already pedalled out of town and that Steel-Jaw Robs was lying out cold somewhere back of Jodie's place. That left George, the left-armed knife chucker, Woody, the shot gun out-of-the-window specialist and Doc Ford. "Oh no, not Doc Ford," I thought. "He'd be using psychology."

There, I'd got them all in, and if that wasn't enough, I'd gone and lost the showdown, too. I was glad that I lost it though 'cos then there couldn't be one, see?

The trail, like all trails, especially across unknown territory, had its good days and bad days. Minor skirmishes against hostile tribes were largely successful but a groaning trophy cabinet — even only a metaphorical one — doesn't make a good House. Most pleasing were the efforts everyone made, or offered to make, in the Standards Cup and the spirit in which the Junior and Senior teams played. Work, I ain't so sure about. If there is one clear trail to Eldorado, that surely is it. The Lower Sixth certainly seem to have hitched their teams and have set off in the right direction. The Fifth Form, this summer, left Fort Great Confused Schooling Experiment behind them. I hope they can go some way to watch last year's Fifth Form who passed at 'A' almost 40% of all exams sat. And the Fourth and Third Forms? Experience will tell any trail-hand that biting a horse's ears or blowing in its' nose is the quickest way to train it. I think the nose trick might be working.

In general terms the boys in Freeland have given a lot to the School — and

received a lot, too. Eddie Anderson won the cup for All-Round Merit, Keith Salters the cup for individual sportsman and Chris Moore the prize for Fifth Form Dux. Nine members of the House played cricket, twelve 1st XV rugby and five 1st XI hockey. Boys across the House represented the school in various teams, a good number in 1st colts sides. Murray Dick captained Athletics, Jason Low, the 1st XI Hockey Tour side and Martin Smith led the Undefeated Sevenths while finding breath to give the running commentary. Peter Brown distinguished himself, on and off stage, in "The Happiest Days of Your Life" and in the Junior Drama Competition. Musicians like Martin Smith, Chris Moore, Neil Wilson, Bob Mitchell and Duncan Forbes made significant contributions to various musical events. Jamie Smith not only won the Sixth Form writing prize but gained his Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award. Nik Hartley and Gavin and Neil Wilson are well on their way to achieving the same.

This litany of individuals becomes increasingly confusing (and I am sure I've missed many achievements) and boring for those who are not looking for their own names. So I'll try to pack my bed-roll and head off into the sunset quickly. My memories of the first year? Spanner's chair diving and Jason's return from his History dinner. Also, Borgie's Form Orders and Neil's and Paul's fishing trips. There were Socrates sports commentaries, Nik's chivalric hospitality and the Tough Ed Tales. Tough Ed Goes Fishing being one of my favourites. I enjoyed Rhesa's laugh and couldn't keep up with Henry's

sprinting at Loretto. Jack's 'hand-stands' kept me awake and Bru's hockey, Stephen's Cricket and Bart's smile omen well for the future.

Filling Sheriff Proctor's boots was never going to be easy; filling his gun-belt even harder. If I have got anywhere near doing so it will be thanks to my wife, Lesley, who helped the Third Form settle in so well; to George Kitson, who becomes Senior Tutor next year and to Chris Mayes who worked enormously hard with real enthusiasm amongst the Fifth Form. Thanks, too, to Simon Pengeley who moves to different plains and Geoff Bolton who has given such a lot of his time so selflessly. It's easy to overlook the huge amount of work and care that Jessie Taylor, Moira and Mary spend on the House. I hope the boys never forget it. Lastly, thanks to the Senior boys who did so much to work with, rather than against, me.

C.N.C.



Above: Henry Duncan's done it again.

Top right: Mr Mayes plays tennis with Andrew Wood.

NICOL

This was the year of the Headmaster's 'final solution' when every House got its own pad, and escaped from the influences of the others -SSism (old regime), cup-lessness, late nightism, sporting zealotry — you name the House. To an extent the characteristics of each reflect the school's strength and weakness — friendliness, and it's apparently inescapable partner, casualness — but inevitably greater differences will develop. So here is the Housemaster's end-of-year report on the state of play in Nicol:

Affability — good; most people no longer just groan when you speak to them.

Tidiness — improved, thanks to Mrs Murray and her splendid team, lockable doors and Draconian fines.

Sporting prowess — not strong, but getting better. Here, as usual, there's a lot to say. First the failures. We didn't win the senior rugby despite a spirited game against a brilliant Freeland side, and, once again, the juniors just missed a final win. Squash, tennis, golf, skiing and badminton didn't come our way either in spite of some notable individual performances. (Dan's crushing of Suzie Blackstock in the squash court, only to discover she was not Jo Clark; our leader bucking the trend by losing to girls at tennis; Ewan Faldo's second place in the golf). In hockey we reached three out of four finals, only to succumb to Freeland on each occasion. The senior outdoor match was outstanding, with our team of no-hopers, inspired by stormers from Gus and Pitchy, only going down 5-3. Another good effort led by Duncan Camilleri, nearly brought an unlikely victory over Simpson in the Junior cricket, but similar enthusiasm got only third place in athletic standards. We did win two team trophies. Thanks to Nick Buckley's organisation, the ex-Leburnites and the ungodly Sunday hour, we romped off with the swimming. Then, best of all, because it was the last week of term, we won the athletics finals' cup. Excellent running from captain Iain Wilson, Jonathan Ireland and Robert Mawdsley in particular (although it was really a team effort) put us two points ahead of Ruthven and three in front of Freeland in the most exciting competition for years.

Individuals had their successes. Phil Ainsworth and Mark Tench proved their worth in the 1st XV and Chris Burnett captained the unbeaten U14 side. Mark Taylor, Duncan Robertson (both full colours), John Green and, occasionally, Gordon MacGregor-Christie, all played for the hockey XI; while Mark Tench bowled his fastest for the cricket side. There were many in the athletics team, and good times were recorded by Iain Wilson (also a winner at the Loch Rannoch Marathon), Jonathan Ireland,

James Ducat and Robert Mawdsley. Nick Buckley captained tennis (so they say!).

Artistic impression — about 8.8! Hamish McCartan put on a glitzy performance in the school play, and was ably supported by a suitably bombastic Chris Procter. Paul Manwaring was a key man behind the scenes. Hamish's hand was also evident in the innovative, but obscure, Junior House Play, where Tom Hughes did so much to ensure that it actually reached the stage. Phil Ainsworth soloed impressively with the School Orchestra. Raj did the same outside Chapel, and with Nick Morley and Struan Fairbairn was three quarters of the excellent jazz group. Pipe Band representation was as strong as ever — up to 10 for some events, and Hamish McCartan and Drum Major James Steel carried off cups. Visual artists abounded: Matthew Pitchforth's 'Ten Green Bottles' making the corridor gallery. Gordon McGregor-

Christie put in some fancy work at every dance.

Work effort — amongst the juniors, the best yet. VS and NS were rare on the orders, with the third form outstandingly 'plus'. Iain Senior, Ross McMillan and Nick Morley won school prizes. At senior level David Clark walked off with all three science prizes (unique?), and has the offer of a place at Cambridge and IBM. He and the rest of the public examinees will have to wait until August for their fates.

Enterprise — top marks here, say 9.9. James Steel's burying of his 2-year-extinct grandmother on a Sunday was a particularly good try, but what really earned the marks were The Entertainment and The Exclusive. At Christmas David Saffron wrote a Cinderella, and, complete with New Wave Director's beret, attempted to produce the staff. No one learnt their lines and no one came in on cue, but aided by strategically placed balloons and mop heads, and not a little glamour, a good time was had by all. A disgusting, much appreciated, song followed, then Hamish got his come-uppance (but not Heather) in PMV's re-run of Blind Date. The evening was then ruined by yours truly's Atkinsonian demolition of the audience. I haven't been forgiven yet! In the summer term The Nicol Exclusive hit the streets. Beautifully produced by David Man and his computer, it contained not a little wit from Chris Procter, but, sadly, no train timetables from Rabs. The aim of a fortnightly production may be ambitious but keep the presses rolling next term!

All this activity could not have been achieved without marvellous support from the Tutors. Paul and Clare Vallot have been indefatigable in their ministrations to all and sundry. In fact, 'keen Paul' never seemed to be off duty. When not out 'collecting wood' Andrew Wands kept weekend revelry and carry-outs in check in his usual forthright way, while our recruit, Adam Streatfeild-James, resisted all our best attempts to put him off housemastering and leaves us to go into the maelstrom (femaelstrom?) of Woodlands. We wish him and Kate all success in their long sentence.

The prefects, too, have been a coherent bunch (especially behind the CCF hut after meals), and, led by the ever calm Nick Buckley, they have been the real reason why the new system has got off to a good start. My thanks and good wishes to them and all the other leavers for happy and successful careers in the big outside world where they should discover there is life after Nicol!

J.N.F.



Renaissance Mann on Maneuvres: "It's not every day that a House is blessed with a House magazine."

RUTHVEN

It was with mixed emotions that the 'Ruthvenites' returned from all points of the globe in September. The excitement of the new buildings, with study bedrooms (for almost all...); the uncertainty of a new Housemaster (Communist, egalitarian, Fascist, Liberal, Francophile...?); and what was a House Matron? On most counts, the uncertainty and anxiety were misplaced!

In typical Scottish fashion, we optimised our sporting resources, played with some flair plus much spirit and enjoyed (almost) every moment. We won a cup! Squash — on the very last Sunday night of the final term — well done Craig Gibson and Co.! We came second in nine others. We participated in (perhaps?) the most committed match of the year — Senior Rugby against Simpson — we lost! We played in (possibly?) the highest quality matches of the year; Junior Indoor Hockey (with Euan MacKay making a stunning debut in goal!) and Junior Cricket (with Ben Ward leading by example). Both were against Freeland; both we lost! Then (almost certainly), there was the most exciting finish of the year when, on Athletics Sports Day we finished two points short of winners Nicol after the newly introduced 4 x 400m relays; yet we had led after the 4 x 100m relays! Well done to James Barlow, Ian Potts, James Gammack-Clark, Andy McCulloch et al. and congratulations to Cameron MacKay on winning the Middle Victor Ludorum. And, of course, we almost participated in the biggest inter-House event of the year! Thanks to Eddie Wall and the 65-strong cross country team, (victims of some rather muddled priorities?)

However, there is so much more than Sport! The dedication shown to work by some of our public examinees was a tremendous model for others to follow. They did not abandon their School commitments but simply demanded a great deal more of themselves! Messrs Graham (x2), Burrell, Tornos, Wall, Fitchie, Halliday, Wallace and MacLeod deserve more than a little credit from the examiners. Robin Stewart, that Gaelic speaking 1st XV skipper and chorister won the Senior Creative Writing Prize; James Tornos won the A-level Chemistry and Maths prize (Cambridge's loss is Newcastle's gain); Bruce McClure, Duncan MacDonald, Jonathan Ward and David Robertson all won School exam prizes.

Ruthven provided the cornerstone of the Pipe Band; well done, Alex McLeod, on the marching medal. We provided many an Orchestral Manoeuvre and several were successful with the Graded Music Exams; well played Alexis! The Christmas Karaoke was a cultural extravaganza to behold: who will forget John Stewart's rendition of "No Woman No Child" or Cameron Hill's singing ... or

was it a poetry reading? The size of our (planned) Cup Display Cabinet was doubled when the 'Grand Master', Chris Marshall, won the School Chess Tournament. David Graham and Aleck Burrell went all the way in the Senior Debating Competition, their skill causing much irritation amongst the vanquished. Ben Ward won a prize for Verse Reading at the Perth Festival. The Junior Play was expertly directed by Cameron Hill and Richard Townhill, the latter showing his diversity by "starring" in the School Play and winning the Robert Barr Memorial Prize for Music. Malcolm Dippie's eight-some reeling at Kilgraston will long be remembered, not least in Bridge of Earn Hospital!

We had Duke of Edinburgh Gold — congratulations Martin Ross, Rocky and FXP.; Silver — well done, Fitch; and Bronze — Willie Broughton et al award winners. We had RLIS Bronze Medallion and Award of merit men; guess who's in charge of pool duty next term?

In Graham MacLennan, Martin Ross and James Tornos, Ruthven had three senior men of whom any House would be proud. With care, conduct and time, they have contributed in a major way to the terrific atmosphere and spirit within the House. To the Prefects, many of whom found reward in a job which is not well paid, thanks for getting so much of it right! When you live in a close-knit community each individual's actions affect those around him. Of course, there have been moments of very poor judgement, albeit few and far between. Individuals, on odd occasions, and small groups, have been selfish, inconsiderate, dishonest,

indolent. Some need to think more clearly. There are lines across which no individual should step. Above all, in Aleck Burrell, Ruthven had a Captain of School who was held in the highest regard by the School. His speech at the Leavers' Dinner will live long in the memories of those who were there and would have made anyone proud to be associated with him.

Without the hard work and dedication of the Tutors, no House could function. We will all miss Mr Broadfoot's wisdom, advice, and encouragement next year. To Mr. Murray (who is leaving the flat — no, not to Garry Rogers — but taking over as Senior Tutor) and Messrs Giles and Green, our thanks for providing so much more than the call of duty! Oh, and a special note of thanks to Mrs Barnes for keeping the Housemaster on the rails and informed of what was really going on in Ruthven! The civilising influence of our Matron (Kate Connaghan) and our two cleaning ladies, Christine and Sandra, has been marked. They put up with a great deal (thanks Dipps, Rod, Tom and Frag) but their persuasive powers and never-say-die attitude are legend!

And so, a few words of advice for the leavers — words first penned by Peter Meinke and which are worthy of further examination:

Marry a pretty girl,
after seeing her mother;
Show your soul to one man,
work with another,
and always serve bread with your wine.

But, Gentlemen,
always serve wine.

D.J.B.



Carols at the Christmas Karaoke.

SIMPSON

Even at the fourteenth time of asking, a house report is never a simple task. At the time of writing everyone has dispersed to various parts of the world to enjoy, in most cases, a well-deserved break. Creativity is not at its highest ebb. What has given this year a distinctive flavour? Who has performed in and out of the classroom? Has the general tone been right? Worst of all, who have I forgotten? — Alan Keddie would never forgive such an omission. Ultimately a house is not about its stars, its individual and collective successes, but about the willingness of each and every member to pull his weight, whether he be a prefect or a third former. The majority have been admirable but there has been a minority who have made life awkward for everyone else, allowed others to clear up after them, and removed or borrowed things with little or no intention of giving them back. No one enjoys chasing up the tardy, the reticent and the recalcitrant all the time. I hope that the selfish few will examine their consciences. In these aspects it has not been a vintage year but there have been plenty of things to enjoy.

The move into the new block has been an interesting experience. Those Simpsonites who attended the 78/82 Dinner at School in March, having shared the old study block with three other houses, could not believe such luxury. Nevertheless, it has required a new style

of organisation and a lot of credit for rapid acclimatisation is due to Johnny Leiper, Phil Aitken and the prefects. No one was grateful to the ever-sensitive smoke detectors which took delight in going off at anti social hours when penetrated by errant nocturnal bugs.

On the academic side there were a number of successes: Gordon Watt won the very competitive English prize; Colin McDonald took the Economics Prize and Ben Muir the prize for Art. Johnny Leiper saw his Music Award as a long-service medal, but it was no mean feat to be a key member of the Orchestra since his first year in Riley. Alistair Reekie, Martin Frost and Harry Hensman all picked up creative writing prizes. Congratulations are also in order to Richard Morris, James Reekie, Allan Clark, Clark Cooper, Logie Mackenzie, Graham Nicoll, Bill Stewart and Ben Scott who maintained good mark orders throughout the year.

In the School Play, Piers Raper carried off the part of Paul — the aged headmaster — with skill, whilst Iain Fergusson was in his element as Rainbow, the long suffering janitor. He and Jeff Shillito also completed maiden parachute jumps. In the Junior House Play, Graham Nicoll and Aly Duncan shared awards. Musically, John Leiper, Laurie Crump, Duncan Smith, David Young and Pipe-Major David Fraser, all made their contributions.

The Senior Rugby XV, having resisted the challenge of Ruthven in a tough struggle, were no match for an inspired Freeland. The Junior XV collected the silverware despite making rather heavy weather of the final. David Fraser's men won the Badminton, whilst IIIrd former Colin Mitchell won the school strokeplay with a 67 at Auchterarder, and anchored Simon Forster's house team to victory. He was also selected to represent Perthshire Schools. There were plenty of fine individual performances: Ky Kay played for the President's XV and picked up a bronze medal in the Scottish School javelin; Allan Clark, Doug Clement and Logie Mackenzie all played for the Midlands U15 XV. Nick (better known as Isaac even to his mother) Mackenzie represented the Scottish Wayfarers and is a reserve for the Scottish U19 XI. His development as a cricketer was a tribute to intelligent application of his ability and hard practice. I hope that others will learn from his example. Others deserving of mention are Colin McDonald who was captain of squash; Lee Walker and Doug Clement who have been put forward for the Scottish U16 Rugby Development Squad; Ben Agnew who played for the Wayfarers U16 XI and David Fraser who gained a Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award.

It is perhaps rather late to welcome Paul Crosfield as resident house tutor. He has thrown himself into both school and house activities with considerable enthusiasm. Initial images of sanctity were soon dispelled and he has proved himself to be excellent value, and an even better mimic than A. D. Stevens. My thanks also go to Greg Ross and Paul Summersgill for doing far more than one could ask as house tutors.

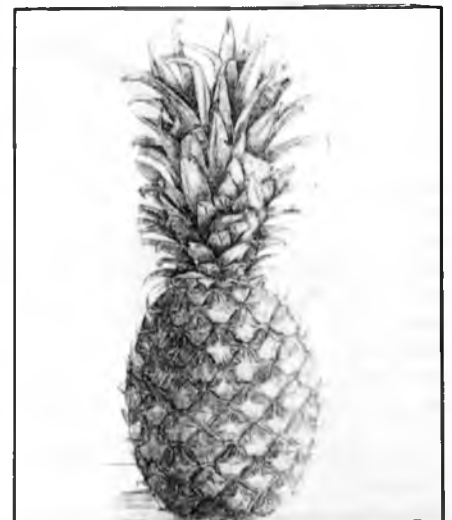
I would also like to thank the prefects, the academic tutors, Susan and her long-suffering cleaning team, the kitchen and the sewing room for all their hard work.

Finally, all good wishes to the leavers and may they flourish in a wide variety of spheres.

N.T.H.duB.



*Sixth formers flourishing at the new entrance.
Right: Drawing by Jeff Shillito.*



THORNBANK

I am unsure whether it is the ageing process or perhaps this session has been even more action-packed, but it does appear to have passed very quickly. It has not, of course, passed without incident, hence the need for attempting to encompass the life of the House and its 70 inmates (the majority do feel — I am informed — that there are similarities to Cell Block H) during the 30-odd weeks of the school year.

Life in the House this year has had a different feel. For the first time since its existence some of the new Third Formers settled in less quickly and one, unfortunately, did not settle for long. Once over this initial hurdle we all got down to the routine and some very commendable work was produced. Illness became the next problem in the houses, and ours was no exception, being hit by measles, chickenpox, flu and colds.

Despite personally feeling that we had never really got going, K. Lawson, L. McMullan, E. Manning and F. Nicolson were awarded school prizes at Christmas; a cast including all Third Form and help from Fifth Form and most of Lower Sixth produced a very good House Drama Competition play; many were involved in the Headmaster's Musick — the orchestra led by Claire Corrie; Lesley-Ann Dewar and others back stage in "The Happiest Days of Your Life" worked exceptionally hard in a most successful school play; prizes at the Perth Competitive Festival Verse Speaking were awarded to E Currie, L-A Dewar, C. Healy, R. Milne, L. Doodson and L. A. Bryans; "La Pipe de Maigret" enabled

more starring roles for H. Dewar, L.-A. Dewar, R. Tilford and L. MacLennan; C. Wilson, E. Nicolson, L. Young, E. Procter and V. Forster embarked on Community Service at Bridge of Earn Hospital and finally C. Low, T. Morton, R. Pearman and L. Ironside, were confirmed in May. On the sporting front Thornbank retained the Hockey and Athletics trophies and won the Badminton. I have to say, however, that Woodlands winning the Tennis, the Netball and coming ahead of us in the Swimming, plus being overall winners of the Shooting did have an edge on us this year even if we have Scottish caps in our midst in Clodagh Meiklejohn and Lynn MacLennan who gained places in the U18 and U16 Hockey squads. Rachel Taylor won the Loch Rannoch Run again and is now becoming a collector of Caithness Glass.

I am more than aware that all these efforts take time, and time outwith the academic routine. There are those who give 100% and others who do the bare minimum to contribute to the community and workings of the House. This feeling sadly prompted me to post the following notice halfway through the year: "This House requires no physical fitness — everyone gets enough exercise jumping to conclusions, flying off the handle, running down the Boss, knifing friends in the back, dodging responsibility and pushing their luck."

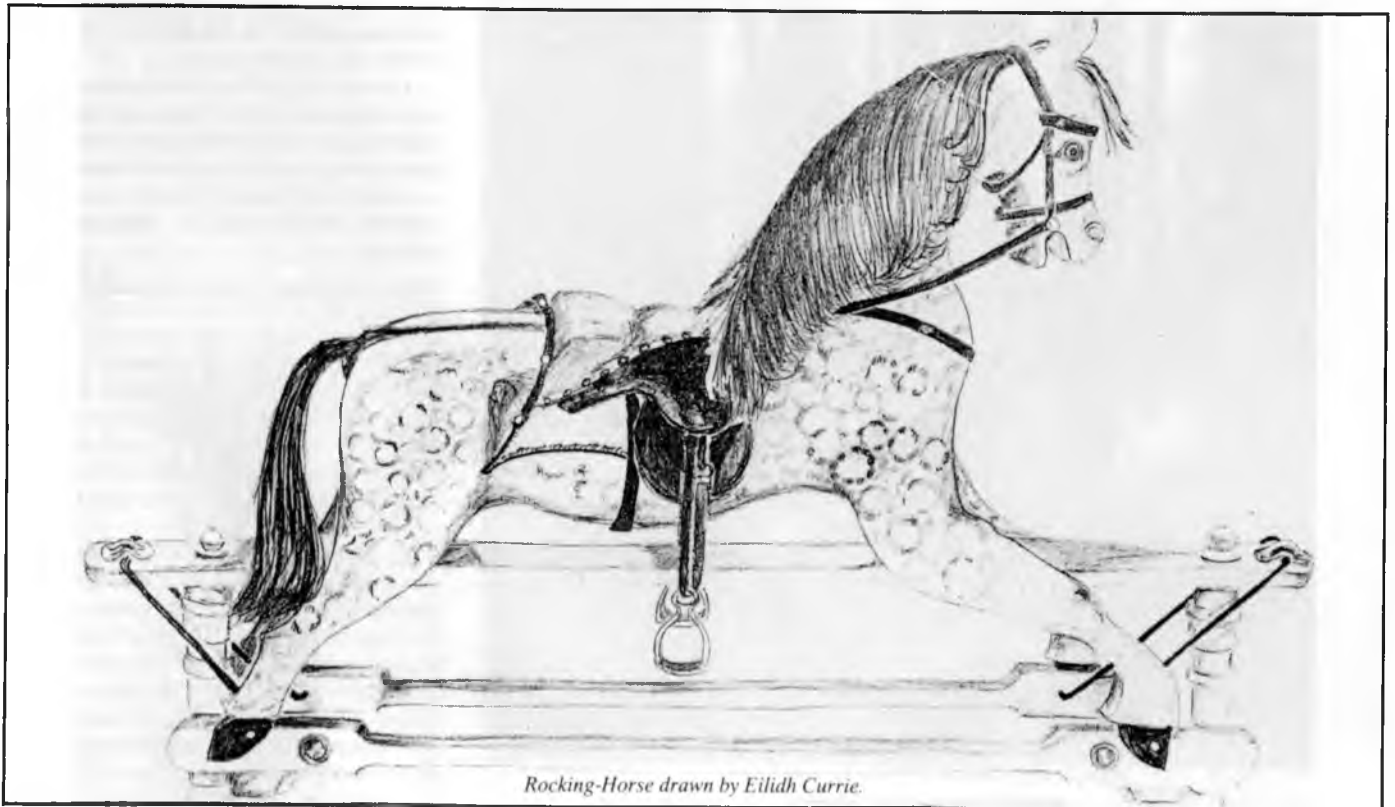
Nevertheless, I still feel we have that air of being a happy house and judging by the names who were awarded prizes at Speech Day — all but three or four of the

Upper Sixth — a hard-working House but there is a lack of consideration for others creeping in. The House Council, which meets every fortnight, has brought a lot of problems to the surface — not just all washing problems and loo doors — and I trust this will continue to function in a valuable way for all in the House.

The team of Prefects, of course, will eagerly be awaiting the results on the academic front and despite all their anxious moments during the exam period I am sure all will gain success. They have been an excellent group through their time at Strathallan and as the women of the future with their forthrightness, intelligence and personalities, they will be a force to be reckoned with. I wish them health and happiness in the years to come.

Like any good production it only functions well with a good backstage crew. My thanks to Miss Rodgers who in her diminutive "quiet" way has coped exceptionally well with her first — often declared to be her last — year in teaching and in the House Mrs Barnes continues to be that very valuable shoulder for me and the girls as well as constant tea maker for many of the boys. My thanks to Morag and Madge, our cleaners, whose efforts are tireless. Sadly, Madge is moving on to pastures new and probably tidier surroundings — we wish her well. And finally, thanks to the academic tutors, Mrs Watson, Mrs Adam, Mrs Duncan and Miss Neale, who have done a valuable job in maintaining the high standard the House is capable of producing.

L.J.S.



WOODLANDS

Pupils' end of term reports are usually full of clichés: "Satisfactory work and progress" or "A good year's work" or "Could try harder".

This end of year report is also an end of career report (at Strathallan, that is) for me and thirteen girls: we're all going somewhere else, to try our luck at something else, to make a new start.

What are we going to take away from Woodlands, apart from the good wishes (or cheers?) of those who remain behind?

I recently received a letter from a former pupil in Woodlands which sums up what those of us who are going are leaving behind: "Within Woodlands you could speak to anyone about anything as every girl was always happy to help in any situation." We're leaving behind friends and friendship, yet I hope that we are all taking that same gift of friendship wherever we go.

This year certainly has been especially marked by the good atmosphere within the house, and this tone has been set by the Upper Sixth, who although not all particularly efficient as prefects, were, all in their own very different ways, caring, amusing and generous, providing a good example to others to follow. The two Fionas — Clayton and Hutchison — were very successful in their roles as Head and Deputy Head of House. Their efficiency, reliability and cheerfulness were outstanding, and they were always capable of politely informing their House-master where he was going wrong.

So where did I go wrong? You will all have your own opinions about that, but please don't write to tell me because we all make mistakes and so long as we don't make the same mistake twice then we've learnt something, gained a grain of wisdom, which we can impart to others.

In the past three years (since the birth of Thornbank) I have not made much of Woodlands sporting success, chiefly because we haven't had many. This year we have been significantly more successful, beating Thornbank in the tennis and beating all-comers in the inter-house shooting cup. Well done to Jodie and Sally Cust and Amelia Blair Oliphant and any other hot shots I've forgotten.

I don't usually mention individual achievements in a house report, but Julia Wanless merits a special pat on the back for her success in winning the Scottish School Girls' Fencing Tournament, a tremendous performance in a sport she had only taken up very recently.

The end of term Fête gave everyone an opportunity to see once more the winning entry in the House Drama Competition: Woodlands' "Manhattan Blues". This was an absolutely outstanding production — the best ever, and again whilst it is invidious to select individuals for special mention I cannot let this opportunity go by without highlighting the acting and



singing of Kananu Kirimi, Catherine Jones and Catriona Maclean and the direction of Vicky McMahon and Rona Macdonald. The music and lyrics were written and performed by Cari Silver, an exceptionally talented person who surely has a future in professional songwriting. The team-work shown by the girls in this production, their energy and enthusiasm, was a marvellous example of the best that a school can produce and I was very proud that all this emanated from Woodlands.

On that musical note I'll end, but not before — on behalf of Paula and myself — thanking Miss England, Mrs Broadfoot (who, unfortunately, will not be able to continue next year as a house tutor), Mrs Hamilton and our cleaners Betty and Vicki, for all their tremendous support, their care of you, their hard work and their good humour. Thank you, and thank you to all in Woodlands.

J. FORSTER
(Housemaster 1986-1992)

GIRLS' HOCKEY TOUR — JULY

HONG KONG AND BEIJING



Tours start when the last familiar face recedes from view and ends the instant one reappears. For all concerned this was a Girls' Hockey Tour but by the very nature of where we were travelling to, it was going to be also an educational and cultural experience.

"The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are."

Hester Piozzi — Anecdote of Samuel Johnson

The time was ripe for visiting Hong Kong and China. We preceeded Mr Chris Patten, the new Governor of Hong Kong by four days. During our twelve days in Hong Kong and seven in Beijing we had the opportunity to be tourists, live like expats and battle our way through red tape in a communist state. Much of this report will be reflections on these experiences.

The three week tour was not a cheap venture. The majority of the cost was spent on flights and thanks to the help of Mrs Ann Dewar, Mr Brian Raine and Mr and Mrs Outlaw, our splendid accommo-

dation in the Eaton Hotel (Hong Kong) and the Beijing Grace (China) at approximately £70-£80 per night cost us only £20 per day. Yet it seemed as if we had gone to the other side of the globe to be soaked in rain — warm rain — but wet nonetheless. In the Eaton Hotel we watched a notice board daily give details of the latest movements of a typhoon. Its progress did not trouble us too much during our stay as it kept at Force 3. However, inconveniently for us, it got on the move the day we flew to China. In between the days of rain, however, many were able to take the chance of colonial living at the Kowloon Cricket Club, courtesy of Mr John Mackinlay. With swimming pool, sun, tennis, ten-pin bowling, salad lunches and Sunday carvery buffet, we recharged our batteries after hockey training sessions or draining matches.

Within the twelve days, eight hockey matches were played at Kings Park Stadium, just five minutes walk from the hotel. We were scheduled to play at Happy Valley but this was cancelled — unknown to Mesdames Burrell and Moncur! The two teams, Juniors and Seniors, coped extremely well with the

humidity and gave their all on the pitch — an astro turf. The skills shown proves that even the less able in the teams had no difficulty in playing at a higher level on a flat surface. The teams played against ranged from school teams, combined school teams, national sides and university teams. The results speak for themselves about our success:

Junior Squad

v DGS won 3-0

v Combined Schools won 2-1

v Rhino Boys Jnr won 3-2

v Hong Kong Univ lost 3-1

Won 5

Senior Squad

v KCC ost 2-0

v Rhino Ladies Club won 2-1

v Colony Club lost 4-1

v Combined Schools won 4-1

Lost 3

The three matches lost — and here come the excuses — were due to Rebecca Milne being taken out in the first two minutes of the KCC game with an elbow in the face — resulting in a suspected broken nose; the Juniors playing a men's team from the University (even Messrs Keir and Giles could not halt the goals) and The Colony Club which will represent Hong Kong in Singapore at the Inter Nations Cup. Perhaps Alison Ramsay and the Scottish Team will be more of a match for them.

"Those who travel heedlessly from place to place, observing only their distance from each other, and attending only to their accommodation at the inn at night, set out fools, and will certainly return so."

Lord Chesterfield Letters
30 October 1747

This could not be said of our girls. Nathan Road, Granville Road, Haagen Daaz, Wine Bars in Admiralty, the Karaoke bar were regular haunts as was Temple Street market on a nightly basis. On free days between matches we had the opportunity of visiting Ocean Park, Waterworld, Stanley Market and going water-skiing. The twelve days seemed to pass very quickly due to the busy schedule. Lasting impressions are of the noise of traffic — Honk Honk rather than Hong Kong; the stacks of sex comic book stalls at the sides of the roads; the night glow of Hong Kong Island's skyscrapers shimmering on the harbour's ripples; the old men lying in doorways with no shoes wearing faded pyjamas under trousers, their twisted facial expressions, open-mouthed bared gums, blackened teeth; neon Canon, Rolex, Sanyo and the "Time is Money" population walking the streets with portable telephones conducting business as they made their way under umbrellas to yet another pressing meeting. As we journeyed in the bus to the airport we took a final note of those things that seemed so unusual on Day One, but which were now commonplace.

Having rushed to check-in at Kai Tak we then made our way, at pace, to the Dragon Air plane which was to take us to China. We sat on the tarmac for two hours, re-entered the airport for 45 minutes then the pilot decided in his own words he "would go for it". The typhoon was gathering pace. Our take-off was dramatic but not as terrifying as the few minutes when the plane was hit by lightning. We had left behind the city that never sleeps. Was this traumatic journey to China an inkling of what was to follow? We didn't know exactly what would be meeting us; we couldn't speak the language; we had watched the video of 'The Last Emperor' — some preparation — well, better to know too little about a place than too much; better to go in cold than wait until you know it all. Gather data raw, soak up everything; interpret it later some evening in the future, back at school in the kitchen with friends who were on the tour, and those who were not.

On arrival we were objects of great curiosity. The Chinese let their jaws dangle. Was it the fact we were Europeans; was it the matching tour T-shirts; was it Prissy the Pig, our mascot; was it the fact we were not short with dark crew cuts? I made a mental note that staring is a sport here. Staring back had no impact; they neither smiled nor frowned. I also noted, however, how smoothly we passed through with our group visa and how charming the hotel management were

who met us at the airport, carried our luggage and saw us safely to our base. On the journey to the hotel we observed how green the countryside was. Neat fields of young cornstalks gasping for water lined both sides of the road. An elderly woman balanced a yoke on her meatless shoulders. The weight of the buckets dangling from either end forced her forward as she made her way along a dirt path lined with straight trees. Already comparisons were being made with our previous stop.

We were very much tourists for the first three days. Like the Americans we "did" The Temple of Heaven, The Summer Palace, The Ming Tomb, The Lama Temple and The Great Wall. At times it was hard to believe we were there standing on the Great Wall of China or being in Tian An Men Square. And then it was off to play hockey again. Our games were arranged midweek early in the morning, due to the heat, at the Asian Games Stadium. Beijing has put in a bid for the Olympics in the year 2000. This ground and The Workers Stadium plus the National Indoor Centre will be some of the facilities used if the city is successful. By now we were aware of being in a communist country. We had to change all our money into FECs (foreign exchange currency). The people had their own currency and despite yuans being of the same value they were desperate for ours. There were no banks as such but commercial centres for those who worked in agriculture or industry or engineering or commerce. With a lost passport, noted on day one, the Red Tape began. A visit to the Peoples Department of Security for Aliens (to us a police station). The loss was reported. This form then had to go to the British Embassy where a new passport would be issued. Simple? No! Then back to the PDS to change the number of the passport on the Group Visa. Another form is issued. This has to be rubber-stamped by the Hockey Association who invited us to play. Find the Hockey Association building, land up in the Chinese Sports Travel Office and be taken to the Liaison Department which sent the Chinese to the recent Olympic Games. Get form stamped, back to the PDS where a man said in quite good English "Come back next week for the visa". We were leaving the next day! Eventually the visa was issued, much later that day, and on returning to the hotel I am informed the original passport has turned up. There is a phrase used often when taking pupils away — it's all part of touring. I very much enjoyed the bottle of wine given as a peace offering.

There is not a lot to say about the Hockey in China. Despite the magnificent surroundings both teams were badly beaten. The Chinese have adopted the old Russian technique of producing top class sportsmen and women. Take them out of school and their homes at an early age and send them to specialized coaching camps. I can foresee that at the next

Olympic Games the Chinese Ladies Hockey Team will win a medal and in eight years' time it will be gold! The teams we played we were told would eventually make up their national side. Like so much we discovered in Beijing, it was an experience.

As part of our tour we met President Han at his home, formerly the Italian Embassy. Perth is underway linking with Hai Kou in Southern China and President Han and the Provost of Perth have been liaising on this matter. As the former Chinese Ambassador in the USA, President Han received us in true diplomatic style at an official reception. We passed on the letter from the Provost along with gifts from Perth.

The Forbidden City was last on the itinerary. The roofs were beautiful; the rain was not! Shoes off and paddling was the only way to continue after the downpour. Again, were we actually standing where the Emperor had once stood? It was hard to take in.

The food was also hard to take in. "Chinese food is not like Chinese food" — ducks feet, jelly fish, eels, pigs ears and chicken hearts. Thank goodness for the largest McDonalds in the world and our Korean meal on the last night — which Mr Outlaw organised for us.

On previous tours I have thought: I am going to come back here. By this stage on the tour I have to admit I was thinking I had better remember what this place looks like — I will never be back in China. I experienced everything through a haze of diarrhoea for which I held the entire country accountable. It was hard for most of us to remember our last digested meal or decent night's sleep. However, amidst the memories of endless trips to the toilet, taxi rides from our hotel to offices to cut red tape, the feeling of a drippy nose coming on — we will all have tales to tell. In our mind's eye we'll still be able to picture the countryside, remember the feel of a worn ten-yuan note, see the faces, recall the streets and monuments, smell the smell and taste the food. Sally Keir attempted to explain to the girls what communism was and about the Cultural Revolution. We are not experts on China but I think we all came away a little wiser. China and Hong Kong are different, very different. China has its hands full still trying to figure itself out and I feel Mr Patten will earn all of his £150,000 p.a. trying to figure them both out.

Our grateful thanks to all those who helped us at home and abroad on this tour: to the School for their help in enabling us to go; to my fellow staff Mr and Mrs Keir and Mr Giles, to the girls for working and playing so hard and to their parents for making it all possible.

We have seen things as they are and we will be able to watch with knowledge and interest the developments in China and Hong Kong as 1997 approaches.

L.J.S.

CHAPEL NOTES

Walls dividing East from West – tumble; Prime Ministers and Presidents go and come; hostages return to their homeland amidst moving scenes at airfields: God's in his heaven and all's well with the world.

And yet, famine stalks Africa, brother Serb turns against brother Croat, snipers' bullets whine through the streets in Northern Ireland, a mother is killed in front of her infant son in a London park: "Is God in his heaven? Is all well with the world?" pupils and staff alike ask.

No Chaplain worth his (or her!) salt would dare to provide off-the-cuff answers either to pupil or to member of staff. It is a long, hard slog attempting to find answers to life's problems.

However, there is hope! Every minister of the Gospel believes that through the reading of Holy Scripture and the exposition of that Word, God does indeed speak to all his people. He speaks in other ways, too: through poetry, drama, music, art, the uncovering of the mysteries of science and selflessness of human beings.

It is part of every Chaplain's vocation and ministry to unstop deaf ears or enhance open ears to catch the Word God speaks.

There are illusions about a Chaplain's work, often current in the church today. First, it is frequently assumed that, as far as work loads are concerned, the Chaplain has the softer option. Whereas (it is alleged) the parish minister is busy in the Lord's work all the hours God gives and cannot take time off for fear that someone or some important matter will be neglected, the School Chaplain enjoys a leisurely existence with a regular programme of short terms and long holidays giving plenty of time for reading and supplementing the stipend by writing or marking examination papers.

But living and working on campus, in a community, ensures that no moment of the day is entirely free from School pressures: pastoral and teaching concerns, preparation, administration, marking of Preps, student assessments, these are but come of the many matters which fill the Chaplain's (or Master's) day during term. During vacations the pressures are different but equally demanding of time and energy: keeping abreast of the latest developments in education; undergoing further self-training; dealing with on-going School business and fulfilling a ministry within the wider church by preaching (at the Canongate Kirk, Edinburgh, various Churches around Perth, Braemar and Crathie, the University Chapels of Glasgow and Aberdeen); playing the organ for Sunday services on North Uist and leading conferences in Cardross and Edinburgh are all effective antidotes to inactivity. Over and above what might be called the "rou-

tine" nature of ministry, this Chaplain serves as Vice-Convenor of the Kirk's Panel on Worship, Convenor of the Liturgical Committee, Convenor of the Editorial Group putting the finishing touches to the Kirk's magnum opus "The Book of Common Order" 1992, serves on the Kirk's Board of Education, is Convenor GCSE (Religious Studies), Scotland. There are members of staff in every Independent School whose involvement outside the campus is almost as much as it is within.

The other strange notion that some people harbour is that School Chaplains and members of Staff in Independent Schools, unlike Parish Ministers and teachers in State Schools, don't live in what they call 'the real world'. The assumption is that the latter face the rough and tumble of life in a modern, secular society, while we are cocooned in a cloistered world of our own where all is sweetness and light. Without in any way denying the difficulties facing local churches and State Schools as they seek to maintain faith and continue the educational experience in an indifferent and hostile environment, to imagine that life in an Independent School is free from pain is wishful thinking. All Schools are composed of ordinary human beings. Relationships can become strained and communications break down; constantly niggling frustrations can transform minor problems into major issues and prejudices into matters of principle. In the close-knit community of a School the devil's opportunities for disruption are, perhaps, greater.

A contrasting area between an Independent School and the Parish relates to resources. The Chaplain's resources are given in a way that the Parish Minister's are not. Ministers can no longer take their congregations for granted; church members are free agents whose commitment to the worship and witness of any particular Christian community cannot be assumed, regrettable though that may be. Ministers have to live with the tensions created by the possibility of their members voting with their feet. Chaplains, and Visiting Preachers to Schools, on the other hand, are guaranteed a congregation! What they make of that guaranteed congregation is quite another matter, of course!

Chaplains are not required to take financial responsibility for the Chapel. They are provided with all resources to do their job. They are fortunate indeed! They are also fortunate in having access to libraries, colleagues to provide support and intellectual stimulus and opportunities for study and self-development. These invaluable aids to ministry within an Independent School are sometimes taken for granted by the Chaplains, and nearly always have to be searched for by the Parish Minister. In addition, Sunday

by Sunday the Chaplain (and the School!) is exposed to preaching other than his or her own.

So, we are grateful to the following Visiting Preachers who came to us last Academic Year:

Autumn Term:

The Revds Celia Matthews, Michael Frew, Maxwell Craig (ACTS), Laurence Whitley, Carleen Robertson, The Rt Revds Vincent Logan (who also said Mass in the Chapel) and Michael Hare Duke (Roman Catholic Bishop of Dunkeld and Bishop of St Andrews, Dunkeld & Dunblane, respectively). The Very Revd Dr John W. Paterson preached on Remembrance Sunday.

Spring Term:

Mr Simon Dunlop (Perth), The Revds Colin Williamson, David Ogston, Bob Sloan, Charles Robertson and Mr Tim Middleton (Scripture Union).

Summer Term:

The Revd Douglas A. O. Nicol (Department of National Mission), The Revd W. Uist Macdonald, Valedictory Service: The Very Revd Dr W. J. Morris (Dean of the Chapel Royal, Minister of Glasgow).

At The Confirmation Service the sermon was preached by The Very Revd Professor Robert Davidson (Moderator, 1990) and the Eucharistic President was the Rt Revd Michael Hare Duke.

Candidates:

(The Church of Scotland) Alan W. Keddie, Nial A. Gray, Stuart W. Anderson, Mark Ironside, Iain S. Davidson, Tracey J. Morton, Rowan C. Pearman, Neil McK Blatherwick, Lindsay Ironside, Robert G. S. Mawdsley. In addition, Peter D. Sochart and Catherine L. C. Low were baptised and confirmed by the Chaplain and David C. Saffron received Conditional Baptism.

(The Scottish Episcopal Church) Andrew R. McNamara (baptised) and Jonathan G. K. Foy were confirmed by the Bishop.

T.G.L.



Chaplain and parent at the Fête.

CHARITY

The cobbles flicked sharply under her stilettos, the points piercing the soft, rain-soaked path. Her ankle was aching and she pressed a roughly-filed nail across the skin to ease the pain about the deep plum bruise. The sun was rising over the park, peering through the mist, casting the long delicate skeletons of trees across the dew-drenched grass.

A thornbush grabbed at the girl's leg, tearing at the laddered tights. She hardly noticed as she started to bleed; a trickle ran across her calf to merge with the scarlet patent of her shoes. The crunching gravel clicked onto the tarmac of a terraced street of Victorian brick houses which poured into the distance like a line of pylons. She strutted down the street, her hair tied back, revealing the edge of her mask of make-up which smeared over her features in a fury of pink-brown flesh, punctuated by a slash of cherry-red across her lips.

A curtain moved and pulled aside on a top floor window. The eyes followed the girl down the street, rejecting with disgust the black lace and gaudy dress hanging like a harlequin of silk about her waist.

The shoes clicked across the slabs, heels grabbing at the cracks, to hold and twist her feet. Yet, though worn, her tired legs held firm in protest against the grueling streets she'd walked the night before.

A rail of spikes passed by her right-hand side; paint flaked from the cast iron, bulging in rain-twisted blisters of black skin. The rings on her fingers screamed along the scratched paintwork and across the sign which read 'Cathedral', leaving a deep wound in the varnished wood. The grey paving stones ended in an avenue of lime trees wheeling off to the right. Along it the girl walked, her heels less noisy now, the click vanishing into a soothing whisper of the grass verge below her tired feet.

Above, the sky seemed to shrink, dwarfed behind the towering mass of stone which stood before her. The cathedral sat undaunted, its gothic spires piercing the heavens, lacing them with stone, crafted skilfully into the flying-buttresses which leapt from the walls to the heavy

earth in a flame of lattice work. Gargoyles had strewn their rotting corpses across the roof, mouths agape in twisted agony, screaming at the evil streets beyond the iron fence. The giant portal loomed over, ever daunting, framed by sculptured saints with stone minds and leaden smiles which welcomed her with mock kindness. Yet, above, seated in humble majesty The Shepherd sat, his crook held out in friendship, drawing all into the silence which lay within. She entered.

The echoing heels returned across the building's dark interior. The pale stone grew with light as the sun awoke the brilliant glass within its lead-bound cage, piercing the hollow mystery of the building. Her shadow flickered across the pillared walls, her mind ablaze with kindled thoughts.

She dropped the change from her night's work into the small box. It fell, not with a jingle of metal but heavily, silently, on the soft meaningless cheques of richer men: their token, her real gift.

ROBIN STEWART
UVI Winner

Creative Writing Competition



Drawing by Katy Haslam.



OBITUARY

REVEREND F. BAKEWELL

Our deepest sympathy goes to the School Chaplain, the Reverend Graeme Longmuir, on the death of his adoptive father the Reverend F. Bakewell.

Fred was a distinguished Headmaster and Minister, though he had retired through illness before they moved to Strathallan. Fortunately the bracing air of Forgandenny and the Outer Isles rallied his health for a number of years and he was able, and willing, to take Divinity classes and Chapel Services in Graeme's absence. Those of us who got to know Fred, found a modest and delightful companion with a good sense of humour, a love of conversation and scholarship, and a fine taste in sherry!

Most of the School knew him best from his regular attendance in his seat at the back of the Chapel, and from the sight of this elderly man being taken for walks at the end of a lead by one, and latterly two deerhounds!

MUSIC

THE IMPLEMENTS OF WAR?

The course of Scottish music has, like that of its people, had its ups and downs, and use and abuse. Despite the few having suffered so stoically for the cause, it comes as small surprise that the reward is an indifference and a lack of real tradition in high art forms that lingers in many areas to this day. A full forty years after the '45 rebellion, the bagpipes were still regarded as "the implements of war" and banned — and there are still those about who believe that should still be the case. In the 19th Century, the fervour of the religious revivalists further encouraged the burning of pipes and fiddles in many Gaelic-speaking areas.

Whereas even in the 16th Century, the burghers of the northern European cities were desperate for Italian musical and artistic novelties, no expense seemed too great to bring these across the Alps, no such clamour was heard from further north. Two hundred years later a trickle of polite minuets might have been heard in the smart drawing-rooms of Edinburgh, but there was nothing north of the Forth.

And what happens today? Glasgow has built itself a superb Conservatoire and an even finer concert hall, and hang the cost. "Prince" follows Pavarotti, and the like, in a seemingly endless flood of "Mayfest" spirit. The capital city, meanwhile, still ponders whether it should build an opera-house other than the arena that is more suited to a bull sale or a boxing match than a "Bartered Bride". As for anything further north, the orchestras hardly dare bring their buses across the bridge. So what happens in the provinces? The touring groups from Opera and Ballet get about, but 2nd XIs are rarely as good as the Firsts.

In our own city of Perth, nobody comes to town except in the musical mania of the Perth Festival. Who then, however, has the will or the wherewithal to attend a concert each night for a fortnight? It is hardly surprising that even these are not fully attended, but the cultural conscience is salved.

The British orchestras seem to regard the provinces in a most patronising manner, playing at their obvious second best. At a recent visit of an erstwhile distinguished orchestra, the players slouched onto the stage, which was littered with their instrument cases. It sounded like it looked — tatty! Visiting foreign orchestras play as if they were all expert and sensitive connoisseurs. In this climate what can the next generation feel but disgruntlement and a wish for minimum involvement? Their vote is cast by their disdain for the cultural world, and the average age of a local audience is excep-

tionally high! Are the arts really only cut out for the elders of the tribes?

It is, therefore, with very great excitement and the prospect of a cultural re-awakening that we all look forward to the building and re-equipping of a school theatre designed to take the performing arts into the next century. Not only do we need the new theatre for our own home-produced performances, but we must use it as Glasgow uses its Concert Hall. Not for bull-fights and badminton, but a continuous "Strathfest" to set alight these somnolent spirits. The arts don't always come cheap, of course, for they are at the refined end of our emotional and spiritual awareness. Just as Perth supports more fine car marques and jewellery shops than most towns of its equivalent size, so the arts have a model or style for everyone. The financial barriers, real or imagined, which, together with the pleas of ignorance of the arts, serve only as a convenience to excuse involvement.

Many of our pupils discover this for themselves, from playing, singing or listening. Of our own musicians, many achieve quite astonishing feats of virtuosity. We have much more than a handful of highly gifted players who largely play to themselves or within the confines of the practice block, but who are capable of giving much pleasure to many.

The range and diversity of pupils' achievements is really quite astonishing, and the list of activities bears re-statement, even if it is already known to some.

At the formal, and demanding, end of the performance spectrum, there are singers who are able to interpret dots and blobs of print into the beautiful and uplifting cathedral repertoire the Chapel Choir deals with on a regular basis. I never cease to be amazed at this miracle of performance whether it is music from The Messiah, a Mass or Messiaen. How fantastic to be able to reconstruct these miraculous and life-enriching experiences from hieroglyphics, whether in Gaelic, Latin, French, English or American English, and what demands the latter places on the performers!

Not everyone can naturally produce good music, even if they own their own "implement". Practice and hard grind are still the only secure stepping-stones across to the other side of this 'Lac d'Indifference'. Many get very wet feet, but to be able to put one's talents to use as Hilary Moore did on her harp in the tea-room on the Fete day, or Laurie Crump with his recorder and his pre-recorded accompaniments on tape, slung over his back, surely this is the proof that practice makes for perfection?

Likewise Raj Arumugam and his Dixielanders; great music, a good technique and an audience, and you can have fun for hours! Even in sweltering heat, the group did this recently in Perth at a very 'pukkah' garden party. And if straw hats and strawberries makes for formal conditions, then the 'sit them in silence' concerts have been even more of a challenge.

If good technique counts for a lot, the extra ingredient the brass-group have is precious indeed, and their performances have been at an all-time high this year. Their playing in Perth for the Arts Festival concert lingers in the memory as the sounds of Purcell did in the rafters. No common town waits these players, but a class act indeed. It is sad to say goodbye to two of the group — Richard Townhill and Martin Smith, for what shall we do for comedy routine during orchestra rehearsals without Martin? His exploding trombone routine on the night before a concert will take some heating! At least the music stands will be safer without the attacks from the slide of his implement!

Cellists, windplayers, pianists, fiddlers with a rant or a rhapsody, they are all too numerous to mention by name. Quartets, quintets, duos and dozens; music is made in all shapes.

If the arrival of the theatre is to mean anything, let us hope it will signify a wholesale awareness of the importance of the consumption of the performing arts, whether amateur or professional. Strictly speaking they are luxury goods, and we do not need them as we do food and fuels but, in a civilised society, their importance to shape and temper our lives should never be forgotten. I congratulate all the performers and their teachers for helping to bring these truths to life, and, in particular, to the leavers and prizewinners for their determination, staying-power and encouragement shown to the rest.

Robin Stewart: Director of Music's Prize for his 100% attendance and unflagging support of the choir and music generally since Riley I.

Jonathan Leiper: Director of Music's Prize for the "Endangered Species — the Viola-player" — and for all his support.

Claire Corrie: Patrick Grandison Prize for Strings.

Richard Townhill: Robert Barr Memorial Prize for Music.

N.J.R.

Strathallan Orchestra and Choir provided an opening lunchtime concert for the Perth Festival of the Arts: *see right*

THE MESSIAH

To the layman, *The Messiah* is simply another example of 18th Century classical music, whereas for those who understand music it is possibly one of the greatest pieces ever composed.

Our rehearsals began in earnest approximately two months before the concert was due to be given. It took a lot of hard work and dedication from Mr Reed and the choir before a standard was reached that merited the hiring of an all-professional Scottish orchestra. For the majority of the time the atmosphere among the choristers was one of increasing anticipation since very few of them believed they could sing such a difficult piece of music. However, as the final performance drew closer the mounting tension was clear when Mr Reed insisted on rehearsals every day. It began to annoy the school teaching staff when members of the choir arrived ten minutes late for lessons humming and whistling the Halleluiahs Chorus!

A week before the final school performance, a separate concert was put on in Perth at St John's Kirk. It was very disheartening when only 50 people turned up but, nevertheless, the choir gave a reasonable account of itself. However, it was



clear there was a lot more work to do and only a short time left to do it in. The major worry in the last week of rehearsals was that very few people would turn up to listen to the concert on the day.

The four soloists, who came from the Academy of Music, arrived at School with the professional orchestra at lunch time on the day of the final performance. The rehearsal lasted three hours and so

everybody was finally ready for the evening.

The concert began at 7.30 and the first chorus was "For Unto Us a Child is Born" and everybody gained a lot of confidence when Mr Reed, who was conducting, gave an encouraging nod. The soloists were excellent and the orchestra was extremely precise and exact in everything they did. At the interval orders were shouted and encouragement was given since the hardest parts still remained. It was a great feeling when the Halleluiahs Chorus was performed to a standard of near excellence and the audience stuck to the tradition of standing during the recital. At the end of the concert their enjoyment was clear when the audience showed true delight in their applause and flowers were presented to the female soloists — who left the chapel in tears of joy.

Without a doubt it was the best performance the School Choir had ever produced. However, it would not have been made possible without the great dedication of Mr Reed, Mr Crosfield and Mr Love who played the organ for every rehearsal. Of course, a big pat on the back for all the choir is needed, too. Well done!

JONATHAN LEIPER

PERTH FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS



The Dixieland Band.

A sizeable audience suggested our past reputation had borne fruit and the brass group opened with Gabrieli's "Canzona" — a resounding piece with built-in crescendo. The whole orchestra then moved into the first movement of Beethoven's Symphony No 1, accompanied by Nicholas Reed on the French horn. David Popper's "Requiem" for Three Cellos (Neil Watson, Kate Milnes and Duncan Forbes) was a demanding piece, well tackled. Its elegiac tones were contrasted with what the programme called an "American interlude": the voices of the choir singing a variety of well-known songs from "West Side Story" gave way to the School jazz group, led by Raj Arumugam — the audience clearly enjoyed these contrasting pieces.

Telemann's Trio Sonata in D minor was a highlight of the concert. Neil Watson once more ably took up his cello bow and with Christopher Moore on flute, they accompanied Laurie Crump's virtuoso performance on the recorder. The brass consort returned with Purcell's "Queen Mary's Funeral Music", and the concert ended with the orchestra treating us to Rossini's "Overture — The Italian Girl in Algiers" and the tones of Philip Ainsworth's oboe singing in our ears.

J.T.F.

PIPES AND DRUMS

So the circle turns, and turns again.

A young and novice Band, with a few heavyweights — four pipers and three drummers with the welcome addition of Marijke Hansson-Bolt in the Drums Corps. Nevertheless, our usual and welcome first engagement was at Perth Ice Rink for the Scottish Curling Championships. However, this year, because of the Winter Olympics at Albertville (JFC and TGL take note!), this engagement was brought forward into the holidays and thus only three pipers were prepared to give up part of their holiday to return to Perth to play at the Opening Ceremony — Hamish McCartan, Alisdair Macdonnell and myself. However, at the Finals, we fielded a full Band and were again heard on television.

A number of invitations had to be refused, due to sporting commitments, but Alyth Agricultural Show, in front of 7,000 people, certainly put Strathallan in the limelight to say nothing of Bonnie Stevens' strawberries which were more than welcome, and how encouraging it was to have one Bandsman's parent come all the way from America to hear her son play both at Alyth and at the CCF Competition.

Talking of which, there is no doubt that although Strathallan may not have been Scottish Schools' Champion Pipe Band, they certainly deserved to be placed higher than they were, as did one other school. We hear whispers that there are moves afoot to have the judging placed on a more professional basis than at present. To have Instructors from other schools and RSPBA Judges ring up to express their horror at the final outcome was both encouraging and disturbing. The only real way forward is to have the judging put on a purely professional basis, i.e. Army Judges and RSPBA Judges.

On our return to School after Easter we found that our Piping and Drumming Palace had been demolished. This had been expected once the CCF Headquarters on East Drive had been completed and was fully operational, but perhaps not so soon. We were re-housed in the old Simpson dorms, but instruction there was curtailed as soon as examinations began in the two Leburn dorms (soon to be the Theatre). Pipe Major Barron de-camped to the vestry and once his pupils found him all was more or less well.

A much-heralded high point was the combined Old Boys' and School Pipe Band playing at the Fete. The oldest playing member had left School 31 years ago. After an hour's rehearsal they were off — and produced both a stirring sight and equally stirring sound. Lindsay Muir performed a Sword Dance and, as was expected, retained all ten toes. At the end of the afternoon all agreed that this should become an annual occasion.

It only remains for us to thank all three Instructors (Pipe Major Barron, Drum Majors Clark and Braid), for nursing us through our teething troubles, bullying us towards higher standards, and giving of their time and considerable expertise in class and on the square. Our thanks, too, to Mr Longmuir who, despite difficult personal circumstances, never failed to maintain contact with us — directly or indirectly.

SCHOOL PIPING & DRUMMING COMPETITION 1992

BASS SECTION

1st James Steel

SIDE DRUMMING

1st Richard Bevan

2nd Marijke Hansson-Bolt

3rd James Steel

JUNIOR MARCH

1st Alex MacLeod

2nd Alisdair Gaw

3rd Alisdair MacDonnel

SENIOR MARCH, STRATHSPEY & REEL

1st Hamish McCartan

2nd Alex MacLeod

3rd Ross Cumming

Strathallan School is the only Independent School to hold the most difficult of all Piping Competitions.

THE OPEN PIBROCH

5th Alisdair MacDonnel

4th Andrew Scott

3rd Alex MacLeod

2nd Hamish McCartan

1st David Fraser

Before awarding "The President's Cup" for Services to the Pipes & Drums, Mr Longmuir and all three instructors wanted to make a special award to our first lady Bass Drummer, Bonnie Stevens, who received a solid gold and silver medal in addition to jointly receiving for the second year running, along with James Steel, "The President's Cup" for services to the Pipes & Drums.

T.G.L.



Drawing by Hamish McCartan.

ST ANDREW'S NIGHT

Cornered in November by Mrs Adam to pen something witty and informative for the school magazine, to be completed by June 23rd, one naturally replies "No problem!" However June 23rd, remote as it may seem to the cornered pupil in November, arrives a great deal sooner than anticipated. Had St Andrew's Night been a less than memorable evening, I could have found myself desperately racking the brains of my peers for any memories which hadn't quite faded. As it was, St Andrew's Night proved one of the most enjoyable evenings of the School calendar, and even if I had succeeded in erasing it from *my* mind, the pupils, masters and guests present would certainly have filled me in!

Obviously the theme of the evening was Scotland and Mr Broadfoot, together with his fellow-organisers, concentrated on developing the different perceptions of Scotland and her people. Thus, the evening ranged from two of Liz Lohead's monologues, wittily recited by Fiona Grainger, and Heather Dewar's brilliant portrayal of the archetypal Bearsden housewife in her recital of "Meeting Norma Nimmo", to Edwin Muir's rather more reflective and thought-provoking poem "Scotland's Winter" recited by Zoe Stephens, Tracey Morton and Louise Weston — the pitch of their voices contrasting and blending to great effect.

Raj Arumagum spoke George Bruce's poem "Urn Burial" before he joined with Pauline Lockhart to entertain us with a very lively selection of fiddle tunes. Music, as always, played an important part in the evening with the tenors and basses of the school choir singing "The Isle of Mull". The traditional participation of the pipes and drums and the extremely moving Gaelic songs performed by Tracey Morton and Zoe Stephens — in particular Tracey's "O mo duhuthaich" (Oh My Country), was especially enchanting to all regardless of ability to comprehend the Gaelic language.



David Fraser, piper.



Tracey Morton and Zoe Stephens.

Below: Drawing by Heather Dewar.

The Third Form's performance of the complicated "Canadolia: an off-concrete Scotch Fantasia" by Edwin Morgan, a very amusing play on Scottish names and places, was superb; and all credit must go to them and Mrs Forbes for co-ordinating the complex poem. Catriona McLean's "Over the Sea to Skye" was cleverly written by her to parody the legend of Flora McDonald and Bonnie Prince Charlie, who were acted by Lucy-Anne Bryans and the very amusing Christopher Dorman.

The evening was enormously successful and demonstrated that there was abundant talent within the school.

Thanks must go to Mr Reed and the Music Department, the staff of the English Department and Mr Young and his Kitchen staff who provided us with a delicious buffet during the interval. Special thanks must, of course, go to Mr Broadfoot who compered the evening and helped organise much of the programme. Mr Thompson also deserves a special mention for opening the evening by gracefully falling off his chair — a most amusing unrehearsed performance.

LOUISE WESTON



THE SPILANS

The School Play this year, "The Happiest Days of Your Life" written by John Dighton, was a classic English farce where in war-time Britain a girls' school and a boys' school ended up sharing the same site — unbeknown to the respective parents: True comedy material which the cast successfully exploited.

The conventional 'battleaxe' headmistress of St Swithin's, Miss Whitchurch, was played by Fiona Grainger. Her twin-set and pearls, walking stick, wrinkled brown tights and fearsome aura spoke for themselves. She held the play together with considerable skill and if we couldn't laugh with her we certainly laughed at her.

I, for one, felt Mr Pond, the Hilary Hall headmaster, played by Piers Raper, deserved a good stiff gin after suffering at the hands of the dogmatic Miss Whitchurch. Certainly, his gruff impersonation of a 1940s' harrassed headmaster could only be worthy of full praise.

The young blood of the play provided an amusing romantic element as Peter Brown, the archetypal 'stiff' Englishman proved more concerned with his opposite in St Swithin's than his cricket and boys, whilst Lesley-Ann Dewar as the object of his desire was suitably evasive. Indeed, her elegance contrasted sharply with the hilariously vulgar but undeniably amiable character of the caretaker, played by Iain Fergusson. His continual swearing and nose-picking antics left everyone save Miss Whitchurch, rolling in the aisles.

And how could we forget Mr Billings, played by Hamish MacCartan? (The boy who spent twice as long as anybody else applying his make-up!) Indeed, Hamish — forever confident — certainly did not let himself down on stage. However, his masculinity and good looks seemed merely to pose problems this time as Gossage, the sexless games mistress, played by Catriona Maclean, lusted after his body. The times when she preyed upon him in her clueless manner certainly provided the comic climaxes of the play. I, personally, was spellbound by Catriona's natural ability on stage as, with her "bright, keen and jolly" attitude, she left Mr Billings somewhat ruffled.

Catherine Jones was another great evoker of laughter, wonderfully personifying an over-keen 1940s' schoolgirl. Her introductory words "I'm Barbara Cohoon, not spelt Colquohoun" after being repeated several times in a suitably 'plummy' voice became an amusing hallmark of her stereotype character. Her counterpart at Hilary Hall School, Hopcroft Minor, played by Nicol Nicholson, represented a wily-natured little boy in his long shorts and cricket cap.

The farcical nature of the play never dwindled. The introduction of characters such as Richard Townhill and Jo



Lesley-Ann Dewar kept a safe distance from Peter Brown.



Catriona Maclean, so life-like as Miss Gossage.

Malcolm as the nervous curate and his wife in juxtaposition to parents Chris Procter and Rona MacDonald, nouveau riche in the extreme, merely heightened our mirth!

It was a tremendous performance which reaped the benefits of much hard work and dedication throughout the Easter Term.

TESSA DUNLOP



Hamish's make-up fails!

HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION

As a result of many weeks of careful planning, rehearsals galore, and very hard work on behalf of the Third and Fourth Forms under the guidance of various Fifth and Sixth Formers, this year's House plays got off to a flying start.

Yet again, Woodlands won the prize with an outstanding production, mainly owing to the high quality of acting. The story of two nightclubs in the Twenties trying to take away each other's business was superbly executed by the whole cast. Kananu Kirimi played a convincing gangster called Touche who fell in love with Belinda (Catriona McLean), a spy from Frankie's. Katherine Jones excelled herself as Raquel, the singer who was jealous of Belinda, as did Rebecca Dover (Clarins) and Amelia Blair Oliphant (Frankie) as the nightclubs' notorious owners. This, with special praise given to Catriona McLean's truly amazing singing and acting, led to an organised, entertaining and very successful entry from the Woodlanders: "Manhattan Blues".

Thornbank had the rather awesome task of doing their play, "The Blitz", directly after Woodlands. Nevertheless, they pulled it off in a somewhat serious but thoroughly enjoyable way. Their alternative to the usual jokey, hilarious exploits of some of the houses, was a rather subduing tale of two sisters who had (literally) lost their parents in an air raid. This potentially difficult scene was tackled with confidence and proved to be a success with its flashing lights and realistic sound effects. Having at this point grabbed the audience's attention, the play managed to keep most people interested with its numerous talented actresses. Camilla MacDonell played one of the lost sisters in a convincing way and was thus rewarded as the 'Best Actress' (along with Kananu Kirimi). Catherine Low's portrayal of the nasty lady who had to look after the two young girls was effective and well done. The costumes were good and added authenticity to the play as a whole, even though the sudden ending was a let-down to an otherwise entertaining and well-produced play.

Nicol had warned us in the programme to be wary! The play was aptly named "Dress Rehearsal" because of their lack of rehearsals and their clumsy organisation. Despite this, the idea behind the play was original and extremely funny. Who else but Nicol would come up with three masculine nuns and some equally interesting (!) men on a mission to seduce these nuns, in order to ensure the continuation of mankind. During this quest, we encounter an old man (David Mann) who was Nicol's saving grace because of his excellent acting and general appearance. On this note, Nicol's costumes were among the best, with each of the cast being appropriately and amusingly

dressed. Mark Hunter, Michael Burns and Noel Charlier were the nuns (described on the Nicol programme as 'unsavoury!'), and James Steele was the Mother Superior. Also effective was the lighting and sound. Nicol managed to produce a funny, if somewhat informal, play. It was clear the idea was original and careful thought had gone on behind the scenes. To add to this, touches such as special effects, upside-down boats, the cast's obvious enjoyment in the play, and the eye-catching programme, made their play compelling as well as memorable.

Simpson acted with a spontaneity which had so far eluded the other houses. Designed and structured to be a comedy, their play was indeed just that with the amusing antics of two poor men (Ally Duncan and Graham Nicol) deep in debt, searching for a way to make some money. Their ideas were cleverly presented on stage and proved to be innovative, funny and inevitably disastrous! Who's ever heard of two men busking with an electric guitar, a freak rainstorm and the explosion of the guitar?! Sounds ludicrous? This was much the same path that the rest of the play took, which was crazy — never a dull moment was had! It seemed a terrible shame, however, that their life-long dream of winning the pools was destroyed by the strict deadline and the fateful changing of the clocks! Graham Nicol and Ally Duncan both won as 'Best Actors' as well as receiving the prize for 'Best Script'.

Ruthven's production was a well-directed comedy. Perhaps some people's minds were prejudiced by the slightly less successful venture of the year before. Nonetheless, everyone was impressed by this year's which entailed two rival gangs of dustbin men in the year 2000. The 'good' gang wanted to clean up the town while the 'bad' guys resent the fact that there was nothing left for them to do and were determined to destroy the other gang. One theme that ran through the play was that it was sponsored by "Pepsi Cola". Alistair White proved to be the source of many jokes by his frequent interruptions in advertising Pepsi! Ben Ward played the part of the leader of the good gang skillfully, along with baddie-leader Michael Govind. Also amusing was little (!) Mike Smith's kidnapping and the obscure hiding place of a dustbin! Altogether it was a well thought-out play which was perhaps a little careless in the acting at times, but funny and successful as well. (Special mention must be given to the 'bad' guys' rap which was hugely appreciated by the audience and contributed to the jokey atmosphere that had been created.)

Freeland kept up the same high standard as it had in previous years, with their production of "Gazza's European Tour".

This was carried out with an explosive enthusiasm from Gazza himself (Mark Price) and the ever-powerful Hitler (Cameron Wood). This combination of well-known figures, old and new, along with Q and M (Jack Finley and Alan Hall), 'stolen' from the Bond films, proved to be an outstanding success which worked well, bringing the audience a thoroughly enjoyable story of Gazza's mission to protect Hitler. Did he do it? No. Hitler perished in the capable(?) hands of Gazza: a huge success which was produced superbly. It cannot be omitted that most of the ladies in the audience say "Yes" to Alan Hall in a suit!

Apart from a variety of mishaps along the way, this year's house drama competition was fantastic. Everything went smoothly from the organisers' point of view and the evening was a memorable one. Well done to everyone and good luck to future competitors. Just remember that in the end much fun should be had by all!

JENNIFER MACDONALD

MANHATTAN BLUES



NOT A KING

"No!" I bellowed
They looked around in dismay.
Looking at one another
They grinned.
A sudden pain seeped through my back.
Then another, then another —
"I knew I should have listened to my wife."
They grinned again.
I could only manage a few more words:
"Et tu Brute!"

**ALISTAIR REEKIE
FORM III**

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION

THE TRAIN JOURNEY

I am staring mindlessly out of the glass window: the landscape passes like the turning of pages in a child's picturebook. And as the wheels grind round and round like the slow turning of a handle I am reminded by the sharp clickety-clack, clickety-clack of the resolute hands of a clock. I look out on the picturebook world where the haunted face of the clock goes haywire as if possessed, and then there is but a moment when the cows have golden horns, and the trees' gnarled fingers haunt the wood. Approaching the track the criss-cross sketch of the landscape gives way to the snake-like briar. Yet it is all so swift that each image is nothing more than a memory.

Suddenly I am, once again, aware of the clickety-clack, clickety-clack. Returning to the encapsulated reality of the carriage I see people slowly passing, most willing to wait but some impatient to return to their seats; some brandish brown paper bags, no doubt filled with some plastic-lidded cups and a warm, soft sandwich or two. They pass by — just another face to be forgotten. I watch yet another plastic cupful of cocoa turn viscous and cold.

Small children grown tired of endless crisps and cans of fizzy pop, bored with puzzles and joining dots, sit in the same accepting trance as their parents. With pouting faces and fixed eyes they slouch with wrinkled trouser-legs. The novelty train ride has long worn off, along with their childish restlessness. Parents alike stare blankly out of the windows, occasionally contributing to mundane conversation. Perhaps they think of the journey's end. Others seem enraptured by their petty pursuits. A man painfully searches his mind for a missing word, so wrapped up he doesn't seem to notice the rare and perfect beauty of the fleeting land. When I see his shiny black briefcase I know that he is blinded.

Presently I hear the click, click of the ticket collector's punch. He is resolute and solemn in a weary sort of way, almost regretful that all is correct and for a minute we all could have been cattle on a hefty truck. The ticket collector goes on his way treading the threadbare carpeting of orange and grey stripes.

I turn once more from the plastic cups, spilt crisps and the crumpled magazines with their greasy fingerprints. I see, once again, the green fantasy fields where the cows lazily graze and where copse and knoll lie far below the humming pylon and far from the steadfast steel of the track. And if their lives were short they did not know it.

LUCY QUARRY

PRIZE WINNERS

FORM I	Nicol Nicolson Ruth Sharp Craig Larkin	1st 2nd 3rd
FORM II	Colin Perry	1st
FORM III/IV	Catriona Maclean Alistair Reekie Amelia Blair Oliphant Harry Hensman	1st 2nd 3rd 4th
FORM V	Lucy Quarry Martin Frost	1st 2nd
FORM VI	Robin Stewart Jamie Smith	1st 2nd

GREENLAND

An 'off-concrete' Christmas Fantasia
with apologies to Edwin Muir

Who Saw?
Santa saw Claus, Kris saw Kringle,
Father saw Christmas, Saint saw Nick,
Sinta saw Class, Christ saw Child, Pere
saw Noel and Black saw Peter.

How Far?
From Greenland to Greta, from Scotland
to England, from Japan to China, from
Brazil to Peru, from Togo to Turkey.

What's it like there?
Oh it's merry, it's jolly, it's elfy, it's cool!

What do you do?
We laugh and we eat, we give and
receive, and open. We mince pie, turkey,
bacon and even Christmas pudding. We
play at Dingbats, Monopoly,
Blockbusters and 20 Questions. We sing,
and there's aye a bit of Nowell.

What is the best on that day?
Getting presents. Yeh!

And the worst?
Not getting presents, Boo!

Listen, what's that?
Silent Night, Mistletoe and Wine and the
First Nowell.

Tell us about last night.
Well, the party finished at ten...., but the
food was good.

But who was there?
Jim and Bob, Peter and Rob, John, James
and even Gary. Helen and Liz, April and
my sis Mary.

And what was the toast?

Christmas
Christmas
Christmas

ALISTAIR REEKIE

SEASONS' NEWS

Good evening,
Here are tonight's headlines:

The long standing battle between
Spring and Winter has fired up again.

Winter claims responsibility for several
cases of hypothermia.

Spring claims:
"Winter has been in too long,
and now it is time to step down".

Good evening.
Once again,
In the animal cycle
rows have been brewing.
Winter and Spring
are battling it out
to see who will control February.

Over to our correspondent in
Spring and Winters adjunct gardens —
John Horti-culture.

"The feelings here are that Spring
will ultimately dominate this
confusing struggle
As it has done for years.

However, we cannot presume upon
how long winter can retain itself.
As you can see over my shoulder
there are a few droplets of
iced water on fuchsia's fingertips.
We cannot tell for certain,
The outcome of the situation.
The general feeling is geared
towards Spring being Victorious.

This is John Horti-culture,
Seasons' News,
Back to the main office."

Thank-you, John,
There will be another bulletin
To report the victor's meeting of
Summer in July.

AMELIA BLAIR OLIPHANT



TOOTLES

It wasn't until we got home that I saw him again. The car had hardly stopped before I ran to the boot and took the box out and opened it. I rummaged around inside the straw and on locating him lifted him. I held him in the air and stared at him. This had been my first chance to examine him closely. We looked at each other eye to eye. He stared out through his half-shut eyes in a way which indicated a sort of "Who are you?" look. His legs waved limply through the air, hanging out of his shell. The shell itself was still covered in little bits of straw, making his markings look distorted. After a minute or two I got bored with this and so decided to find out how many other things he could do.

I put him down on the grass and waited. He sat there motionless. I began to get impatient so I prodded him. In a flash he had withdrawn to the comfort of his shell. This startled me but after a moment my initial curiosity returned. I began to bang on the outside of his shell: gently at first but as it achieved nothing, I continued harder. After a while it became obvious that another approach was in order. I stopped and gave the matter a lot of thought — so much, in fact, that in the time I took Mum had decided it was time to come into the house. I picked up the tortoise, still in its shell, and obeyed the orders of 'She who must be obeyed'!

Inside, I was faced with the same problem, namely: how to make it get out of its shell. Then it hit me like a bolt from a gun. Lettuce! Tortoises are supposed to eat lettuce. I did a quick recce around and found a piece in the fridge. I put it in front of his nose and awaited the reaction. The reaction that followed was, to say the least, non-existent. I then tried pushing the leaf right up against his face but this proved fruitless as the nearer it got the more he pulled his head inside his shell. I tried various other methods of force-feeding. I broke it up into little bits and scattered them all around him. I tried jamming bits between his jaws in the hope that he would taste his favourite food. On remembering that they liked red things I covered a piece in tomato ketchup. Still the thing wouldn't eat.

I decided it was time for a different approach. I lifted him up and talked to him face to face. "If you don't eat" I told him, "you will die. And if you die I will be very upset," I continued, "because for the price I paid for you I could have had ten hamsters or forty goldfish!" His reply came in the form of a grunt followed by a hiss. This took me quite by surprise and, as a result, I dropped him. Fortunately for him he landed in the soft straw-filled box. This proved to be the first of many lucky escapes.

In the weeks that followed, my parents constructed a cage for my bolshy tortoise to live in. It consisted of a rectangular

wooden frame covered with chicken wire. Inside there was an upturned wooden box which served as a shelter in the rain. When we were quite content that it was up to standard we put in the last ingredient — the tortoise itself. We all stood there to see how he would react to his newly formed environment. But he kept true to his usual habit of doing absolutely nothing. I soon lost interest and went off to watch 'The 'A' Team'. Straight after it had finished, well, actually it was more like nine o'clock after 'Murder She Wrote', I went out to give the tortoise its dinner.

As I got nearer, however, something strange struck me. The tortoise wasn't where it had been sitting. This should not have been surprising with any ordinary pet but with my tortoise it was quite alarming. I lifted up the lid of the wooden box in case he had gone in there but he hadn't. Frantically, I combed through the grass inside the enclosure. Thoughts raced through my head. Had he been stolen? Was he at this very moment a prisoner of mad tortoise-eating savages? Had someone.....?

My eyes suddenly spotted something. It wasn't the tortoise though, it was quite the contrary. It was a hole in the chicken wire! It measured about 10 x 20cms — just big enough for the tortoise to get out of. I thought it time I called in the professionals.

"Mum!" I yelled at the top of my voice.

"Yes, what is it?" came a bored reply.

"Mum, the tortoise has escaped."

"What? Are you sure...?"

"Yes, it's made a hole in the wire."

"Alright, I'll be there in a minute."

Over the next hours that followed the whole family groped around the garden looking for the wretched thing and it's probably true to say that over an entire acre we were on first name terms with every blade of grass.

"You and your bloomin' animals!" hissed Mum angrily. "I mean it this time, this is the last pet any of you are getting!"

At around ten to eleven we found him stuck under the rhododendron bush, thirty yards from where he should have been. It was eleven o'clock before any of us were in bed.

In the weeks that followed we took measures to ensure that the same thing didn't happen again. Around the bottom of the cage we put wooden planks over the chicken wire to prevent the tortoise's wire-cutting teeth ever being of any further use. We also put the wooden box at the side as well to hinder his escape even more. This later proved less than a good idea.

We returned home one night after a long, boring trip into Edinburgh trailing around the shops. I was just about to run inside the house when a voice said:

"Martin! Come and help carry in the shopping!"

Reluctantly, I obeyed the command. As I carried the heavy Fine Fare bags into the house I noticed a lettuce inside one. I decided that the tortoise needed feeding. On finishing my task I asked Mum and, being given the go ahead, ran out to feed the tortoise. I was just nearing the cage when I saw a movement in the grass. I stopped but on seeing nothing passed it off as a hyperactive mole. However, as I turned I became aware of a mobile stone moving away from me. As I got closer I recognised its black markings as my tortoise. I think it recognised me, too, because as I came closer it put on a burst of speed. This proved to no avail because, flat-footed as I am, I can still outrun a tortoise. As I picked him up he let his feelings be known by one of his now famous snorts. We checked his cage for the means of his escape but on finding none put him back in — saying that he had probably escaped when we had cleaned out his hutch the other day. This, however, was not the case as ten minutes later we found him casually marching across the front lawn. Curiously we placed this now extremely miffed tortoise back in his cage and watched to learn the secret of his escape. He sat there still and then, on thinking that we had left, crossed over to the corner of his cage and slowly disappeared into the ground only to reappear on the other side.

"The bloomin' thing's built a tunnel!" exclaimed Dad. And sure enough, on examination, we found a tunnel almost half a foot down. To combat this problem we dug the hutch in by a foot. This we considered the maximum depth any tortoise could burrow.

For months the tortoise co-operated with us and so in return we relaxed our vigilante eyes. We named it 'Tootles' after the taxi and built an extension to its cage.

As winter approached we became steadily more worried about hibernation. We bought books but they seemed to offer little in the way of instructions — just things like the metabolic rate at which the tortoise worked. However while we were wondering what to do, the tortoise had its own ideas...

One evening Dad returned with the news that we were all going to the Lake District for three days. The tortoise made his move. On our return we found a plank wrenched off and another hole in the chicken wire. This time the tortoise didn't come back.

Again we were given the lecture on 'the last pet you lot are having' but come the summer I had another one called 'Tootles II'. And guess what — the damned thing escaped!

MARTIN FROST

TELL US THE VERSE . . .

This year an even greater number of pupils took part in speech performances and competitions. November saw the Perth Burns Club's annual festival and the school's St Andrew's Night. In March we had the Perth Competition Festival Speech Classes and the Burns Federation Competition. In May, the Edinburgh Competition Festival was held. The verse speakers' final "appearance" for the session was at the Fete.

A total of 45 pupils competed throughout the three days of the Perth Festival in the solo classes. Our pupils always perform well in the Bible reading classes with particularly fine readings from Nicola Miller, Amelia Blair Oliphant and John Osborne. Amelia also gave a spirited and agile performance of a speech by Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Ben Ward won the Shakespeare class in the 15 to 17 age group. The works of local poet, William Souter, have long been a feature of the Perth Festival and a stirring recitation of "The Children" and "The Hunt" won a well deserved first place for Lesley-Ann Dewar.

Another feature of speech festivals is the choral speaking of verse. Both the first form and the third form choirs were

placed first in their classes. The third form even transformed themselves into a (verbal) train for Auden's "Night Mail".

But the greatest success in the Perth Festival was the Solo (12-14) class, where 26 youngsters recited Belloc's "Matilda" and our pupils took the first 5 places: 1st (equal) – Joanna Malcolm and Nicol Nicolson; 3rd (equal) – Kirsty Cooper and Louisa Henderson; 5th – Stacy Cooksley. After a class lasting three hours, I think we were all glad that the ghastly Matilda suffered a hideous fate.

A new venture this year for us, but a long established tradition, nationally, was the Burns Federation Competition for the recitation of Scots verse. The finals were judged by Charles Kennedy the Senior Vice President of the Burns Federation. The junior winner was Catherine Gdula and the senior, Matthew Morley.

Last session, four senior girls took part in the Edinburgh Competition Festival speech classes. This year, however, a bus load, armed with packed lunches and teas, headed for Morningside, where they competed individually and provided support for one another! The Bible reading again inspired fine performances, particularly from Andreas Backmann, James Wright and Kimberley Anderson (under 13) and

from Katherine High, who won the 14 to 17 class. There were also merit certificates for Amelia Blair Oliphant in the prose reading, for Natalie Young in the Scots verse (under 12) and for Nicol Nicolson and Kirsty Cooper in the under 14 solo.

Finally, this year for the first time we attempted the under 17 public speaking class. This was won by 12 year old Nicol Nicolson who highly entertained the adjudicator with his "tongue in cheek" account of being a student in Strathallan's junior house, "The Life of Riley". Kananu Kirimi was placed second with her humorous reflections on the absurdity of the fashion industry. Third (equal) went to Joanna Malcolm who considered the effect of different colours upon our moods, and Louisa Henderson, who reflected on the importance of the tree to humanity and life on earth.

That long day in Edinburgh was hectic and, very complicated, as sometimes we had pupils performing concurrently in three rooms. A lasting memory from the busiest part of the day is of Andreas Backmann calmly asking me where he could go to change dollars and gilders into sterling. With relief, I told him banks were closed on a Saturday!

I.McF.

DEBATING

The academic year 1991/1992 started with a keen, fresh-faced Debating Committee, ready to rectify what they felt were the downfalls of the previous year's Committee.

The first problem facing them was the difficult decision as to the appointment of Speaker of the House. That, in itself, threw up a debate between the supporters of Mr Daniel McGilvray ("Dan the Main Man" – "Punter of the Round Ball extraordinaire") and Miss Tessa Dunlop "Hysterical and Historical Scribe of the Oxbridge Possibles" and "Summer Term Troglodytes Troglodytes"). On the flick of one of Mr Longmuir's rare coins it was decided to alternate the occupancy of "The Speaker's" Chair (replete with cushion filched from the Chapel).

The Debating Year, or at least the first two terms of the year, produced some memorable debates. Who could ever forget Mr Philip Ainsworth ("Follow me, I know where the rare moths hang out") and Master ("I can play the tunes – even 'Sandy's New Chanter'") Hamish McCartan with their "Coke-Can" technique against Miss Pauline ("I can sing what you sing – AND avoid the moths") Lockart partnering Miss Hilary ("Just carry the wretched harp – don't drop it or you'll be strumming one in the next life") Moore.

The Junior Debates saw some very promising performances – especially Miss Amelia Blair Oliphant's ("Don't tangle with me or I'll put a bullet through your forehead") high-powered and intimidating attack on the Opposition.

Miss Dunlop and Mr Murray ("I'm so laid back I don't care what you do or say") Dick debated brilliantly in The Bank of Scotland Debating Competition and although they didn't win their Heat, it was a noteworthy Debate.

The Inter-House Competition (one of the recent highlights of previous Debating Years) started off very well, but along with debating in the Summer Term, fizzled out with the pressure of external examinations (beginning at Easter and finishing in the penultimate week of term). Perhaps the Inter-House Debating Competition should be handed over to the Lower Sixth – but that's another debate for next year's Committee. The finalists were to have been Thornbank v Ruthven – and it's no secret that their respective Housemistress and Housemaster (who not only supported their teams – at least that team which wasn't awarded 7 'byes' to allow it into the semi-finals – and perhaps even coached them) were visibly present whenever their teams made an appearance.

Certainly, as was seen this year, Debating is not for the 'effete' – but rounds off the "all-rounder". The real winners were all those who took part, either as teams or as voices from 'the floor of the House'.

The School's thanks are due to all who debated; the School Prefects who "policed" the Debates (but never had to eject a single Honorary Member); the Junior Members of the School who bravely stood up to speak and, in spite of more gentlemanly cat-calls than are heard "in the Other Place", stood their ground against the 'Pigs from Gerasa' and made their point, often to great effect; and, of course, to everyone who supported and voiced their own opinions in a "standing-room only" Chamber (Mr Reed having retrieved his Music Room chairs before, during and after Debates).

Especially, our thanks are due to those who enlivened the few dull or awkward moments with their own opinions (however bizarre – future Captains of School – take note!).

Finally, Good Luck and Good Debating.

CHRISTOPHER PROCTER
(Scribe)

A TRIP TO BELGIUM . . .

Substantially aids the GCSE History candidate: Discuss (109 marks)

On a cold, dark October evening around forty intrepid 5th Formers cut short their ten day release from school life in order to play soldiers in the Belgian trenches.

Sustained by a nourishing school breakfast we left allied ground with a cheer and murmured cries from the dark confines of the back row, "Nobody told me I needed a passport!" (Well done, John.)

We arrived at Hull for the fifteen hour ferry trip to Zeebrugge extremely tired from the journey and so all went straight to sleep at exactly 10.00pm.

Heightened by new found "come dancing" skills the night before, Mr Proctor led the troops forth to our first encounter with the war graves. Row upon row of countless fallen soldiers shocked even Alan into silence.

After a light continental lunch (a foreign concept to some in the group) we drove up towards Ypres and began to appreciate that the German side of things really wasn't much better. An enlightening commentary on the strategic positions of the surrounding country was admirably kept up by Mr Pengelley, despite the banjo duet serenading the back of the bus.

After a hard day's history and a not so light dinner (much to Ali's relief) it was time to admire the sights of Katrijk for ourselves. All thanks must go to Comrade Sangster for so competently leading this tricky manoeuvre for our "HISTORY" reconnaissance.

The next morning it was off to France, to Vimmy Ridge, to play in the stone trenches completely unabashed by large signs declaring "UNEXPLODED SHELLS". Many had fun in the shell crater big enough to contain Woodlands. After packed lunches, which everyone had eaten at 8.00am, we abandoned French territory, now knowing the word for turnip mountains — all of which were dutifully pointed out by Rich Morris.

We went on to visit the museum at Somme which is filled with countless memorabilia including numerous grave-stone slides which sobered us all a little, as did Miss Neale's remark later — that each name inscribed out of the 20,000 on a war memorial (near hill "69") was a person with family and friends and life ahead of him.

Our empathy skills where once again increased when we visited the War Museum at Ypres which succeeded in bringing the war out of the text books. The mood was continued as we heard the sombre strains of *The Last Post* being played under yet another memorial to more fallen soldiers at the entrance gate to the town. On the way back to the hostel

that evening we realised that almost all the buildings in Belgium were less than 40 years old and even today throughout the country there are constant reminders of a war which almost obliterated a "neutral" country.

On Day 3 the history aspect of things was over and we began our day of rest and relaxation. We first visited Ghent — "a charming little town" — assured our trusty leaders. Well, it may have been "charming" most days but on this particular Sunday it was more deathly still than the battle fields of the Somme.

Things picked up in Bruges where we all succumbed to tourist fever and squandered our last francs on lace, post cards for Gran, and, of course, Belgian chocolate. Full marks go to Lucy Young and Johnathan Foy for successfully testing our infamous "numbering off" system (41 is usually after 40, Helen) by taking up permanent residence someplace in the town — their whereabouts were never disclosed.

By 6.00pm we were back on the ferry

and after much hearsay about Mr Raine's fabulous karaoke voice, temptation was too much and we went (albeit reluctantly) to investigate the rumours. Rebecca showed us how to dance a Strauss Waltz gracefully, whilst Mr Du Boulay, not to be outdone, showed us *The Twist* was the dance to avoid. The evening was drawn to a close nicely by a Pengelley, Neale, Raine, Du Boulay and, of course, straight man Proctor, rendition of "Now That I Can't Dance". Examples to us all?!

Seasickness claimed many a victim the next morning and the deck was extremely popular, unlike our superb cameraman, Chris Marshall, who caught all our misdemeanours on tape, and received more death threats than a GCSE examiner.

The faces when we returned to school were a sight to behold. I think everybody had a great time and, despite rumours to the contrary, our ability to understand a little more of the 1st World War conditions was helped.

NICKY MILLER



Mister Twister! (N.H. Du B. on the Boat).

THE FRENCH PLAY

“La Pipe de Maigret”

Sometime back in the mists of time another sort of notice appeared in the French blocks to keep the numerous “ne parle pas anglais ici” (sic) company. It was no less menacing and carried the ominous message that the department wanted ACTORS. Roughly three months, lots of coffee, numerous packets of Hobnobs and more, (procrastination!) those of us who hadn’t run fast enough took the plunge.

We left the security of Mr Streatfeild-James’ living room and took to the stage. (Well, OK — the Lecture Theatre). Francois, as Maigret the detective, raised the level of the French — sadly no-one understood the accent. He said he enjoyed his stint on stage but he never re-appeared from backstage again. Why? Something to do with that nice belted raincoat? Heather put up a virtuoso performance as the waiting widow and over-bearing maman — typecast? Surely not. The reason I know this is that no maman in her right mind would be daft enough to heave the wine bottles out of the window to keep things tidy. Anyway, dig that hand-bag work (she caught Francois a great right hook with it!) Raj was brilliant as Maigret’s side-kick Lucas — most mem-



orable line “Oui Chef”. Laurie was nervous but with Heather’s medieval mother on his heels and Tilly’s lust-consumed serving lass blocking his frontal escape route, who could blame him? Lesley-Anne got great at sweeping the cafe floor, Lynn was a taxi driver struck by motorway madness and I needed no rehearsing

at all for my role! All things said, we had great fun and the cast would like to thank their script-writer-cum-director-cum resident snoring person for giving support in the front row. Thank you Mr Streatfeild-James for all your work and especially all those biscuits you fed us!

FIONA GRAINGER

COLOGNE

Achtung! Even to those who do not do German, this word may seem familiar. It was a word which was to come in useful when eight of us lucky Strathallians won a busman’s holiday to Germany for ten days during the autumn term of 1991. A daunting prospect — maybe, but it was worth a shot, if only to miss those boring lessons for a short while.

Armed with dictionaries, verb tables, grammar books (as well as all our “holiday work” from concerned teachers, of course) we set off for Cologne with our stereotypical German Fuhrer — Klaus Glimm.

On arrival in Cologne station, we were greeted by an assortment of strange foreigners (yes ‘REAL’ Germans, Tracey!!) and rapidly whisked off to various corners of the city not knowing whether we would ever return ...

Most of us were staying with someone of our own age and sex, except for Jack — was it love at first sight???? (perhaps we should also mention that she has already been back to stay!). At least we had the consolation of knowing that our German hosts all had something in common: they were human beings and they all went to the Liebfrauschule, which was our main opportunity to meet up with the other Scots and compare notes.

Communication was fairly tough at first as the extent of our GCSE vocabulary was pushed to the limit, but at least Paul found some use for his favourite word — “DOCH” — contradicting everything anyone had to say.

Claire and Tracey were perhaps at a slight advantage having done a year of A level German but, even so, were initially reluctant to speak in the foreign tongue. However, attending lessons conducted entirely in German and learning subjects as diverse as Maths, Physics and even Divinity, our confidence and understanding were extensively broadened.

In addition to the school curriculum, our hosts had arranged a daily programme of activities and trips both educating and entertaining. The highlight must have been a VIP trip to Cologne Cathedral which stands high. We were shown the renowned Ark containing the ashes of the three wise men and taken to the roof from which we could watch firework displays from the nearby city of Dusseldorf. A truly breathtaking experience. Other outings included a day in Bonn, trips to various museums, as well as opportunities to go shopping.

The weekend was left to the devices of each individual family and although on

Saturday evening we all ended up together, Sunday was spent separately, with people visiting nearby towns and landscapes, and Claire was lucky enough to visit Belgium and Holland.

On the last night, after some international sporting events, a big buffet supper was organised for everyone. We entertained them with some Scottish Country Dancing. However, not even this could show adequately our enormous appreciation for the effort and generosity of the teachers, parents and pupils of the school.

We can never thank them enough.

Not only did our German improve vastly, but also our confidence and knowledge of the German people. Judging by the emotional departure the following morning at the station, it was clear that the exchange had been a great success and that strong bonds had been established between Strathallan and the Liebfrauschule.

None of this could have been possible without Mr Glimm who we all wish to thank for organising the visit. Having just sat our A levels and GCSEs we appreciate the value of such an opportunity and we hope that next year’s exchange is every bit as successful.

TRACEY MORTON & CLAIRE CORRIE

IMPRESSIONISTS

In February, the Department of Art and Design were privileged to join the Design and Technology Department on a combined trip to London.

Despite an unexpected shortage of adequate facilities on the train and some other minor entertainments, as we approached King's Cross it became apparent the trip had become a little too much for George Obank, who obviously thought he was landing at Heathrow! This, in turn, confused all of us, not to mention some of the other passengers.

On our arrival at the hotel we noted immediately that the travel agent had gone to enormous lengths to make the Design and Technology Department feel "at home" and cunning dispersion of rooms ensured, in the absence of resuscitation equipment, minimal movement from the Art staff. These celestial quarters, however, were to deny us the opportunity of extending relationships with an American girls' school and their charming staff, also resident at the hotel. Reluctantly, we had to leave this task to Mr Elliott and the boys, who, judging by their appearance next morning, had all thrived on the experience.



To add to all this, as if one needed more, a full day of visits was enjoyed by all — to the Design Museum, the Design Centre and the National Gallery, where the education department provided a lecturer to talk us through some Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings. This proved invaluable to the students who were about to sit their Higher History of Art paper.

Having reached cultural saturation

point the pace was altered and the rhythm increased that evening, when everyone enjoyed a show called "Return to the Planet" — which, incidentally, Mrs Cairns was extremely relieved to do.

After this packed day and late night (for some a little longer and later than others) a very tired but happy group returned to school mainly to sleep, but also to reflect on the wonders of this trip.

D.H.

DESIGN AND TECHNOLOGY

It has been a couple of years since I last included a report in the magazine and during that time Strathallan has been moving rapidly through its planned programme of changes. Buildings have been erected at a tremendous pace and these have all contributed towards the gradual, yet significant change for the whole school.

The Design and Technology department has maintained its planned development with a full six years completed in the new building, and we are now able to see the benefits of these facilities being available for all students.

A-Level and Higher grade entries have been increasingly more successful and the gradual change towards a "Total Design" approach means that we are now catering for an ever-increasing diversity of project work within the full spectrum of this subject area.

GCSE work has been enjoying overwhelming success, particularly within the Technology courses and for me the biggest reward comes from the enthusiasm that is being born out of involvement within this subject.

The National Scene is always in the news and it is heartening to learn that after all the debate, criticism and reporting of this area nationally, we are right on course and holding our own at the forefront of development.

All of this is only made possible by the continued hard work of the team of staff,

all of whom have contributed enormously to the success of this venture.

Mr Wallace left last Christmas to take a Head of Department post in London and it is appropriate here to acknowledge the huge contribution that he made since he started here in 1986.

He has been replaced by Mr Belwood and I would like to take this opportunity to formally welcome him into the team.

Both Mr Phillips and Mr Wilson are continuing to contribute a great deal to the continued development of the subject

and the department in general. I would like to express my gratitude to them both for their continued support.

Finally, with an imminent move planned for myself to The University of Strathclyde faculty of Education, I would like to wish all at Strathallan all the very best for the continuation of the happy and purposeful atmosphere that will be essential for the introduction of the forthcoming changes, and to wish my successor every happiness in what is a great position.

P.E.



Making Mountains out of Molehills on the Hockey Pitch?

CAREERS

The year has seen the continued consolidation of the existing careers service, and a number of new initiatives.

The "all-in" Aptitude Testing in the Fifth Form is now fully established. This year 112 pupils took the tests. (For the benefit of younger pupils and their parents I might add that an explanation is given to pupils when they are in the Fourth Form, and at the end of the Fourth Form year parents are sent full information about the scheme).

In the Lower Sixth there were 76 attendances at careers experience courses, slightly fewer than last year, but nonetheless a healthy number. (Again for the benefit of parents, the Lower Sixth are given, in December, details of courses available, to take home).

In September the Upper Sixth attended Glasgow University Open Day. While much was learned, it is felt it would be advantageous to have a major visit earlier in the application season, and so the Lower Sixth attended Dundee University Open Day in June. The initial reaction to this change was favourable, and it is likely to be the pattern for the future. The Upper Sixth also went to the Tayside Higher Education Convention in September — a very valuable evening, and there was an additional visit for the Lower Sixth to a Higher Education Convention hosted by St Leonards, to whom we express our thanks for their hard work and hospitality.

Liaison officers from all the Armed Services continue to visit the School each term, and they give invaluable advice and

introductions to interested pupils. Sadly, the Senior Army Liaison Officer, Colonel Robert Gurdon, retired this summer. His help and encouragement over many years has been second to none. We shall miss his visits, and we are most grateful to him for all his assistance.

An important new initiative, for which we must thank Mr Raine, has been the introduction at the Lower Sixth stage of interview practice on a substantial scale. This has been conducted by members of the Rotary Club of Perth Kinnoull. In May, 36 pupils were put through the mill, and their response was overwhelmingly positive, even from some who realised they made a bit of a mess of things. As one girl said: "I got it wrong, but at least I now know it, and I can put it right." We are most grateful to our friends in Perth, and I hope they will be prepared to continue and perhaps extend this very valuable exercise.

A second initiative is the establishment of a Register of Old Strathallians prepared to help pupils past and present with advice, and perhaps with work experience. This scheme is being masterminded by the current President of the Strathallian Club, Sheriff Graham Johnston. There has been an encouraging response to the

first wave of enquiries. The intention is to build up a list of Strathallians, by profession and location, so that a cry for help can lead to a referral to a sympathetic expert. We may not be successful in contacting all those interested, and any Old Strathallian willing to make his or her expertise available, or who would like to

know more about the scheme, is asked to contact either Graham Johnston or myself.

At last we launched a Young Enterprise company, "BEANCHIES", which while it suffered a number of hiccups — mainly through lack of experience of all concerned — nevertheless declared a dividend giving a 20% profit to shareholders. A report appears elsewhere in this magazine. At the time of writing it is uncertain whether we can form a company for 92-93, but I hope so.

As always, a number of ladies and gentlemen have visited the School to give lectures and presentations on a variety of topics. We extend our thanks to:

Mr W Baird, University of Dundee — "Going to University".

Colonel John Blashford-Snell, Director Operation Raleigh — "A Life of Adventure".

Professor Anthony Bussuttil, University of Edinburgh — "Forensic Science and Crime Investigation".

Mr Phil Cooper — "Substance Abuse".

Mr Cowan Ervine, University of Dundee — "Careers in Law".

Mrs Jenny Gibbons, GAP Enterprises Ltd. — "Taking a GAP year".

Mr John Gibson, Napier Polytechnic — "The Scottish Centrally Funded Institutions".

Mr Charles Jackson, "People First" — "Motivation and Goal Setting".

Mrs Helen MacNeill, Dugdale-MacAdam College — "Secretarial Careers".

D.A.R.W.

COMMUNITY SERVICE

It has been encouraging to see an increasing number of people involved in this worthwhile activity this year. The elderly and the sick greatly value their weekly visits from Strathallan pupils. They love the opportunity to chat away and a natural chord of affinity is often struck. This year, as well as visiting the Bridge of Earn Hospital and the Moncrieff Nursing Home, the pupils have ventured into Perth where the newly opened Ochil Nursing Home has welcomed them each week. Also in Perth, they have enjoyed the opportunity of helping out nurses on the paediatric ward of the PRI, although they usually look fairly worn out after an afternoon's work there!

Musicians from the Choir joined us at Christmas to produce a small carol concert which delighted the residents of the

homes. They sang along, recalling all the words perfectly from the depths of their memories. "Requests" for favourite carols kept the choir on its toes, but efforts were richly rewarded when the Moncrieff Home laid on a huge tea.

Strathallan played host to many pensioners from the area at Christmas when they filled the Chapel for the first of our Carol Services.

Lorna English, Carolyn Russell, Nicola Crowe and, more recently, Carolyn Silver, have been braving the hyperactivity of Dunbarney Primary School, an occupation they thoroughly enjoy, but find fairly exhausting.

Many thanks to all those who contributed this year. Next year we hope to see even further expansion into the community.

P.J.C.



Paul Heslop's 'deserving case'.

BUSINESS STUDIES

Part of the brief on my appointment two years ago was to introduce Business Studies into the Sixth Form curriculum. In the school year recently finished we have seen the first group of 'A' level students complete their course and are now (at the time of writing) awaiting their examination results — although by the time this is read the students will be scattered around the UK at various institutions of Higher Education.

In addition to the A Level Business Studies class the department also offers the new Scottish Highers Course in Management and Information Studies (which was examined for the first time in 1992).

These 'new' subjects are in addition to the existing courses in Economics at A and H Level. Economics is a very popular subject nationally and remains one of the "top 6" A Levels in terms of numbers of students taking the examination. As the A and H Level courses are so similar it proves possible for both to be taught in one class — two for the price of one (that's Economics in action for you!). It also means that all A Level students can take the Higher as a back-up.

In order to cope with the growth in popularity of these subjects the school has made two new appointments to the department — Mr Christopher Mayes (or "Mr Ms" as he has been christened) has just completed his first year and Mrs Anne Croft was appointed on a part-time basis to help reduce the size of the MIS sets.

For those who have not yet found their way to the Economics and Business Studies Department we can be found above the Modern Languages Department occupying the Sixth-Form-Hall-that-was and the 'Latin Room'. The department now has three classrooms and an office.

The subject matter of the various courses that we have on offer is too detailed to be covered here, but should anyone wish to find out more then we would be pleased to see them over in the department.

Both the 'new' courses are keen to promote what is known in the jargon as 'student-centred learning' ie using a variety of approaches to teaching and learning which encourage an active learning process — the use of case studies, management training games, business simulations (some done on the computer), problem solving and decision making exercises, etc. Other activities are planned and we would hope to be able to incorporate visits to firms and to get some visiting speakers into the school.

During the academic year 1991/92 a team of 4 Business Studies students (Dominic Schmidt-Rieche, Rod Lamb, Jennifer Griffiths and Iain Wilson — see photo) took part in the "Young Business

People of the Year 1992" Competition.

The competition was a computer simulation of running a company selling disposable shirts (would you believe 'Castaways'?) and during the game the team had to make various decisions like:

- How many shirts to make
- What price to charge
- How many people to employ
- How much equipment/raw materials were required
- How much to spend on marketing

This was a national competition (UK) and out of an entry of 250 (with 100 more schools wanting to enter but unable to), the team managed to play through two competitive rounds and qualified for the national semi-final (24 teams). This was held in Surrey and the sponsors of the competition, Argos, paid all expenses for air flights to London. So very early in March I collected some bleary-eyed youngsters at school in time for the 7.00 shuttle to Heathrow. We arrived back at Strathallan at around 11.00pm the same evening, without the first prize of £5,000 but with a certain amount of credit. When the final results were calculated

they finished in 13th place overall — the highest position of any Scottish school.

The Economics class also entered a national Economics Competition called Forecast 1992 run by Lloyds Bank where the team had to forecast (guess?) the behaviour of certain key economic variables over a six month period eg

- FTSE 100 Index
- Inflation Rate
- Unemployment Rate
- Interest Rates
- etc

Unfortunately they did not have the same amount of success as their Business Studies counterparts with their forecasts — but then again neither did HM Treasury during that same period (remember Norman Lamont said that he could see signs of the green shoots of economic recovery in 1991! Yet here we are in 1992 and are still waiting for the recovery to begin!) and they, of course, had rather more information and more sophisticated tools of analysis than the Lower Sixth 'Eco' class!

N.S.



YOUNG ENTERPRISE COMPANY 1992/3

"RECIPE FOR SUCCESS"

Dishes from all your favourite sporting personalities
READY SOON!

ENQUIRIES TO: KATE TURNER — WOODLANDS

RUGBY

Strathallan School RFC opened new frontiers in its pre-season tour by being the first Scottish school to tour to South America for rugby. Argentina and Chile were the two main countries visited and Santiago and Buenos Aires the two main centres. We were extremely well looked after by The Grange School in Santiago and St Andrew's Scots School in Buenos Aires. The former could not have been more helpful over the unfortunate accident to James Henderson. Culturally, socially and educationally it was a great experience and Strathallan boys were good ambassadors. Unfortunately we did not do well on the rugby field and, in retrospect, we should have taken six or seven leavers which would have made a big difference. Our best performance was losing very narrowly to The Grange School and reaching the semi-final of a Sevens tournament arranged in La Cumbre.

The team for the first two games back at school was as follows:- R Johnston, H Lochore, A Keddie, A Wood, M Silver, K Salters, G Anderson, R Stewart, S Harrod, K Kay, R Mitchell, G Burton, J Tornos, A Burrell (second half Rannoch and The Grange), J Leiper, P Sochart.

The opening game against Rannoch was all too easy with a score-line of 66-0 in our favour. Our forwards were too strong in the scrums and the loose but did not dominate the line-out so easily. There was also good and confident running from the backs and an abundance of tries.

Our next game was a unique return fixture by The Grange School, Santiago. This was a very competitive game and at the end of the first half we were 4-9 down, having conceded three penalties against a try by Andy Wood. We entered the second half determined to put ourselves in the lead and after a try and conversion by Mark Silver we seemed to be very much in control. Determined tackling by The Grange under considerable pressure prevented us from scoring and with not long to go a mistake in mid-field led to a counter attack by the South American side and a final score of 10-15.

With high winds and lashing rain the conditions could not have been worse to play Glasgow Academy and having the majority of possession was quite often an embarrassment. Having scored an excellent try early on (involving a miss in the centre, fullback coming into the line, wing and wing, forward taking the ball on and the fly-half Keith Salters, in true 'Ella-style', being there for the final pass), the game looked to be a foregone conclusion. However, increasingly we found it difficult to finish off movements despite considerable pressure. With literally only seconds to go and leading 6-3 our fly-half seemed to have a mental aberration and tried to run a ball from our

own goal area. He lost the ball, they scored and we lost 6-7.

At this stage we should have played 3 and won 3 — Loretto would then, I'm sure, have been another story. Twenty minutes of pressure on Loretto in their first half produced no score, yet against the run of play they broke away, due to slack tackling, to score. A second goal before half-time confirmed that the end result would be a victory to Loretto, as, thereafter, we seemed to have lost belief in ourselves. The final score was 0-12.

Robin Stewart, our captain, was off for both the Loretto and the St Aloysius games, his place being taken by Martin Ross and Mark Tench, respectively. Within minutes against St Aloysius we were 0-3 down but came back decisively and with four penalties by Mark Silver, one following a terrific peel by Garry Burton and Ky Kay, and we were well in control at half-time. Tries by Mark Tench, Peter Sochart and Jason Low, the latter running virtually the length of the field, secured a good victory at 26-7.

Alec Burrell was still injured for the Fettes game and, in fact, the next three games. James Tornos played at wing forward and Jason Low retained his place due to an injury to Mark Silver. We were so dominant in the first 20 minutes that we scored three tries through Ky Kay, Eddie Anderson and Hugh Lochore. The first two scores came from good driving

and support play by both forwards and backs, the latter from a line-out was classic, good back play with a beautifully timed pass by Alan Keddie to finish it off. Unfortunately, we relaxed and it was a much tougher battle in the second half to secure victory by 18-10. The final score was by Andy Wood, converted by Alan Keddie. The game against Glenalmond was marred by a bad accident to their excellent open-side flanker and with not long to go and the score at 4-4, it was decided to abandon the game. However, it must be said that we were lucky to escape with a draw. Our one score was perhaps one of the best of the season. It started with a drive on the blind side from a scrum with Peter Sochart, Eddie Anderson and Bob Mitchell followed by a good ruck ball and out to the backs. An inside pass from Alan Keddie to Andy Wood finally put Robin Johnston and Mark Silver away but Andy was there to pick up and score after Mark had been tackled.

For the second year we went to the Howe of Fife ground to play the North and Midlands U18 side. This time we could and most definitely should have won. Not only did we cope well with the district side but we exerted tremendous pressure on their forwards. Once again, we could not convert pressure into points and we lost 3-10. There were good performances by many and Eddie Anderson had



Alec Burrell and Ky Kay coming off the pitch.

an outstanding game but, sadly, missed the trial for the Presidents XV and the next game against Merchiston through injury.

From a rugby point of view it's a pity that we have a half-term as it seems to disrupt the pattern of development and with Merchiston having been on tour while we were resting there is no doubt that they were much sharper and more mentally attuned. For them it seemed a very easy victory at 13-44.

The next two games were, in fishing terminology, games which we should have had in the bag but were allowed to slip away, both by one score. Leading Edinburgh Academy by 3-0 and with the opposition having to defend their own line, lack of concentration allowed them to switch the ball from right to left and send their left-wing away, the full length of the field. Another penalty by Mark Silver brought the score to 6-6 at half-time. The loss of Bob Mitchell in the second half did not help but it was our carelessness and Edinburgh Academy's opportunism which turned the game in their favour. Even then we created several scoring chances in the latter phases of the game without capitalising on any. Final result was 6-12.

Steven Harrod and Bob Mitchell's injuries near to the Morrison's game did not help stability within the pack. Nevertheless, we started the game well and were seven points ahead in 24 minutes with a try by Graham MacLennan and a penalty by Mark Silver. Once again, over-confidence caused problems and we allowed Morrison's to get back into the game. Tackling mid-field and a lack of commitment in rucking, especially in defence were the main problems. Half-time score was 7-9. A try by Johnny Leiper and conversion by Mark Silver took the score to 13-9 but Morrison's were quick to respond with a penalty. A knock-on by Mark Silver foiled a certain scoring opportunity but a penalty brought the score to 16-12. A final driving assault by Morrison's revised the score to 16-18.

Although we lost 3-23 to an excellent and, as it proved to be, unbeaten Dollar Academy side, this was by far our best performance since half-term. We held Dollar to 0-3 at half-time with a powerful performance by the pack and terrific mid-field tackling. Unfortunately, careless kicking early in the second-half allowed a very quick set of Dollar backs to run from deep and counter-attack well.

Kelvinside Academy was the final game of the winter term. Garry Burton, who had been injured towards the end of the Morrison's game, was off for the remainder of the season with a neck injury and Bob Mitchell was injured for both the Dollar and Kelvinside games.

Thus, a completely new second row pairing had had to be found for the previous game and this one. Mark Tench and Niall Gray proved to be a remarkably good reserve pairing.

A penalty by Mark Silver and a try by Eddie Anderson after 10 minutes, sniping on the open-side after a ruck gave us a 9-0 lead (conversion by Mark Silver). After half-time tries by Jason Low and Mark Tench with another conversion took the score to 19-0. Although not a great performance, it was a satisfactory way to end the term.

After Christmas we played an 'A' XV against Howe of Fife Colts and after leading 30-0 with 3 tries by Jason Low, 2 by Robin Johnston and one by Guy Stephens, with three conversions, the younger, more inexperienced players who were brought on found the up-hill conditions quite difficult and the score slipped to 30-16.

St Andrew's Scots School from Buenos Aires made a return visit to Strathallan and having lost by a big margin in Argentina, the boys were determined to give a good account of themselves. Unfortunately, due to frost, the match had to be switched to Edinburgh which meant we lost out on local support. Nevertheless the team gave an extremely good account of themselves and surprised St Andrews. Had our place-kicker not missed a penalty when we were leading 9-4, we may just have sneaked a remarkable victory. However, the strength and experience of the Argentinian side allied to the loss of Peter Sochart our No 8, who sustained a neck injury, finally tipped the balance. Peter's loss from the back of the scrum and line-out was crucial as he had developed into a fine player as the season progressed.

This game took more out of the side than was realised and losing a few crucial players with injury, added to exam commitments, we played Robert Gordon's College four days later with quite a different side. The final result here, however, was still more disappointing (9-16) and not the best way to end the season.

Overall this was a very disappointing season because, had The Grange and Glasgow Academy results gone the right way, at least four of the other games, if not more, would have gone our way. In fact, the only 2 sides to beat us comprehensively were Dollar and Merchiston and throughout the season our forwards had the best of more set-piece exchanges. However, our loose play, continuity and finishing were not always so good.

Ky Kay, Eddie Anderson and Andy Wood played for the Presidents XV and Alan Keddie was in the squad. Both Eddie Anderson and Andy Wood had trials for Scottish Schoolboys.

Full colours were awarded to: Robin Stewart, Eddie Anderson, Johnny Leiper and Andy Wood.

Half colours were awarded to: Robin Johnston, Garry Burton, Alan Keddie, Bob Mitchell, Phil Ainsworth, Mark Silver, Ky Kay, Hugh Lochore and Keith Salters.

Due to 2 cancellations we played in only two sevens tournaments — Heriots

and Merchiston. The team for the former was G Burton, H Lochore, J Leiper, R Obineche, P Ainsworth, M Silver, A McCulloch and after beating St Aloysius by 18-10 and being 10-0 up against Dundee HS we let our grip slip and lost 10-12. At Merchiston the side was: G Burton, H Lochore, P Ainsworth, M Silver, J Low, E Anderson, A Wood. After winning against Merchiston B 14-8, Stewarts-Melville 22-18, Glasgow Academy 16-12, we succumbed to a powerful Merchiston side in the final 6-30, after being well in touch at 6-10 at half time.

The 3rd form side, captained by Duncan Forbes, was by far and away our most successful side this season. Unbeaten in the normal run of fixtures, they contributed substantially to an U13 side which played in the SSRU Jubilee Tournament. Having won the Midlands Section they went on to the finals at Murrayfield and lost in the quarter finals to St Aloysius. Steven Cooksley captained this side in what proved to be an excellent tournament.

The 4th form side provided the following for the Midlands U15 team: D Clement, A Clark, M Greshon and L MacKenzie.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all coaches for the time spent on rugby outside their normal teaching commitments. We continue to field a large number of sides at all levels and our only problem is getting fixtures for the different teams. Nevertheless, coaches do a tremendous job in maintaining interest and enthusiasm. My thanks, in particular, this season go to Simon Pengeley, Colin Stewart and Jonathan Forster, all of whom are leaving for pitches new. Each has contributed in his own way to the success of the Club and we are most grateful for their efforts. Sister Wallace also left during this year and we wish her all the very best in her new appointment.

Finally, my thanks go to all those who are forced by dint of their jobs to pick up the pieces, dirty washing, wounded etc: Mrs Clayton and her sewing room staff, Sister in the san, and Mr Young and his staff for coping admirably with the 'Barbarian Hordes' every week.

B.R.



RUGBY RESULTS

1st XV

v Rannoch	(H) Won	66-0
v The Grange School		
Santiago	(H) Lost	10-15
v Glasgow Academy	(A) Lost	6-7
v Loretto	(H) Lost	0-12
v St Aloysius	(H) Won	27-3
v Fettes	(A) Won	18-10
v Glenalmond	(H) Drawn	4-4
v North/Midlands U18	(A) Lost	3-10
v Merchiston	(A) Lost	13-44
v Edinburgh Academy	(H) Lost	6-12
v Morrison's Academy	(A) Lost	16-18
v Dollar Academy	(H) Lost	3-23
v Kelvinside Academy	(H) Won	19-0
v Howe of Fife Colts	(A) Won	30-16
v Robt Gordon's Col	(A) Lost	9-16
v St Andrew's Scots		
School Buenos Aires	(H) Lost	9-16
Played 16, Won 5, Drawn 1, Lost 10		
Points for: 239		
Points against: 206		

2nd XV

v Queen Victoria Sch	(A) Lost	9-16
v Glasgow Academy	(A) Won	32-0
v Loretto	(H) Drawn	13-13
v St Aloysius	(H) Won	24-9
v Glenalmond	(H) Won	21-9
v Merchiston	(A) Lost	3-22
v Edinburgh Academy	(A) Won	26-4
v Morrison's Academy	(A) Won	16-4
v Dollar Academy	(H) Drawn	12-12
Played 9, Won 5, Drawn 2, Lost 2		
Points for: 156		
Points against: 89		

3rd XV

v Rannoch 2nd XV	(A) Won	22-3
v Glasgow Academy	(A) Won	22-9
v Loretto	(H) Lost	12-29
v Glenalmond	(H) Won	4-0
v Merchiston	(H) Lost	6-24
v Edinburgh Academy	(A) Lost	4-26
v Dollar Academy	(H) Won	26-12
v Abbey School 1st XV	(H) Drawn	12-12
Played 8, Won 4, Drawn 1, Lost 3		
Points for: 108		
Points against: 115		

4th XV

v QVS 2nd XV	(A) Won	21-0
v Perth Academy		
2nd XV	(H) Lost	8-10
v Loretto	(H) Won	17-0
v St Aloysius 3rd XV	(A) Won	13-0
v Glenalmond	(H) Won	23-0
v Merchiston	(H) Won	9-8
v Edinburgh Academy	(H) Won	27-0
v Morrison's 3rd XV	(A) Lost	6-17
v Dollar Academy	(A) Won	15-8
Played 9, Won 7, Lost 2		
Points for: 149		
Points against: 43		

5th XV

v Rannoch 3rd XV	(A) Lost	8-12
v Loretto	(H) Lost	4-32
v Glenalmond	(H) Drawn	4-4
v Merchiston	(H) Lost	6-10
v Edinburgh Academy	(A) Won	27-4

Played 5, Won 1, Drawn 1, Lost 3
Points for: 49
Points against: 62

6th XV

v QVS 3rd XV	(A) Lost	9-10
v Loretto	(A) Won	18-4
v Glenalmond	(H) Won	18-0
v Merchiston	(H) Won	24-10
v Edinburgh Academy	(A) Won	36-0
v Abbey School 2nd XV	(H) Won	20-0
v Glenalmond	(A) Lost	3-16

Played 7, Won 5, Lost 2
Points for: 128
Points against: 40

7th XV

v Merchiston	(A) Won	42-10
v Glenalmond	(A) Won	24-4

Played 2, Won 2
Points for: 76
Points against: 14

FORM 4A XV

v Rannoch	(A) Won	42-6
v Glasgow Academy	(H) Lost	0-48
v Loretto	(A) Lost	0-30
v QVS 'A' XV	(H) Won	56-0
v St Aloysius	(A) Lost	14-24
v Glenalmond	(A) Won	24-6
v Merchiston	(H) Lost	4-16
v Edinburgh Academy	(H) Won	12-10
v Morrison's Academy	(H) Won	23-0
v Dollar Academy	(A) Won	15-0
v Perth Academy	(H) Won	43-0

Played 11, Won 7, Lost 4
Points for: 233
Points against: 140

FORM 4B XV

v Loretto	(A) Lost	4-30
v St Aloysius	(A) Won	36-6
v Glenalmond	(A) Won	58-0
v Merchiston	(A) Lost	4-22
v Edinburgh Academy	(H) Won	54-0
v Morrison's Academy	(H) Won	100-0
v Dollar Academy	(A) Won	48-6
v Glenalmond	(H) Won	52-4

Played 8, Won 6, Lost 2
Points for: 356
Points against: 68

FORM 4C XV

v Loretto	(A) Won	8-4
v QVS 'B' XV	(H) Won	16-0
v Merchiston	(A) Lost	0-36

Played 3, Won 2, Lost 1
Points for: 24
Points against: 40

FORM 3A XV

v QVS 'A' XV	(H) Won	52-0
v Loretto	(A) Won	36-0
v St Aloysius	(A) Won	31-6
v Glenalmond	(A) Won	44-0
v Merchiston	(A) Won	47-0
v Edinburgh Academy	(A) Won	48-0
v Morrison's Academy	(H) Won	58-0
v Dollar Academy	(H) Won	30-0
v Dundee Colts	(H) Won	26-0

Played 9, Won 9
Points for: 372
Points against: 6

FORM 3B XV

v Loretto	(A) Won	8-4
v St Aloysius	(A) Won	8-4
v Glenalmond	(A) Won	50-0
v Merchiston	(A) Won	48-0
v Edinburgh Academy	(A) Won	12-6
v Morrison's Academy	(H) Won	62-0
v Dollar Academy	(H) Won	24-6
v Glenalmond	(H) Won	28-4

Played 8, Won 8
Points for: 240
Points against: 24

FORM 3C XV

v QVS	(H) Won	16-8
v Loretto	(A) Lost	0-40

Played 2, Won 1, Lost 1
Points for: 16
Points against: 48

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Perth Academy	(A) Won	54-0
Harris Academy	(H) Won	54-4
Dundee High School	(H) Won	24-10
Kinross High School	(A) Won	10-6
Earlson) at Murray- Won		18-6
St Aloysius) field	Lost	0-14

FORM 2A XV

QVS 'A' XV	(H) Lost	18-24
St Aloysius	(H) Drawn	16-16
Merchiston	(H) Lost	18-22
Edinburgh Academy	(H) Lost	12-22
Morrison's Academy	(H) Won	24-12
Dollar Academy	(A) Lost	12-39

Played 6, Won 1, Drawn 1, Lost 4
Points for: 100
Points against: 135

FORM 2B XV

Rannoch	(H) Lost	10-14
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FORM 1A XV

Edinburgh Academy	(H) Won	28-0
Merchiston	(H) Won	12-0

Played 2, Won 2
Points for: 40
Points against: 0



NARBONNE

For a number of years Brian Raine has been organising tours to Narbonne in south west Mediterranean France. They have always been well subscribed and a credit to the many who have taken vacation jobs to pay for at least some of their costs.

Is it just a holiday? Is it a passport to a First XV place? Is it just a pre-season training camp or is it a rare cultural experience? For those who have laid in the sun or before a television for six weeks, playing rugby in 30° C. on hard grounds is a salutary initiation. As James Proctor will attest, French rugby provides no gentle instruction. The phrase "laissez faire" was perhaps invented by the French refereeing panel. New laws are usually a basis for negotiation. No wonder Frenchmen at Murrayfield find the whistles a little pedantic.

Although players are invited on their merits, by no means all have serious aspirations to First XV places. However one of Narbonne's merits is that with a regular morning training session and with plenty of staff around, individual coaching is available. I suspect that Andrew Shepherd was not thinking of stardom when he signed up, but some gutsy performances have put him in line for a place in the XV, and it would be much to his credit if he

could win the full-back berth. Obviously one of the purposes of Narbonne is to lay the foundation of a First XV, and we confirmed that we have a solid front five, of whom Bob Mitchell and Rhesa Obineche were outstanding. However there is work to be done elsewhere. It is gratifying that a number of the younger players like Steven Harrod, James Henderson and Logie Mackenzie coped more than adequately.

Another aspect of Narbonne is that it gives new rugby staff a chance to be acquainted with staff and boys away from the chalkface and become assimilated. David Barnes pioneered this some years ago and this time we had the benefit of Alan Ball. He is a very experienced coach, who was in charge of the St Joseph College, Brisbane XV, whom we met on the "World Tour" but perhaps fortunately, not on the pitch. He brings both expertise and many new ideas, and will be a major asset to Strathallan.

Competitive matches make the tour much more than just a training camp and the benefits of playing together soon became obvious. A modest performance at Cacassonne was followed by a much more impressive one against the might of Narbonne youth. The draw at Porte la Nouvelle would certainly come under Bill Maclaren's description of "towsy".

The best was kept to last. For much of the game at Coursan we did everything ourselves into a losing position. However a try created by Andrew McCulloch, with no time to go, gave us an opening. Coursan retaliated but the ever vigilant touch-judge, D.J.B., pointed out that the scorer had crossed the deadball line. This try was disallowed. The locals were not pleased. A particularly bestial looking prop eyed the touch judge and muttered something about "viande morte". From the 22, a supercharged Eddie Anderson, on his last appearance in a school shirt, led a surge down the left-hand touchline to set up a try in the dying seconds of injury time. The victorious

players came off the pitch to be greeted with the news that G.S.C.E. results had arrived. Fortunately many had grounds for double celebration. Let us hope that this last-gasp effort inspires the First XV to snatch the cliffhangers during the term.

Narbonne is a lovely old market town which has grown elegantly and unostentatiously into a city. This ambiance of the boulevard remains as relaxed as ever despite, to the horror of B.R., the emergence of "MacDonalds." It is a city of characters, of charming cafes and much under-rated wine. The pace of life is never quicker than gentlemanly. Yet at the same time it has plenty to offer. Members of the party enjoyed two Narbonne R.F.C. games, ten-pin bowling, a magnificent pond, the beach and just chatting. Phil Ainsworth seemed to know every girl in Narbonne — or at least they all talked to him. Another feature is the trips to Cap D'Agde. The water park is beginning to look a little tatty round the edges, but it did not stop the horde experimenting with the many slides. Peter Green launched himself as avidly as he did into every rugby coaching book ever written. Meanwhile Rhesa, Bob and Andrew Morens, our Chilean G.A.P. student set about cementing good relations with the Dutch. Unfortunately Rhesa proved a better diplomat than photographer, but other evidence confirms his skill.

Lastly I would like to congratulate the whole party. They were as pleasant and co-operative a group as I can remember. Tiffs were kept to a minimum, and I think that everyone enjoyed it.

Special thanks should go to Peter Keir who has established himself as medico extraordinaire on all tours. He dispenses plasters, sprays, and placebos with equal good humour but what would he have done without Garry Burton's injury of the day? To be fair to Garry, he did seem to be a favourite target of French forwards! Lastly to B.R. the ultimate compliment is that everything appeared to run like clockwork, at least to us.

N.J.Du B.



FOOTBALL

1991/92 was the first year of the Independent Schools Soccer League and the Strathallan team had more matches than ever before. As usual we were sometimes successful, at other times less so, but most matches were well-fought and enjoyable, whatever the final score. However, there were trials to be endured. I will not quickly forget playing St Serfs in torrential rain or the frustration at George Watsons of playing on a rugby pitch, very difficult if your goalkeeper is quite short (sorry Tubs).

My thanks go to Gordon for all the work he did as captain and to all the play-

ers for their enthusiasm and commitment. Thanks also to C. Mayes, P. Belwood and A. Moreno for their help.

G.A.B.

Results:	v Watsons (H)	WON
	v St Serfs (H)	LOST
	v Stewart Melville (H)	WON
	v Watsons (A)	LOST
	v Merchiston (A)	LOST
	v Stewart Melville (A)	DRAW
	v Q.V.S. (H)	LOST
	v Q.V.S. (A)	LOST
	v Merchiston (H)	WON



Mr Bolton's Bag of Balls.

HOCKEY

INDOOR

With huge wins over Harris Academy (22 goals was a record), Stewarts Melville and Glenalmond, we looked to have our best ever chance of that elusive Glenalmond Challenge trophy. At Bell's the pool and semi-final matches were won comfortably and we faced an unknown Edinburgh Academy in the final. Their two experienced club players made it hard for us to break down their defence. We were one down, levelled, and hit the post, only for them to snatch the win in the last few minutes. Again we had the talent to win but not quite the luck or determination when it mattered.

OUTDOOR

The 1st XI got off to an easy start. A young Stewarts Melville side was beaten 11-0 (equalling the scoring record). A few days later we faced the Scottish Under 16 squad on 'astro' in Dundee, without Captain Malcolm Dippie, who had been badly damaged by a Kilgraston dancer and thus lost his chance of a second year in the national Under 18 squad. For the first half we were outskilled, and although looking dangerous on the break, we went in 1-0 down. With quick exchanges of goals the game tipped to Strathallan, our opponents were run off their feet and succumbed 5-3. The 'revenge' match against the Academy was played on a mud heap in Edinburgh. We rained in shots on a Somme-like goal in the first half, but could only score once. Attacking a better grassed circle in the second half was easier and we scored five more. Strangely they provided little opposition.

Games with Watsons are usually tight, but we had home advantage and they were not as strong as usual, so we were comfortable winners.

Led by internationalists Mike Yellowlees and Graeme MacKenzie, the Old Boys were a handful. We held our own until the last quarter when 'school bully' ran through twice to inflict our first defeat.

On MacDiarmid Park's superb surface Fettes were crushed 8-0 by some fine attacking hockey. (Only one point was dropped to Fettes in this year's series of games).

Gordonstoun away is another tough one. They were strong, fast and had an outstandingly skilful Dutchman. (When will we get one?) We had our chances but they probably deserved their narrow win. We bounced back next day against a weak Aberdeen side and scored eight goals. The Harris game was bizarre. 3-0 up in 15 minutes, we had to come off when a freak storm deposited three inches of snow. (This entirely local fall caused cancellation of the next day's Prep School Sixes when the rest of the country was fine!)

The big game of the season is always against Loretto. Playing on unfamiliar, but good, grass and having two forwards not match fit were handicaps, but Keith Salters' shooting put us two up by 'orange time'. They scored, missed a penalty flick, and Mark Taylor was 'retired' briefly by the umpire, before we held on well, with goalkeeper Duncan Robertson outstanding.

A strolling win over Monifieth was the icing on the cake to a good, if not perfect, season.

The outstanding feature of the season was our goal-scoring (5 in 11 games). This reflected the experience and speed of forwards Jason Low, Keith Salters and Alan Keddie. The frequent 'one-tvos' played by the latter always unnerved defences. Fine concentration and keeping from Duncan Robertson kept the back secure, and in front of him full backs Philip Aitken and Graham MacLennan played steadily. Andrew Wood worked shrewdly in mid-field, where Mark Taylor was a skilful human dynamo. Malcolm Dippie's injury limited his appearances, but he always captained well and dominated attackers. Eddie Anderson played increasingly effectively, and, as the baby of the side, John Green's game came on well. Once established in the side Martin Smith's pace and guile caused problems on the right wing.

An experienced 2nd XI also scored freely (31 goals in 8 games). The 3rds had a less good record but the 4ths were unbeaten in their short fixture list. Not blessed with a great talent, the Senior Colts worked hard for their record and were only beaten twice, once to an excellent Culford side who were welcome tourists from St Albans. The outstanding

group was the Junior Colts. Only one game was lost by the three sides. Riley, too, had an unexpectedly good year losing only to Cargilfield.

Altogether it was a good season blessed by fine weather which enabled players to overcome the bumpiness of our grass and the fast deteriorating hard pitch.

My thanks go to all who coached, umpired, clothed, fed and watered Strathallan players in those hectic five weeks.

J.N.F.

Team from:

M R Dippie* (Captain), J C Low* (Secretary), D C Robertson* (Goalkeeper), K L Salters*, M A Taylor*, A W Keddie, E D Anderson, A F C Wood, P Aitken, G R MacLennan, J G Green, M A Smith, J P A MacDonald, G A MacGregor-Christie, C F MacDonald, C L C Hill.

* Full colours



Jason Low receives his Runners-up cup — Glenalmond Challenge.



Touring Hockey XI in Barcelona.

PASSAGE TO CATALONIA

Most tour reports tend to the prosaic — ‘left Strath on Tuesday, arrived Alaska the following Friday, beat World XI 10-0’ — that sort of thing; when, as we all know, touring is kaleidoscopic. So your correspondent will provide a DIY account, and invite the reader to cobble together, in any order, moments, some half remembered, most best forgotten, and in that way get the flavour of the boys’ hockey tour to Spain in April.

Highlights:

Lunch at Tossa (staff only)
Friendliness of the Hotel Terra Brava staff
Rabs’ gentle half time criticism of Tubs
Alan’s half time talk
The FC Barcelona stadium
Isaac’s lengthy conversations in German
The Juniors actually winning a game
Breakfast at the local cafe
Bottles of San Miguel
Andreas’s interpreting
Mrs Vallot’s morning surgery
Jason’s speed
Martin’s smile
Miro’s ‘thing’ in Barcelona



Acrostic over-shadowed at Tossa?

Lowlights:

Leaving Strath at 5am
All food at the Terra Brava
Tubs’ positional sense
Hans’ money sock
The Real Polo Club coach
2,700 miles in the same bus
‘Dances with Wolves’ with Greek subtitles
The price of after-match rolls in Terrassa
Andreas’s Catalanian
Tenchie’s speed

Martin’s laugh
Any John Green joke
The manners of German youth
‘Nice Jewish houses’
Hitting the post at 1-1 in the last minute of the last game

And the real high point? — Proc’s discovery that sherry is hard to find in Lloret.
And the ultimate low point? — Hans’ socks.

A (very)Crostic



This way! 2nd XI v. SYHB U15 XI.

RESULTS

1st XI	Stewarts Melville	Won	11 - 0
SYHB Under 16	Won	5-3	
Edinburgh Academy	Won	6-1	
Watsons	Won	4-2	
Old Boys	Lost	3-5	
Fettes	Won	8-0	
Gordonstoun	Lost	0-1	
Aberdeen G S	Won	8-0	
Harris Academy	Abandoned		
Loretto	Won	2-1	
Monifieth H S	Won	6-2	

2nd XI

Abbey	Won	6-0
Harris Academy	Won	3-1
SYHB Under 15	Drew	1-1
Edinburgh Academy	Won	8-0
Glenalmond	Drew	2-2
Fettes	Won	5-0
Loretto	Lost	1-2
Rannoch	Won	5-0

3rd XI

Perth Academy	Drew	1-1
Glenalmond	Lost	1-2
Fettes	Drew	0-0
Loretto	Lost	2-3
Rannoch	Won	6-0
Harris Academy	Lost	2-3

4th XI

Fettes	Won	4-2
Loretto	Won	4-2
Morrison’s Academy	Won	3-0

Senior Colts

A XI	Abbey	Won	8-1
	Culford	Lost	0-2
	Watsons	Won	6-0
	Edinburgh Academy	Won	2-1
	Fettes	Won	4-1
	Gordonstoun	Drew	1-1
	Aberdeen G S	Won	2-1
	Harris Academy	Won	1-0
	Loretto	Lost	0-2

Senior Colts

B XI	Harris Academy	Lost	1-2
	Perth Academy	Lost	1-3
	Fettes	Won	3-1
	Loretto	Lost	1-7

Junior Colts

A XI	Glenalmond	Drew	1-1
	Watsons	Won	8-0
	Gordonstoun	Won	6-0
	Fettes	Won	5-0
	Harris Academy	Won	2-0
	Loretto	Won	4-1
	Monifieth H S	Won	2-1

Junior Colts

B XI	Glenalmond	Won	4-1
	Gordonstoun	Lost	1-2
	Fettes	Won	9-0
	Loretto	Won	2-1

Junior Colts

C XI	Lathallan	Won	4-0
	Loretto	Won	3-1

CRICKET

From an experienced and talented group a good First XI season was expected and the team performed up to expectation.

Probably it would be fair to say that the batting, except for that of Martin Smith, lacked consistency and the strength lay in the bowling. In that area slightly disappointing seasons (by their own standards) from Keith Salters and Mark Tench were more than compensated for by the seemingly innocuous swing of Nick Mackenzie, energetically supported by Edward Anderson. If there was a criticism it would be that the team lacked the 'killer instinct' in the field. Too often the opposition's good batting was removed and then the tail allowed to occupy the crease. To some extent this reflected the attitude of the captain, Keith Salters, who kept his own best performance, particularly bowling, for when he faced strong opponents. For the most part the fielding was excellent.

The batting was led by Martin Smith who scored 505 runs at an average of over 40. Before the season he had never scored a fifty. This year he scored five fifties and several other scores of 30+. Both Mark Tench (162 runs, ave 20.25) and Nick Mackenzie (175 ave 25.00) tried opening

with Martin but without complete success. Niall Gray had a poor season for one of such talent. His 29 runs at an average of 27.41 was boosted by 116 against an occasional side hardly bristling with an aggressive attack. More encouragingly he scored an excellent 77 against Downside in the Festival. Robin Johnston, apart from a good fifty against the Wayfarers, had a very disappointing season and Keith Salters was his usual eccentric self — 227 runs, average 22.70, including a superb century against Loretto. Stephen Cooksley, a Third Former, looked very promising when brought in towards the end of the season, and very valuable contributions were made lower down the order, notably from Edward Anderson who scored an excellent unbeaten fifty against Edinburgh Academy.

The bowling was generally very good. Nick Mackenzie posed considerable problems for his own keeper, Andrew Wood, as well as opposing batsmen. His 35 wickets at 11.65 were well deserved. Edward Anderson took 26 wickets at 15.11 and showed enormous energy and determination. Mark Tench had real pace but lacked consistency — and luck. His 15 wickets at 16.00 were slightly disappointing as were Keith Salters' 23 at 17.52. Nevertheless these four, ably sup-

ported by Alastair Doodson, produced a formidable attack, rarely mastered. It was helped by some excellent catching and ground fielding, especially from the captain and Alan Keddie, who played primarily for that purpose.

I am very grateful to Nick DuBoulay for his tireless coaching and umpiring and to the team itself, as friendly a bunch as one could hope to take. Next year will be one of major rebuilding but there is considerable talent in the younger part of the School and the long-term prospects look very good.

The other teams in the School also played some excellent cricket. An enthusiastic 2nd XI, well led by Colin McDonald, had some good wins owing much to good bowling and very good fielding. Both the Second and Third XIs had a number of talented Fifth Formers who will be competing for First XI places next year. The Senior Colts, in many ways a difficult group, played with much more discipline than expected and produced good results. Certainly one or two should make the First XI next year.

My thanks go to all those involved with taking teams. It is a pity that it is so difficult to find fixtures for B and C teams. We are fortunate in having staff prepared

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to take these groups so enthusiastically. My thanks go also to Ed McDonald and his ground staff for a 1st XI wicket which showed distinct improvement in a year made very demanding by the festival. The festival also put heavy demands on the catering staff and they responded magnificently. Many people contributed to a highly successful season all round. There is no reason why the future should not be equally good.

R.J.W.P.

FIRST XI RESULTS

Dollar Academy 83 (Anderson 3/26, Gray 3/21)
Strathallan 70 lost by 13 runs
Loretto 171-7 dec
Strathallan 172-6 (Salters 102, Smith 37) won by 4 wickets

Fettes 78 (Salters 4/18, Mackenzie 4/21)
Strathallan 80-2 (Gray 34) won by 8 wickets

Scottish Wayfarers 132 (Mackenzie 4/44)
Strathallan 128 (Johnston 52) lost by 4 runs

Strathallan 239-6 dec. (Gray 116, Smith 67)

Occasionals 70 (Tench 6/7) won by 139 runs

Stewarts Melville 77 (Mackenzie 5/21)
Strathallan 80-4 won by 6 wickets

XL Club 137 (Anderson 6/30)

Strathallan 137 (Mackenzie 58, Smith 36) match tied

Strathallan 220-5 dec (Smith 77, Anderson 55)

Edinburgh Academy 149-6 Mackenzie 4/32) match drawn

Merchiston 177-8 dec (Tench 3/30)
Strathallan 108-5 (Smith 56) match drawn
MCC 220-6

Strathallan 96 lost by 124 runs

Glenalmond 240-7 dec (Anderson 3/55)

Strathallan 123-6 match drawn

Strathallan 197-7 dec (Smith 85)

Old Strathallians 125 (Grant Corbett 45, Richard Eglinton 42, Salters 4/25, Mackenzie 4/36) won by 72 runs

Strathallan 97-9 (50 overs) (Mackenzie 34)

Lancaster RGS 99-1 lost by 9 wickets

Strathallan 197-7 (50 overs) (Gray 77, Smith 62)

Downside 123-8 (50 overs) (Salters 4/40, Mackenzie 3/51) won by 74 runs

BOYS' TENNIS

This has been one of our most successful seasons, unbeaten at home and with just two defeats away. With four of last year's first six still available and the two new members, Alistair Walls and Richard Wallace, both with tournament experience behind them, this was our most accomplished squad for many years.

As first pair, brothers Jonathan and Richard Wallace had an outstanding season. Both have a wide range of shots and their power and accuracy made them a daunting team, winning 23 of their 25 sets during the season. Third pair, Craig Gibson and Michael Gordon, having had plenty of practice as good losers last season, played with much greater consistency and control. They won at least one set in every match and played a significant role in our successes. The only completely new pairing of Alistair Walls and Nick

Buckley played second pair. Although both were individually very competent they did not always complement each other as a team. They had some excellent matches against the stronger players only then to lose inexplicably to a weaker pair.

There were some notable victories this season, particularly against Edinburgh Academy, Glenalmond and our first victory for several years over Stewarts Melville. In the Midland Schools' Tournament, Dundee High School once again proved to be our stumbling block; last year in the final and this year at the semi-final stage. In a closely contested match we lost two crucial tie-break sets in the second round and the resultant 2-4 deficit was just too much to retrieve in the last round.

The team, ably captained by Nick Buckley, played some excellent tennis

this year and should form the nucleus of a formidable team for next season, with five of the squad still available next year. Colours were awarded to Jonathan Wallace and Michael Gordon.

The team was selected from: N. Buckley, M. Gordon, C. Gibson, J. Wallace, R. Wallace, A. Walls, K. Anderson and R. Homer.

RESULTS

v Edinburgh Academy	(A)	Won	5-2
v Merchiston Castle	(H)	Won	5-3
v Glenalmond	(H)	Won	4-2
v Perth Academy	(A)	Won	6-3
v Dundee High	(A)	Lost	4-5
v Rannoch	(A)	Won	6-3
v Loretto	(A)	Lost	3-6
v Stewarts Melville	(A)	Won	6-3
v M C R	(H)	Won	7-2

D.J.R.

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Girls' Hockey XI, winners of the Scottish Schoolgirls' Outdoor Hockey Championship.

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The African elephant is very proud of its skin actually, massaging it, powdering it with dust, and bathing as often as possible. (Is this why it's so wrinkly?)

Maybe the bath water it uses isn't hot enough, because the African elephant also gets a lot of colds. (So if you ever see one with an elephant size tissue, duck. Its sneeze is so powerful it's been likened to an exploding boiler.)

Here's a tip, never bet on an elephant to win gold in a high jump competition.



(They're the only animal on earth that can't get off the ground.)

Now, this could be useful. Never find yourself stranded and thirsty in the

Sahara if you haven't brought along an elephant. It can use its trunk to sniff out water from 3 miles away. Clever thing an elephant's trunk, it can pick up pins, pull up trees, even uncork bottles of wine. (And you thought your labrador was clever.)

Anyway, what has all this got to do with banking? Well this multi-talented pachyderm also has a phenomenal memory. And that's the point. When the time comes for you to open a bank account we'd like you to be a bit of an African elephant and remember this name.

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THE YEAR IN COLOUR



Tiens! Tea for three at the Café à L'Aubis.



Abseil antics on the West Face at the Fête.



The Senior Master, sartorially splendid at the auction.



Balloon-boy thinks out take-off.



Iain Fergusson under attack in the School Play.



Struggle of the Titans - House 100m. on Sports Day.



Greg's Greenhouse sold out.



The Wheeldons tuck in.



Barbecue and Barfly Jump take shape.



Post-Highers' Happiness on Loch Nevis.



New landscaping behind Nicol House.



Stylish break at the Fête.



Mrs. Clayton, Senior School Matron since 1981, orders games clothes and supplies the new "woolly pully" as well as running the Thrift Shop.



Mr. Belwood arrived in the Design and Technology Department since our last issue.



Miss England meets her match at Ardintigh.



Comrades-at-arms.



Mr. Goody trading within tent.



Mr. Donald Campbell (back right) visits a Form III English class to talk about his Soutar Fellowship in poetry.



There's always hope!



Study at the Book Fair.



Michael Halliday's superb photograph - 'On School Pond'.



Mr. Keith creating confusion in Riley.



A popular pastime at the Fête ...



M. H., photographer, enjoys a double rôle.



Mr. Pengelley's farewell.



Snow fun for Ben Ward.



Still life tribute to Mr. Love.



Jason Low warming up.



The Shooting Team, winners of the Strathcona Shield.

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ATHLETICS

The start of the season was a disaster! With only two weeks until our first competition and the track being waterlogged we were unable to achieve any times or distances before our embarrassing defeat at the hands of Edinburgh Academy.

We could only improve. Our next competition was against Merchiston. Strathallan, being the underdogs, put up an extremely spirited show and some exceptional efforts were seen. Jason Low had the guts to make the best of a 100m race against the infamous Craig Joiner who ran an astonishing 10.8s. The other great efforts came from Graham MacLennan in the 400m, probably the best of his season and the only one where he ran as a guest (unlucky Mac!) and David Elliot who won his long jump, as a guest. The final result, however, was that we lost by 7 points.

Fettes was our first victory and I apologise to anyone who feels they deserve a mention for this competition but no outstanding performances spring to mind!

Glenalmond saw the common pattern for all the competitions. The Seniors won by 30 points (a large margin). However, the middles managed to lose by 60! (No offence, they did have a strong middle team.) Alec Burrell deserves a mention here as he has always accepted the short straw and run the 1500m. After a lot of grumbling I agreed to allow him to run the 800m which he actually enjoyed and showing his usual grit and determination, and ran an extremely good time of 2.09s only to find himself 3rd. (Not to worry Alec, the winner got a silver at Scottish Schools in an age group lower than us!)

Rannoch was fairly uneventful with the middles drawing and the seniors winning.

RESULTS

Edinburgh Academy	Seniors	Won
	Middles	Lost
Fettes	Seniors	Won
	Middles	Lost
Glenalmond	Seniors	Won
	Middles	Lost
Rannoch	Seniors	Won
	Middles	Draw

The Scottish Schools had its amusing moments especially when our Bronze Medalist, Ky Kay (congratulations to him!) received a drugs test (serves him right for being a human gorilla) and could not produce 100ml of urine in 1 hour. Congratulations to Ian Wilson and Johnny Ireland in achieving their personal best times at Scottish Schools.

My last mention is for Peter Sochart who had an extremely successful season improving out of all recognition in both his events — shot and javelin — being a constant winner at our school competitions, and my condolences to him for



Sports Day Smiles before the Junior Girls' 800m.

being unavailable at the Scottish Schools where it is almost definite he could have achieved two medals.

Best of luck to next year's team and let us hope that some people can come up with a more original excuse for not run-

ning than "shin splints" (which was so common this season it was getting boring!) and that the field events do not have such enthusiastic competitors as Ben Muir and David Simmers.

MURRAY DICK



Murray Dick surveys the field.

SPORTS DAY AND STANDARDS

We were blessed with a glorious day for the inter-house finals. This year we had a slightly different format from before by having all the inter-house finals on the same day. This resulted in the level of effort and competition being excellent. Sports day was won only at the last race where Freeland, Ruthven and Nicol all had the chance of winning the inter-house trophy. Well done to the boys from Nicol who eventually won the day — by one point. The girls' trophy was once again won by Thornbank. The introduction of the 400m relay proved to be a big success and provided the day with a good final.

Thanks to all those pupils and colleagues who helped with standards and sports day this year — without your help it would be impossible— and also to Mrs Gillian Dinsmore who kindly presented the prizes.



P.G.

Garry Burton levitated!

VICTORES LUDORUM

Junior Boys: Cameron Wood

Middle Boys: Cameron MacKay

Senior Boys: Jason Low

VICTRIX LUDORUM

Junior Girls: Rowena Taylor

Senior Girls: Rachel Taylor

ROWAN CUP FOR STANDARDS

Freeland

BOYS INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS

CHAMPIONS: Nicol

GIRLS INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS

CHAMPIONS: Thornbank



Iain Wilson receives Nicol's Cup from Mrs Dinsmore.

SPORTS' DAY WINNERS

BOYS' RESULTS

Event	Age	Winner	Time/Dist.	Record	Holder	Year
100m	J	Wood, C.	12.49	12.00	Ling, T.	1971
100m	M	Mackay, C.	11.94	10.90	Ogilvie	1978
100m	S	Low, J.	11.13	11.00	Lochart/Ling/Smellie/Kirkland	1971/1978
200m	J	Wood, C.	26.58	24.50	Cook, C.	1987
200m	M	Mackay, C.	25.11	23.20	Ling, T.	1973
200m	S	Low, J.	23.52	22.80	Ling, T.	1974
400m	J	Mawdesley, R.	62.05	56.50	Cook, C.	1987
400m	M	Wilson, I.	56.62	52.50	Millar	1977
400m	S	Ducat, J.	53.25	50.30	Roger, G.	1982
800m	J	Ireland, J.	2.17.20	2.12.90	Lawrence, C.	1984
800m	M	Barlow, J.	2.12.79	2.03.06	Lawrence, C.	1985
800m	S	Dick, M.	2.13.21	1.55.02	Roger, G.	1982
1500m	J	Ireland, J.	4.49.00	4.32.07	Lawrence, C.	1985
1500m	M	Wilson, I.	4.31.00	4.14.05	Bond, R.	1988
1500m	S	Dick, M.	5.03.00	4.09.02	Bond, R.	1989
High Jump	J	Mitchell, C.	1.42m	1.63m	Holmes	1965
High Jump	M	Barlow, J.	1.45m	1.775m	Cuthbertson, A.	1984
High Jump	S	Cuthill, J.	1.70m	1.895m	Roger, G.	1982
Long Jump	J	Wood, C.	4.79m	5.55m	Lear, C.	1967
Long Jump	M	Mackay, C.	5.21m	6.17m	Lawson	1967
Long Jump	S	McCulloch, A.	5.90m	6.52m	Smellie, D.	1978
Shot	J	Walker, L.	12.38m	11.43m	Knox, S.	1974
Shot	M	Green, J.	10.18m	14.73m	McKenzie, G.	1973
Shot	S	McCulloch, A.	11.46m	12.90m	Callander	1979
Discus	J	Mitchell, C.	28.25m	36.27m	Knox, S.	1974
Discus	M	Nicol, G.	27.73m	42.00m	Knox, S.	1976
Discus	S	Kay, K.	36.72m	40.26m	McKenzie, G.	1974
Javelin	J	Potts, I.	28.13m	49.81m	McBride, J.	1969
Javelin	M	Meiklejohn, J.	40.50m	49.81m	McBride, J.	1969
Javelin	S	Simmer, D.	43.97m	57.07m	McBride, J.	1971
4x100m	J	Nicol	52.58	50.50	Ruthven	1987
4x100m	M	Ruthven	48.69	46.60	Simpson	1972
4x100m	S	Freeland	47.04	45.50	Freeland	1981
4x100m	J	Freeland	4.14.21	—	—	—
4x400m	M	Nicol	3.54.88	—	—	—
4x400m	S	Freeland	3.41.03	—	—	—

GIRLS' RESULTS

Event	Age	Winner	Time/Dist.	Record	Holder	Year
100m	J	Taylor, R.	13.61	13.00	Streule, K.	1982
100m	S	Moir, L.	13.61	12.12	Edmunds, A.	1990
200m	J	Taylor, R.	29.92	27.79	Reid, S.	1988
200m	S	Moir, L.	29.31	25.20	Edmunds, A.	1990
400m	J	Low, C.	67.91	66.00	Reid, S./Taylor, R.	1987/1990
400m	S	Murray, S.	68.44	60.00	Reid, S.	1990
800m	J	Smith, A./Barlow, A.	2.32.28	2.32.10	Taylor, R.	1990
800m	S	Taylor, R.	2.40.44	2.37.00	Reid, S.	1990
1500m	J	Smith, A.	5.40.00	5.14.09	Barlow, A.	1992
1500m	S	Taylor, R.	5.44.00	5.09.10	Meiklejohn, C.	1990
High Jump	J	Bryans, L. A.	1.30m	1.45m	Orr, K.	1984
High Jump	S	Corrie, C.	1.46m	1.55m	Rutherford, R.	1987
Long Jump	J	Sang, T.	3.57m	4.46m	Gordons, S.	1985
Long Jump	S	Tilford, R.	4.05m	4.58m	Carruthers, C.	1989
Shot	J	Sang, T.	10.23m	8.55m	Smith, J.	1985
Shot	S	Cust, J.	7.70m	9.49m	Edmunds, A.	1990
Discus	J	Krannenburg, H.	23.02m	—	—	—
Discus	S	Young, L.	19.00m	—	—	—
Javelin	J	Doodson, L.	19.70m	—	—	—
Javelin	S	Dewar, L. A.	20.98m	—	—	—
4x100m	J	Thornbank	59.59	—	—	—
4x100m	S	Thornbank	57.19	—	—	—
4x400m	J	Thornbank	4.39.37	—	—	—
4x400m	S	Woodlands	4.47.73	—	—	—

STANDARDS' RESULTS

ATHLETICS:	100m	800m	200m	1500m	400m	SHOT:	LONG JUMP
Simpson	290	192	535	119	261	Simpson 376	Woodlands 83
Ruthven	338	337	590	294	512	Nicol 294	Thornbank 106
Freeland	371	338	709	264	598	Ruthven 316	Simpson 262
Nicol	378	321	618	269	544	Thornbank 256	Freeland 317
Woodlands	200	154	349	183	172	Woodlands 265	Ruthven 347
Thornbank	171	193	315	226	223	Freeland 474	Nicol 274

TOTALS

FREELAND	3071	SIMPSON	2035
RUTHVEN	2734	THORNBANK	1490
NICOL	2698	WOODLANDS	1406

FREELAND are the winners of the ROWAN CUP

P.G.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

We have enjoyed another good season as tough training sessions have been interspersed with five matches as well as the Scottish Schools Relay Championships and Individual events.

Once again matches ran with under 16 and over-16 age groups. The junior team was very strong with the most outstanding performances coming from Tui Sang and Abigail Barlow, who both broke school records while taking part in the Scottish Schools. Tui threw the shot putt 10.26 achieving a good position amongst very strong competition. Abigail ran the 1500 metres in 5.15 in a great first effort at the Scottish Schools. Ashley Smith also had a good run in the 1500 metres. Rowena Taylor has remained almost unbeaten in the 100 and 200 metres this term. I say 'almost' as we all met our match at St George's (yet we must remember they have over 800 girls). We also faced strong competition against St Leonards but we beat Rannoch, Fettes and Dollar Academy.

Rachel Taylor has led the field in senior middle distance this year, running both 800 and 1500 metres consistently

well throughout this season. She made a good effort at the Scottish Schools against very strong opposition.

Claire Corrie was unfortunate in the high-jump as although she jumped the second highest height in the competition with two other girls, on a count-back she just missed the medals.

On the track, Lindsey Moir, Eilidh Currie and Sophie Murray, have all sprinted well this season and on the field Rachel Tilford achieved a personal best in both long jump and discus. Lesley-Ann Dewar improved her javelin throwing as did Lorna Doodson who, although she is a junior, in fact threw for the seniors on various occasions and, more often than not, won.

Sports day this year proved an entertaining afternoon for competitors and spectators alike, with great efforts from everyone involved (including the weather-man!). The two relays caused the most excitement of the afternoon as, firstly, Thornbank junior team dropped the baton but in an excellent run managed to overtake Woodlands. To even the balance Woodlands senior team also fumbled

their baton but could not catch Thornbank. Thornbank, once again, won the inter-house shield and Rachel and Rowena Taylor won the senior and junior Victrix ludorum respectively.

Thanks have to go to Mr Green, Mr Raine, Mr Barnes, Mrs Lamont, Miss England, Mr Pengelley and Mr Summersgill for all their help this season where the phrase "being cruel to be kind" once again became more meaningful when speeds, heights and lengths improved as the gruelling training got worse, "fartleks" got longer and hill sprints became more numerous.

No doubt I have forgotten to mention one or two people and to them I apologise but, finally, thanks go to everyone who has taken part in the athletics this season, and also to those who took part in matches who do not normally do athletics.

Athletics at Strathallan was summed up by a girl I was speaking to from Dollar at a match earlier this term, who said: "There's always such a great atmosphere here and everyone gets on so well". This is certainly true of this season and long may it continue.

CLAIRE CORRIE



Senior Girls' 100m final — Lindsey Moir's determination paid off.

GIRLS' GAMES

I have always reported in the past on the tremendous enthusiasm and commitment of all the girls and the staff involved in coaching them. This year has certainly seen the culmination of everyone's efforts:-

Midlands Junior Indoor Hockey —
Beaten Finalists

Midlands Senior Outdoor Hockey —
WINNERS

Midlands Senior Indoor Hockey —
WINNERS

Under 16 Midlands District Team had 5 representatives from Strathallan and they won the Inter District Tournament.

Under 18 Midlands District Team had 4 representatives from Strathallan plus one of last year's leavers, still of age, who captained the side.

Midlands District Indoor Team had 2 representatives from Strathallan. They were beaten finalists in the Inter District Tournament.

Scottish Schoolgirls' Outdoor Hockey Championship — **WINNERS!** Lynn

MacLennan (U16) and Clodagh Meiklejohn (U18) played for Scotland and gained caps at the European Championships and Clodagh also gained caps in the Home Counties.

Independent Schools Netball Trophy —
WINNERS!

Midlands Schools Tennis Cup — Beaten finalists.

A vintage year. Well done everyone.

L.J.S.

HOCKEY 1ST XI

Bonnie Stevens (Captain) — Midlands U16 & U18 indoor and outdoor

Jo Clark (Vice Captain) — Midlands U16 & U18 outdoor

Clodagh Meiklejohn — Midlands U18 outdoor and Scotland

Rachel Taylor — Midlands U16 & U18 outdoor

Heather Dewar — Midlands U18 indoor
Lynn MacLennan — Midlands U16 outdoor and Scotland

Rebecca Milne — Midlands U16 outdoor

Zoe Stephens — Midlands U16 outdoor

Fiona Clayton

Claire Tomlin — Midlands U16 outdoor

Diane Meldrum — Midlands U16 outdoor

Suzanne Blackstock

Strathallan's hockey season this year was on the whole a success. Within the junior ranks I know Miss Smith has seen some encouraging talent and potential. The teams performed to an above-average standard, winning the majority of their games. A special mention has to be made of the 2nd XI who, under the good leadership of Emma Smart, finished the season as a practically unbeaten team. Congratulations to all players in the 2nd XI for a tremendous season and to Mr Giles for his good training and encouraging attitude to both his team and the sport.

On behalf of all the hockey players I would like to thank all the coaches for this season. It's been an informative and successful experience for everyone this year, as well as good fun.

To say that the 1st XI has had a good season would be an understatement. At the beginning when we were putting the 1st XI together I know that Miss Smith was not overly ambitious about what the team was capable of. On paper I am sure we were a team who did not have as much talent as those of previous years. However, on the pitch the team pulled

together and there was then eleven girls on the pitch playing good hockey — but not just that, it was good team hockey. There was a real feeling of team spirit and I would put our success down to the fact that as a team we moulded together very well. Eventually we stormed through the season only being defeated three times, two of which were to touring parties.

The time soon came for the Midlands Championships. After having so much success we knew that if we pulled it together and played as a team we could win it. Well, thanks to Clodagh's invincible left-hand runs, Jo's great command of the right hand side, Zoe and Heather's great team play and Fi Clayton's great goalkeeping we came through the tournament as the Midland U18 Champions. I cannot take any credit for this win as everyone on the pitch that day was tremendous and gave 200 per cent. The next step was as Midlands Champions to try and win the Scottish Championship. None of us had really considered it but once it came down to it everyone worked hard in training. At the Scottish Championship again everything clicked into place and, despite the final against Pennicuik going into extra time, Heather Dewar saved the day with Rachel Taylor and we became the Scottish Champions beating Pennicuik 1-0.

This was not to be the end of our glory. We went to the Midlands Indoor Championships. The tournament was hard work and we were challenged both by Madras and Dundee High School but eventually we won the Midlands Indoor Championship. It was a tremendous feeling to achieve the double victory and all I can say is that the team's courage and spirit and Miss Smith's training won the day for us.

We did take part in the Scottish Indoor Championship but the tournament was the week after the outdoor and the team was

simply physically and mentally exhausted. We were unsuccessful only in the result because it was obvious that everyone had given everything they had and we had also had fun which is the most important thing.

My last words have to be of thanks: to Miss Smith who kept us going throughout the training and the tournaments. She has been a great coach throughout the season. Congratulations to all those in the team who gained places in district teams and especially to Clodagh Meiklejohn and Lynn MacLennan on playing for Scotland. I would like to thank everyone in the team for making my job so much easier. I know we have not always seen eye to eye but we always worked things out. A special thanks goes to Jo Clark, as without her I am sure the team would have been lost and the support she gave me was more than I ever expected. Well done to everyone for a tremendous season!

BONNIE STEVENS



Miss Smith, dazzled by the 1st XI success.

NETBALL

The Underestimated, Undefeated, 1st Netball Team!

The season started almost immediately after the beginning of the Autumn term with a match against Perth High School, and marked the beginning of a series of victories against Glenalmond, Fettes, Kilgraston, Dundee High and Gordonstoun — both previously unbeaten by Strathallan since it was initially set up. Our confidence gradually increased with the weekly Perth League matches against the ladies' team who we rarely beat but to whom we still managed to give a good game.

The climax of the season came with the Scottish Independent Schools championship hosted by Gordonstoun — our main rivals! We arrived late Friday evening through the blizzards and finalised the conception of a 'team' in the showers the next morning, although initially with trepidation.

The teams were split into two groups each consisting of 5 teams, and we played 'round robin' in the morning — we came second in our group and went through to the semi-finals against Dundee High. The adrenalin grew when the whistle blew — we were in the finals! — against

Gordonstoun, and hence forecasting a tough match. With nerves taut, the score inched up 0-0, 1-0, 1-1, then in the last 3 minutes we took a gradual lead by 3 goals. The final whistle blew — we had done it! We had become the Scottish Independent School Netball Champions!

Many thanks to Jodi, Pip and Fi Grainger — the ace shooters; Sally, Caroline, Tilly, Amelia and Vicki — the defence, and Tory — the attack. Good luck next year and keep up the tradition of one year!!

FIONA HUTCHISON

TENNIS

I think it is fair to say that this year the Senior Tennis Team was stronger than it has been for a while and the Junior Team, though not so strong, was young and holds great potential for next year. In addition the amount of fun we had was definitely increased which, together with the standard of tennis, made for a good season.

Due to exams, various Fifth Formers and Upper Sixth missed some matches, meaning that we lost a few of them which, with a full strength team, I think we would have won — except, of course, Madras and Mary Erskine with their

Scottish players. (The reason for which Katie Nicolson and Claire Tomlin lost at the Kilgraston Tournament.)

Speaking of which, the great effort made there by Melissa Gillingham and Carolyn Wilson must be commended — so near, yet so far.

I must thank the efforts made by all the girls who made up the tennis teams: for swapping in at such short notice, changing partners and being whizzed off as far afield as Aberdeen for the day. Our biggest thanks must go to Miss Smith for doing all the whisking off to various places and taking us out to St Andrew's

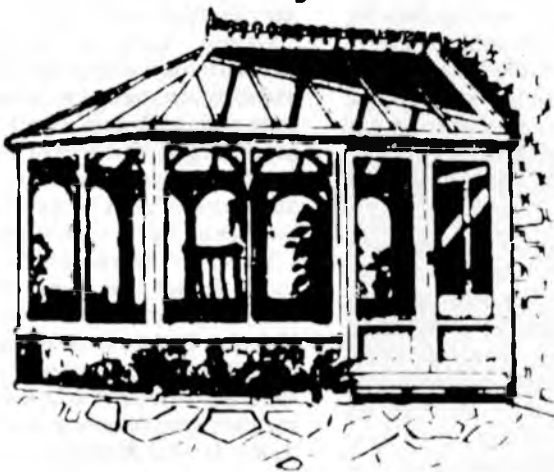
beach and buying the Senior Team fish and chips and ice-cream after our very brief Madras match. The chippie was as big a boost as actually being in the semi-finals of the Midlands Cup!!

In conclusion, I have certainly enjoyed tennis at Strathallan and that must be the key element to winning — providing you can hit the ball to start with. So, best of luck for next year. We'll see Madras beaten some day!

Colours: Katie Nicolson, Claire Tomlin, Melissa Gillingham.

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SIDEY

SWIMMING

This season got off to an exciting start at the Aberfeldy pool with a match against Rannoch, where we were shocked to find ourselves two points down with only the Senior Boys' Free-style Relay to go. A great performance from them got us the points we needed for a draw, which was the first non-win we had had against Rannoch for at least the past four years.

A few weeks later and after some re-organisation of the team, we had our revenge with a comfortable home win against Rannoch. In the past few years our matches have only been against

Rannoch but, due to a very eager team, our next match was a three-way contest against Glenalmond and Fettes at Glenalmond. This gala turned out to be extremely exciting, with excellent swimming from the whole team. If some very dubious disqualification decisions had gone our way we might have beaten Glenalmond — who beat us by 15 points, with Fettes 16 points behind us. The results sheets showed up a few interestingly mis-heard names, like Aleck Burrell going down as Laurel, Dave Saffron as Shaffer and myself as Boxall!

But, again, we swiftly had our revenge in a home match against Glenalmond in which we finished 17 points ahead.

The house swimming again saw the might of Nicol leaving the others in its wake

I must thank Jodie Cust for organising the girls' teams and Ewan Sutherland for organising the Juniors and for his help in finding last minute stand-ins. On behalf of the whole team I must thank Mr Glimm and Miss Smith for making this a very memorable and enjoyable season.

NICK BUCKLEY

CURLING

This season of curling has been a busy one as the school rink was asked to play in the Miller Drummond Trophy, after Glenalmond pulled out. The team is also in the Perth League.

Unfortunately, this year's rink has not been constant. At the start of the season we were scraping for players, but as the season went on we picked up a few more fresh faces. However, we have not been able to get much practice in this season, which did not help much as it showed in the competitions. We did lose a few games, but we were able to win some back and give some other rinks a good game.

In the Miller Drummond we got off to a great start by beating Mary Erskine at Perth, and then we went on to beat George Watsons at Gogar. Our wins sadly came to an end when we went to Greenacres to get slaughtered by Kelvinside. We faced Stewarts Melville at Perth playing well but getting beaten by two shots. We played Merchiston away at Gogar where we got another bad beating. We had then to return to Greenacres and face another bad defeat from Craigholme. Our next game we were at home playing Glasgow Academy who were the hot favourites. We had a good game and ended up peeling with them at five all. In

the Perth League we did not do too badly as we won a few and peeled a couple against the favourites, Morrisons, and won against Pitlochry — who won the league last season — so we were very pleased.

On behalf of the team members, I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr Walker who took over last year from Mr Proctor. Mr Walker drives us to our matches and organises them.

Lastly, I would like to say that for the first time ever colours have been awarded to Peter Brown and myself.

GAVIN LEVACK

SHOOTING

The new shooting range was completed during the course of last Autumn term — after several delays. It is a 25 yard 6-lane range, and forms the basement of the new CCF stores building. At the same time as the range was under construction, negotiations proceeded with the intention of setting up a non-CCF shooting club, it being felt that this area of school life had been overlooked and underfunded for many years. The best decision of all was to ask Tom Colvin, legendary youth coach and many times champion, to help us to get things started. Our success owes everything to him.

The considerable investment made has been justified already: in the first term of operation fifty boys and girls shot regularly, firing no less than 20,000 rounds. Quantity is not all: Duncan Taylor (N) won the Perthshire Junior Championship, Amelia Blair Oliphant (W) the Scottish Junior title. The First Team won Division 5 of the Perthshire Winter Leagues, also defeating Kinross and Milnathort Rifle

Club in a shoulder-to-shoulder match. More recently we won the Strathcona Shield, beating all the other big shooting schools in Scotland. It is hard to report all events at this stage of the year as many are under way or have yet to be scored. However, we have expanded from one team to three for the Perthshire Summer Leagues and have seen some good scores from the lower teams.

Over the course of the season some notable individual performances have been achieved other than those already mentioned: Sally Cust (W) and Amelia Blair Oliphant have represented Perth County and together with Duncan Taylor also shot for the Scottish Schools' team against England and Wales. Riley have started to shoot as well, under the expert eye of Ian Keith. He has uncovered quite a few promising shots, indeed Riley came second in the House Match this summer! (Woodlands won.)

In the Summer term we went regularly to Alloa to shoot outdoors at 50 metres

and 100 yards in preparation for those entering the Scottish Open at the end of term. A report on this in the next issue!

Games' reports are never complete without slighting references to team members, and since I get to write this column with little fear of retribution here goes: Hugh 'Did I really shoot that?' Lochore has yet to come up with a silver Spanner as Club Championship Trophy. Competing for the same were:

Duncan 'Supermatch' Taylor (99.9); Jodie 'Which way is up?' Cust (89.0); Sally 'Possible' Cust (100.1); Amelia 'I'm the world's most disorganised person' Blair Oliphant (99.5); Andrew 'I'm not really left-handed, I just like having my own gun' Yeates (85.012); Francois 'C'est la vie' Piganeau (95); Peter 'Is smoking really bad for your shooting?' Sochart (92); Rachel 'Hawkeye' Tilford (90); David 'Can I borrow your gun, Dunc?' Taylor (90.00001); Iain '*****!!!!' Wilson (cnr); Jeremy 'Rapid' Turner (98) and Andrew 'The Mouth' Marsham (88).

A.S.J.

ANGLING

Altogether some 45 pupils (all boys!) were members of the Angling Club. Game fishing is not a "social" activity in the accepted sense of the meaning of the word "social" — though anglers have been known to gather in hostelrys after fishing trips. This was denied the piscatorial pupils of Strathallan. Nevertheless, it is not too difficult to piece together our pupils' forays to river, loch and reservoir.

Riley pupils scored the greatest success on the School Pond — chasing the elusive Leven trout, many of which had successfully over-wintered. Every Saturday afternoon a small band ventured down to the River Earn, learning the hard way, to place a dry-fly over a rising brownie — almost inevitably rising under an overhanging tree. All reported the improvement in both size and numbers of the brown trout population, thanks to a judicious policy of re-stocking.

Throughout the Summer Term the water level was too low to entice either Sea Trout or Salmon into our reaches.

There were some expeditions further afield, the most notable being to Loch Glow some 20 minutes' drive from



Mr Longmuir catches a fly for his line.

School, but thanks to the topographical ignorance of one of our number, the journey took almost two hours with a detour or two to St Andrews and Glenrothes ("East", "West" and "South"). However, once on the water, fish were caught by every boat (except, inevitably, The Rev's! "What's new?" we ask).

The most promising of all the expeditions up to a series of hill lochs was also a disaster, but this time due to the weather — low mist bringing visibility down to approximately 3 feet, spellt disaster for anglers.

David Bradbury stood in as Captain of Fishing due to my Tennis commitments, and, with the aid of computer graphics, he produced some eye-catching notices, as well as taking over the administrative tasks.

Both of us bid the anglers and fly-tiers of the future every success and "Tight Lines" as we thank Mr Longmuir and all the anglers (including the "Freelance Fanatics") for their company on river-bank, loch-side and mini-bus.

Nick Buckley
(Captain of Fishing)

PARA HANDY

This story concerns myself (Tom Hughes) and a certain canoeing trip to Stanley on the River Tay. It was the 7th April — which was a Thursday and therefore the day of my weekly excursion to terror, wetness and very low temperatures in the river. Everything was normal if that is how you wish to describe a Strathallan canoeing trip with Mr Elliot and company! Anyway, those who are familiar with the river will know about its popularity with canoeists and also about the weir located close to Stanley. This is where my little drama starts.

Whilst moving rapidly (in an uncontrollable fashion) down this weir in what, at that time, I considered to be a large lump of highly unstable fibre-glass, I, not surprisingly — with my huge upper body strength — got swept downstream a little way past where the rest of the group were assembling. Well, by "a little way" I mean probably about 300 feet or thereabouts. Whilst waiting a long time for the rest of the group to catch up a mood of boredom overtook me (as if at home) and so I idly retrieved a stick from the fast-flowing river and started to poke the river bed just by where I had managed to lodge myself on the bank. To my amusement a glove, red in colour, floated up to the surface. I removed it from the river with the stick and placed it on the bank. After doing this I could see what appeared to be another glove with what to me looked like a white object inside it. Oh, joy!! What

fun!! As I fished out this glove it struck me (and I can assure you it struck me) that on the end of my stick was a glove with what I imagined was a horribly decayed hand within it.

Oh,!!

Anyway, I placed this hand, in its glove, next to the first glove I had removed, and carried on with my journey downstream since the others had by now whizzed past me.

After capsizing a couple of times and spending a lot of time persuading Mr Elliot I was telling the truth, the decision was taken to bring in the police to investigate the matter. After dropping the other

fellow canoeists (who then managed to spread rumours like wild fire — thanks guys!) we led the police to the exact spot where the hand had been found. First impressions all round were of horror and surprise — it was real?? However, after a supposed finger was detached from the hand and no bone structure was found, the general conclusion was that it was a fake.

The rumours back at school were quite amazing. The best one was that the river was being dredged and police divers were looking for the rest of the body. Well, what can you expect!!

TOM HUGHES



Another fishing story from the White Knight.

SQUASH

A mixed year with varied success. This really sums up our performance. We had a disappointing season in the Dundee District league having lost some key players at the end of last year. What was going to be a very experienced side turned into a team with just two old hands from last year: myself and Mr Keir. Despite having a young side, occasionally boosted by part-time players, the team played to the best of its abilities.

One of those occasions was the Bennett Shield game against Glenalmond. The Bennett Shield Trophy hadn't been won by Strathallan in four years, so it was time for us to win it back. The final result was a crushing 5-0 victory for ourselves.

Special mention for this match must go to Craig Gibson and Murray Dick who both had matches that went to the fifth game.

Unfortunately this result could not be repeated in the league although players competed with increased confidence. What people must take note of is that the opposition we faced in the league were experienced players each with at least 15 years' experience in the competitive game. So, although we were able to easily beat Glenalmond, when it came to bridging the gap in the league — although our performance was one hundred percent — it was only occasionally powerful enough to win a match convincingly.

This year's nucleus should be able to

use the experience it gained on and off the court to good use next year and turn it into results.

Thanks go out to all those who were able to play for the school this year: Craig Gibson, Paul Heslop, Andrew Quinn, John Green, Murray Dick, Justin Borgen-Nielsen and Keith Salters. Special thanks to Mr Smith who took us to Dundee one night and actually played for us — unsuccessfully. Lastly, the team are in debt to Mr Keir who finds the time to Manage, Play and Chauffeur us around.

Colours were awarded to Craig Gibson and myself.

COLIN MCDONALD
Captain

BADMINTON

Dark winter nights and sub-zero temperatures did not deter the eighty or so enthusiastic members of the School Badminton Club this year. After a modest start and with the aid of some serious coaching, the overall standard of badminton rose significantly as the season progressed. My thanks go to Mr Crosfield for his efforts in bringing the 3rd Years on, and to Mr Giles for doing the same with the 4th and 5th Years.

The highlight of the winter term was the inter-house competition which was convincingly won this year by Simpson House. All six houses took part in the

round-robin event, producing a highly competitive and exciting afternoon.

In February we entered no less than twenty-seven of our most talented pupils into the Perth and Kinross School's Championships, held at the Bell's Sports Centre. We had a great deal of success spread broadly across the age groups with Alex Blackstock and Marcus Honig reaching the quarter finals of the U13 Singles and Stephen Cooksley battling his way to the final of the U14 Singles but forfeiting victory to a brilliant opponent. The U15 boys did particularly well with Duncan Dunlop, Colin Mitchell and

James Barlow all reaching the semi-finals and James proceeding to lose narrowly in the final. Ian Lennie, Colin Mitchell, Colin MacDonald and David Fraser reached the semi-finals of the U16 and U18 doubles respectively, and for the girls Susie Blackstock and Caroline Russell reached the quarter finals of the U18 girls' doubles. Duncan and Tessa Dunlop also played well to reach the quarter finals of the U18 mixed doubles.

It was an excellent day out and a great way to end the season.

GEORGE KITSON

STRATHSKI

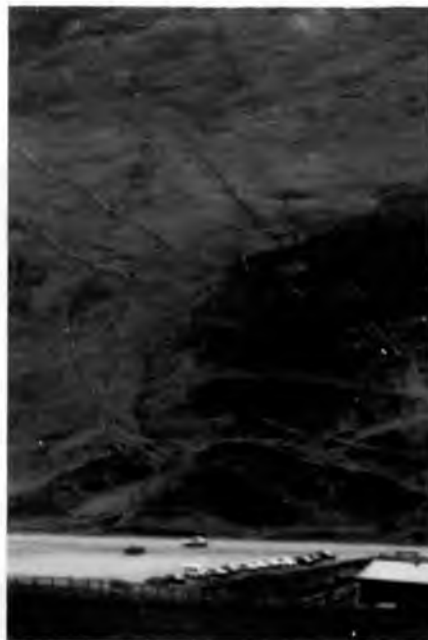
The 1989 and 1990 ski seasons were bad but as nothing compared to 1992. In fact none of the previous 25 winters comes anywhere near rivalling this latest "Green(?house) Horror".

The only Strathallians to ski in Scotland were Riley who went up to Glenshee for an afternoon's play on a 100 metre run of man-made snow!

Apart from the artificial slope races — we performed with no great distinction in the KPMG Scottish Schools event — only one day's racing went ahead anywhere in Scotland during the whole season.

One can only guess at the damage to ski-ing in Scotland caused by this succession of poor winters. At the commercial end of the spectrum, livelihoods are at stake whilst both recreational and competitive skiers have each lost hundreds of miles of experience and enjoyment.

One private bright spot was that I confess to having spent a more exciting half-



Green Horror at Glenshee.

term than most — at the Winter Olympics in Val d'Isere, where, in an unbelievably thrilling atmosphere and with tremendous pride I watched Ronald Duncan race in both the Downhill and Combined Downhill events.

It is difficult to be optimistic in current circumstances but optimistic we must endeavour to be. One person who is playing his part in this is Hamish Steedman (F '76 and recently returned from Canada) who has started a Ski-ing Section to the Strathallian Club. From the number of keen skiers who have passed through the School he should soon have up and running the largest of any of the OS communities. We were going to have a combined School and Club day in Glenshee this season. For obvious reasons it could not go ahead. We shall certainly try to put one on in 1993.

You can contact Hamish on 031-445-5536 at Woodlands, 6 High Buckstone, Edinburgh, EH10 6XS

J.F.C.

GOLF

Despite some fine individual performances by some players, the overall performance of the Golf Team proved a little disappointing.

Although last year's captain had gone, it was strengthened by the arrival in Third Form of Colin Mitchell from Craigclowan who plays most of his golf at Rosemount, Blairgowrie, and who arrived with a glowing reputation. So, on paper, the top half of the team looked just as strong as ever, but unfortunately events were to prove otherwise ...

Captain James Garvie began the season in sparkling form by winning his first match 8 and 7, and then beating the Merchiston No 1 by 2 holes at Auchterarder. This was quite a 'feather in his cap' as the Merchiston boy played off a handicap of 1 and had qualified for the latter stages of the Scottish Boy's Championships. Unfortunately, James was unable to maintain his form during the season and finished with 3 wins out of 6.

Vice-Captain Ewan Watson also started the season well with a victory and a halved match but, like James, was unable to maintain his form and his final total was 3 victories and 1 'half' from 7 games.

New boy Colin Mitchell took a little time to settle in but eventually managed 3 wins from 7 outings, largely playing as No 3 in the team. His season will be remembered for two excellent individual rounds: a 71 at Auchterarder to finish second in the Perth and Kinross Individual 'Open' Championships to qualify him for the County Schools' side and in the Scottish Schools' Championships at Kirkcaldy; a hole in one (fortunately, as all golfers will know he was wearing two pairs of socks! ouch!) but on a tough course in difficult conditions Colin failed to qualify for the Scottish Schools' side. Colin's other highlight was a round of 67, also at Auchterarder, to comfortably win the individual title in the House Golf Competition. Not surprisingly Simpson, represented by Colin, Simon Forster, Nicky Barclay and Doug Clement won the Inter-House Competition from Freeland.

Scores:

1 Simpson 234, 2 Freeland 247, 3 Nicol 274
C Mitchell 67, A Doodson 82, E Watson 73
S Forster 85, J Low 80, D Taylor 85, N Barclay 82, N Gray 85, A Bayne 116

As two Ruthven 'golfers' failed to complete their round (including the Captain of Golf) they finished last!

Thanks to Mr Proctor's generous spirit we were able to poach Alistair Doodson from the Cricket 1st XI when he didn't have a match and he certainly proved an

asset to the side. In his very first match, at Blairgowrie, he shot the school's best round of 80 over the Rosemount course and on a return visit for the match against Rosemount Juniors on the Landsdowne Course he eagled the first (a 480 yard dog-legged par 5). His driving power also enabled him to drive the 280 yard par 4, 13th at Auchterarder, where he also managed to eagle the hole. Regrettably, he was unable to maintain his form throughout although he was always an exciting player to watch — provided that you stood behind him when he was playing a shot!

Of the other players, David Clark — "The Cincinnatti Kid" as he is referred to by some — never played badly, but kept coming up against players who were on form on that particular day. Alex Macleod played 3 times and managed a win against Merchiston and if he can improve his handicap then he could well play a bigger part in the team events next season. The others tried their best when they came into the side but lacked match practice.

Way back in September it was pleasing to be able to play the Old Boys' Match at Elie Golf Club, which was won narrowly by the OS's.

Any leavers wishing to join the Old Boys' Golf Section should contact Hamish Macfarlane, 9 Craigelvan Grove, Condorrat, Cumbernauld, Glasgow, G76 4KU (0236 738 281). He will be delighted to hear from you and we look forward to seeing some of you again on the golfing fairways of Scotland.

One final note. Who is he?

Last year he left his shoes behind at Milnathort GC

This year he left his clubs behind at Auchterarder GC

Next year

A clue — (replies please to The Head of Modern Languages at Strathallan School).

RESULTS

League Matches:

v Crieff HS	(H)	D 2-2
v Auchterarder	(A)	L 1-2
v K.nross	(H)	L 1-3
v Morrisons	(A)	L 1-3
v Glenalmond	(A)	D 2-2

Friendlies:

v Merchiston	(H)	D 3-3
v Rosemount Juniors	(A)	L 3-5

The following boys represented the School (number of matches played in brackets): J M Garvie (Capt) (6); E Watson (7); C Mitchell (7); D Clark (4); A Doodson (3); A Macleod (3); N Barclay (2); N Dobson (1); D R Taylor (1)

Players' Results:

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
J M Garvie	6	3	0	3
E Watson	7	3	1	3
C Mitchell	7	1	3	
D Clark	4	0	1	3
A Doodson	3	2	0	1
A Macleod	3	1	0	2
N Barclay	2	0	0	2
N Dobson	1	0	0	1
D Taylor	1	0	0	1

N.J.S.



William Bark and Simon Jones on the School Golf Course.

CCF

CONTINGENT COMMANDER'S REPORT

Those of you who follow this series of ramblings by the Contingent Commander may remember my closing statement last year that this year will see some changes in the way we do our business. That comment was made with the prior knowledge that New Management Strategy (NMS) was about to inflict itself upon the armed services and the civilian backup in the Ministry of Defence.

NMS proposals are now bearing fruit and the net effect is the rustication of the Ministry of Defence from Whitehall. Many Service desks will move to Service Establishments outside London and only a small core remain in London. How, you may well ask, does this effect the CCF? — The Joint Cadet Executive (JC), our Head Office if you like, will disappear and its duties be re-allocated. A new tri-Service Directorate of Reserve Forces and Cadets (DRFC) will be established as part of the Central Staff of the Ministry of Defence. Many of the cadet policy and management functions, previously conducted by JCE, will be undertaken by a Joint Cadet Secretariat (JCS) within DRFC.

That was one change that we expected. The other no-one could have foreseen or at least no-one could have imagined the time scale of the change. Hot on the heels of Operation Granby/Desert Storm came an attempted coup in USSR and then the total collapse of the USSR with NATO looking somewhat bemused.

Out of all this came the "peace dividend" with rationalisation of our armed forces: the Navy's surface fleet to be reduced considerably, a cut in the number of submarines, shore establishments to be closed, command boundaries to be altered, dockyard closures muted; Army regiments to be disbanded or amalgamated and rebadged, BOAR to be drastically reduced; Royal Air Force Air Stations to be closed and the possible contractorisation of many hitherto service-orientated tasks such as Fishery Protection and Search and Rescue. There can be few who cannot remember the 'Save the Scottish Regiments' Campaign or the political furore over the proposals to study the closure of Rosyth Dockyard. It is hard to believe that all this has happened within a year and, naturally, this has led to redundancies in the Armed Services at Officer and Rating level, some voluntary, some compulsory.

Amazingly, this has not had any impact directly on the aim of the CCF as a Youth Leadership Training Organisation to date. However, there are indirect consequences of all these changes that we are just beginning to see. The Navy can give us less direct support in trained manpower and perhaps less sea time in Grey Funnel

ships as the number of platforms decrease. The Army does not have the surplus of ammunition that tended to find its way to support our infantry training. Cadet Training Teams are being asked to spread themselves more thinly due to increased tasks. Travel budgets have been cut. All in all it will take time for these changes to percolate down to us and one thing is certain: we will have to help ourselves more and more in the future if we are to survive. That does not worry me as we have the best set of "squirrels" around!

On to more local matters — our Range and Stores are now fully operational and already the range is producing some excellent results in shooting competitions — let us hope that this will continue. Mr Eades has an "Emporium" with the best view and car park in the school. Kit actually stays dry now and we have already removed the old range and "CCF Palace" — if someone can tell me where the Pipes and Drums are currently housed, I'd be glad to tell them!

The Navy Section have a new kit store and office and the Royal Marines have a store/brewing room that they can actually get into without falling through the floor or finding rat droppings in the mess tins. Senior cadets think we are going soft — and still cannot believe that it has all happened.

In 1984 my predecessor requested that girls be allowed to join the CCF — "the time is not ripe", he was told. 1992 appears to be the ripening time for this idea and girls will now be in both the Navy and Army Sections and, if the red tape can be unravelled, our first female Army Officer will have joined us. Welcome Miss Smith.

At the same time the CCF has become optional for this year's Fourth and Lower Sixth Forms and in 1993 we will have a

totally optional CCF. The Navy Section is starting a pre-submarines squad to placate the Jocks, but there is no truth in the rumour that girls will soon be able to become Cadet Bootnecks. There are some things only a man can do and at present being an embryo Bootneck is one of those rare domains. On a more serious note, welcome to all the girls who have or will join us in future — and boys, you are about to get quite a shock if other mixed CCF units are anything to go by. I look forward to the first Strathallan Girls HCTC platoon and to our first girl at Bisley.

Sub/Lieutenant Ross has resigned from the Naval Section, having done much in his short time with the Section. It wasn't all that long ago that I first took him afloat in a Gemini at Port Edgar, and that facility is regularly used by the Naval Section, thanks to the good liaison struck up by him. The SBS was very much his baby and many Lower Sixth RN cadets owe much to his determination to make something of them in that year. Thank you Greg, and best wishes in your new venture on Wednesday afternoons.

As I write this I have just put the finishing details together for our Biennial Review by Vice Admiral Sir Hugo White KCB CBE RN, Flag Officer Scotland and Northern Ireland. Without prejudging the outcome of that review, the facts and figures look encouraging and the CCF looks forward to a new challenge, with perhaps more willing volunteers gaining from whatever they have put into their time with us.

It remains for me to thank, on behalf of all the cadets, all the Officers and Mr Eades — the true volunteers — for their support, always beyond the call of duty. Without them the Contingent could not exist.

C.N.W.



Action-man McKendry with his gun.

ARMY

"OPTIONS FOR CHANGE"

As I sit down to write my first Army report, the section has just returned from its now annual sortie to Cultybraggan Camp near Comrie. As usual, what the camp lacks in modern facilities it makes up for in the quality of training. Everyone seemed to enjoy it and I would like to thank all the permanent staff for another successful camp. The weather was not always kind but on the whole the boys stuck to their guns, took part with gusto and, like their predecessors, did themselves and the school proud.

As usual at camp new friendships were made and old ones renewed: Graham McKendry fell in love with "the gun", Mark Price and James Steel built up a meaningful relationship with a couple of chick(en)s, while Gavins Levack and Aldridge, with Price, took a fancy to my packed lunch one day!!

I would like to thank Cpls Willie Livingston, Michael Halliday and Sgt Nik Hartley for giving up their holidays to come to camp for a second time to keep an eye on the "troops".

The talk in the Officers' Mess was of Options for Change, amalgamations, early retiral, lay offs and disbandment — so the permanent staff were less at ease than usual! While the government has been changing the shape and role of the Army, so the School has had its own Options for Change. As of next year the CCF will become voluntary and thus the problems of conscripts will be gone. Inevitably there has been an exodus from the top end but there will also be a larger intake than normal, so the balance will change in the Army, not the overall numbers. The second change which has been adopted for next year is that the CCF will become an equal opportunity activity. From the experience of other schools this will be a good thing and girls will keep the boys on their toes. The final change is that pupils will opt for the Marines at the start of their CCF career and not after one year. This will allow the Army Section to train and choose its future NCOs without having the worry that they may leave to join the Marines which, until now, has been the frustrating situation.

Of the other events to take place this year there are too many to mention but I will list the more important ones. On Field Day, during the Michaelmas Term, the juniors went to visit The Black Watch at Balhousie Castle and also did some adventurous training. My thanks to Sgt Brass of the RIT for setting this up. Meanwhile, the seniors visited The Royal Scots at Fort George where they were treated to an enjoyable, if tiring, night exercise and visit round the Fort. My thanks to all in The Royal Scots for their help.

We finally saw the completion of the new range. This facility is a great boon and we can work even harder on our shooting. The store rooms above the range have given us even more space and ability to organise our stores. I would like to thank Mr Eades, the unflappable and patient guru of the Army Stores, for his hard work and support throughout the year which has been invaluable.

The annual HCTC weekend at Cultybraggan was a closely fought contest. The team, led by WOII D Robertson, finished a disappointing 11th but were still only 12 points behind those in 4th place. I feel next year's side may lack the experience to compete due to the exodus of seniors — but we'll see.

Cpls Paul Manwaring and Johnston acquitted themselves well on the UKLF Leadership Course and should have gained much from the experience.

Generally the Army Section has run smoothly this year, although we have had our fair share of AWOLs and conscientious objectors. The NCOs have been invaluable in the weekly running of the Section. All too often I have had to pass the burden on to them. Under Officer Robertson, Sgts Proctor and Healy, along with the up and coming NCOs Ainsworth, Hartley, Russell and Raper: thank you. I would also like to thank Adam Streatfeild-James who has kept the general cogs well oiled and turning and kept the armoury and range very efficiently. Thank you, too, to Charles Court who has thankfully taken time out from his new responsibilities to help us when he was

needed most and has always been there for moral support and advice when I've found myself entangled in Army red tape.

Sadly, Charles has now decided to hang up his combat jacket to allow us to get a full-time officer into the Army Section. We arrived at Fort Augustus together in 1974: he as a young member of staff and I as a First Former. He soon found himself press-ganged into the Army Section amongst many other duties. As always he put his 'all' into the job and he has been giving of his time on Wednesday afternoons ever since — be it as an assault pioneer, infantryman or marksman. His ability to enthuse the conscripts or the laidback cadet never ceases to amaze. Charles also stuck to his guns and fought the corner of the Army Section when others wanted to see it fold or thought it outmoded or undesirable "in this day and age".

I would like to thank Charles for his guidance and help in the past and I hope that I can, in turn, develop the new-look Army Section into an equally useful youth group. It is ironic that two of the things Charles fought so hard for during his time in the CCF only come around after his retiral from it. The fact that these changes are taking place is in no small way due to his work over the past few years.

Finally, I would like to take this chance to welcome both Lyn Smith and the girls who opted for the Army, as well as the boys, to the Section and I hope that you will all gain from it and enjoy it.

P.M.V.



Good fun for Franny.

ROYAL NAVY

This year the divisional system, introduced last session, proved successful as the number of cadets grew to over one hundred — at times training, both practical and classroom orientated, would have proved difficult otherwise. We have been fortunate over the years in having dedicated and efficient senior NCOs and after their leadership training at BRNC Dartmouth, once again the senior cadets proved capable.

A large group of new entry cadets set a challenge — probably the least motivated recruits for many years. But at long last changes are happening and soon all cadets in the RN section will be volunteers. We also look forward to welcoming girls next term.

School training is often limited and it is always worthwhile to have the opportunity of visiting RN establishments. On Field Day HMS Camperdown provided motor boat training combined with visits to both *Unicorn* and *Discovery*. Once again, CPO Stokes arranged a good programme at HM Naval Base Rosyth which incorporated a fleet tender cruise — while the senior cadets were lucky enough to visit the Clyde Submarine Base at Faslane.

During the year the Royal Navy Section has had several distinguished visitors. Our first was Lt. Cdr. Canford, RN, the Staff Officer of Tay Division RNR. He inspected the Section and gave a talk in the lecture theatre. The naval member of the Joint Cadet Executive also visited us in the summer term. Commander Skinnis, RN, saw a normal training day with the assault course being fully used. He then went to Lochore Meadows to see the sailing programme. The senior cadets had their night exercise at the beginning of December. As this involved night navigation cadets were made aware of the importance of accuracy. Apart from slight mishaps all enjoyed the experience. During the winter term the NCOs put more emphasis on outdoor training which, combined with chartwork and seamanship, led to a high pass rate for the AB's test and a much better navigation standard for the proficiency class. The purchase of copies of the Sea Cadet Pocket Handbook proved helpful to cadets in these examinations.

There has been good liaison with the Royal Marines and NCOs of both Sections have integrated in training.

With most of the classroom work completed the summer term was filled with as many water activities as possible. Full use was made of the boating and windsurfing facilities at Lochore Meadows. To enable more cadets to take part a coach was hired weekly. Once again we are grateful to Lt. Clayton and Sub Lt. Goody for their instruction. We were runners-up at the Scottish Area Sailing Regatta.

The Sailing Centre at Port Edgar continues to help us and Sub Lt Phillips took groups for motor training most weeks. We are grateful to CPO Warren and his staff for their assistance.

School activities are necessarily limited but, largely due to enthusiastic senior NCOs, a varied outdoor programme was carried out involving the assault course, practical leadership tasks, raft race, etc. The RN Football Team also proved invincible.

Camps and Courses are really what CCF training is all about. Strathallan, once again, sent many officers and cadets to various establishments. At Easter Lt. Cdr. MacLeod and four cadets attended the Air Acquaintance Course at HMS Heron, Yeovilton. LS Stevens gained his RYA Sports Boat Certificate at HMS Raleigh and a most enjoyable week was spent on RMAS Cricklade cruising in the Firth of Clyde. When classroom navigation is put to practical use on water cadets, they see the point of Sub. Lt. Goody's classes. During the summer holidays three cadets are attending the Royal Navy Acquaintance Course on board HMS Kent, Portsmouth, and five cadets are attending Britannia Royal Naval College — as scholars selected by the Director of Naval Recruiting. Officers are also involved — Lt. Cdr. MacLeod, as Divisional Officer at RNAS Yeovilton and Senior River Officer at BRNC Dartmouth, Lt. Clayton as Sailing Instructor during the HMS Kent Summer Camp.

In June an excellent day's sea training was provided by Glasgow University Royal Naval Unit. Lt. Cdt. Engeham, RN, and the crew of HMS Smiler gave the ten Strathallan cadets a superb day's training.

A successful year owes much to various people: to a first-class team of officers — Lt. Clayton as an excellent No 1, Sub. Lt. Goody as Training Planner, Sub Lt. Phillips for his motor boat training

and Sub. Lt. Ross for his enthusiasm in establishing the Lower Sixth Boat Group. Sadly, Sub. Lt. Ross, because of his various school commitments, left the CCF at Easter and will be sorely missed.

The senior NCOs this year were probably the best ever and special thanks to Under Officer Piganeau, Coxswains Dick, Ford and Obank for continued loyalty and support, even during the School 'A' Level Examinations. Congratulations to Goody, Ford and Piganeau on gaining their Gold Duke of Edinburgh Award.

We thank Commander Woolley and Lt. Cdr. Sanford of our parent establishment, HMS Camperdown, for their continued interest. Lt. Cdr. McCrow has now retired from the RNR. As our PLO for many years Malcolm McCrow became a great friend and a helpful mentor.

We also said goodbye recently to CPO Thirlwall. We owe him a lot for his parade training.

A new CCF building incorporates the RN Clothing Store. With the assistance of CPO Shemmell our stores are now in good order and passed muster.

CPO Richards has again been of immense help as our direct link with CCF Headquarters. We thank him for continued encouragement.

CCF Headquarters in Portsmouth are invariably helpful and we are grateful to the Staff Officer, Commander Wilson; to Andrew Hiscutt for his faultless administration, to Commander Goss as Boats Officer and to Chief Wren Prior and to Warrant Officer Chetwood for Camp and Course places.

The Sea Cadet Corps often assists us and on several occasions Sub. Lt. Saunders has assisted with practical training.

We look forward to a new year with volunteer intake and a Royal Navy General Inspection.

Promotions: To Coxswain — P Brown, G Wilson and N Wilson.

T.J.McL.



Bird control unit at RNAS, Yeovilton.

ROYAL MARINES

Having been asked to write the RM article, I reflected on whether to record a history of what my companions and I have achieved during our three year stint with the Royal Marine Cadets or to write about what we've all been up to during this year. I decided that since there's plenty to write about this year, the stories of Exercise Final Nail, Royal Marine Annual Camps and Parachuting need not be mentioned in any detail.

This year was unusual in that four Upper Sixth boys remained in the Section for most of the year, which meant that there were always senior boys around to pass on their experience. With Warrant Officer Nick Dunn, Corporals Martin Ross and Graham MacLennan and myself as Troop Sergeant, the training cadre, coupled with Lieutenant Glimm, was a good team. The recruits, having been weeded out from a long list of hopefuls, were themselves excellent to work with. The enthusiasm and 'attitude checks' ensured a winning team and for me, in my final year, it was a superb end.

The initial lack of weapons available limited some of our activities, but we were quick to 'adapt and overcome'. We all now wear '58 pattern webbing wherever we go; this meant that we always had our equipment ready to use and also gave that added realism. As always we allocated our first training day to drill. The troop prided itself in a lack of drill or 'bull' as it is justifiably called. Yet we were admittedly not particularly crisp in our drill and the 'about turn on the march' still left some of us puzzled. To compensate for this we chose to run instead and this year saw more running as a troop (with the addition of heavy webbing) than that of previous years. Fitness training of some sort — be it running, body circuits or running the assault course — always ended our Wednesday afternoons and I hope this will now become standard practice within the Section.

Our activities were not confined to fitness; camouflage and concealment played a key part in our training with the foliage and cam cream being applied liberally and regularly throughout the year. The Pond exercise was, for me, the most memorable of our activities. This exercise involved the troop in the middle of winter building flotation rafts from ponchos — then smashing through the thick ice on the pond and swimming across the deep end. The object was then to open up the rafts and take out and change into the dry(ish) spare clothing. Without doubt it was cold but what I thought was important was that after this we emerged a real team, and a bond, which only can be formed through adversity, was built between us all.

With the arrival of weapons we practiced the art of section attacks, skirmishing and ambushing. Ambushing was for

most of us the most exciting and although we didn't consider the reality of what we were doing, as expressed by a US training manual "...Ambush means killing ...", we did learn that a properly executed ambush doesn't give the recipients much of a chance.

Having personally learned about prisoner interrogation at a RM Training Camp, the Senior NCOs were able to pass on these skills with "helpful demonstrations". At the start of our exercise the new cadets were stripped down to their underpants and stood in stress positions while we carried out an unpleasant and effective version of sleep deprivation, known now as "Mars Bar deprivation".

This year involved a lot of practical work which, although military in purpose, can be applied to everyday situations. We spent a lot of time on the topic of First Aid and learned the rudiments of keeping people alive. This spanned from blisters to high-percentage burns to cardio-pulmonary resuscitation. Unarmed combat is an important feature of RM training and its relevance is not how to 'kick heads' but to give a confidence in one's capabilities and personal abilities, a confidence that is then subconsciously expressed in one's body language (how you walk, etc.) and it reduces the likelihood of attack in

an increasingly violent world. For the recruits navigation was perhaps "dwelled upon". Both Lt Glimm and the SNCOs' experience of missing bodies, missed rendezvous and unfulfilled checkpoints ensured a lengthy but worthwhile and practical instruction.

Despite our personal dissociation, the Marines are part of the Navy and this year saw a closer involvement between the two. For the Navy cadets this meant building poncho tents and setting up encampments, for us it meant three Marines attending a Powerboating Course. The Course ended with two SNCOs being qualified as "reckless idiots" by a secretly admiring Navy instructor, and also the recruitment of a Navy cadet who had accompanied the Marines in the powerboat and had apparently liked the way we did things.

I feel I could continue endlessly with this report but there are limits.... Yet I hope to have inspired some interest in those lower forms because the 'Marine Experience' is not to be missed. My only warning is that you only get out what you put in therefore for those of you with a 'bit about you' who are prepared to give things a go, I strongly advise you to sign up for selection.

ALECK BURRELL



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DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD

To quote from that wisest of all publications (the Duke of Edinburgh Award Handbook), "If Snow & Ice are likely to be encountered, ventures may only be undertaken by expert organisations": very useful when you wake up in the morning in mid-May with three inches (or was it 7.62cm) of the stuff around the tents. Yes, you've guessed it, summer had arrived and expeditions were in full swing. Fortunately the 'experts' taking part in the trip mentioned above coped admirably but were very unfortunate since the sun then came out and treated us to a wonderful spell of weather. Many groups seemed to spend as much time cooling off in the mountain streams as they did getting hot walking between them and those who forgot the suntan cream ended up almost as well done as the steaks which kept creeping onto certain people's menus (wonderful what a Trangia and a bit of initiative can provide by way of cuisine).

During the rest of the year participants have been making use of the wide range of sports and activities available to complete the Skill and Physical Recreation sections of the award and thanks go to all those members of staff who helped in these and patiently sorted out the intricacies of the new record books when confronted with the oft repeated "Please Sir, can you sign me up for the D of E".

For the service section over forty of the third form achieved the St Andrew's Ambulance First Aid Certificate, several people achieved Bronze Medallion Lifesaving Awards, and a number took part in the various activities of the school Community Service group. Robin Stewart and Francois Piganeau acted as instructors on the lifesaving course to qualify for their Gold Awards and learned how nerve racking it can be watching their own



Peter Goody with his Gold Award at Holyrood Palace.

pupils going through the examination: "But I must have explained that to them a hundred times" or similar comments were heard. It's a hard life being the teacher!

Finally, here is a list of all those who completed their awards this year. Congratulations go to all of them.

BRONZE: Susie Dutton, Rebecca Dover, Isla Tyldesley, Louisa Falconer, Kate Hodgson, Wendy Rankin, Hilary Ross, David Heslop, James Bird, Lucy Webster, Johanna Matheson, Lesley

McMullan, Kirstine Lawson, Claire Duckworth, Claire Halliday, Heather Scott, Anne Wilson, Robert Dundas, William Broughton, Mark Hunter, Kristine Burr, Alistair Whyte, Fiona Nicholson, Mark Devine, Donald McIntyre, Nicholas Morley, Robert Mawdsley and David Macleod.

GOLD Francois Piganeau, Tracey Morton, Jamie Smith, Robin Stewart and Peter Goody.

J.S.B.

GOING FOR GOLD

To D.O.E. or not to D.O.E.? This is the question. The answer for most is no. For those seven intrepid explorers who enjoy a punishing 50 mile hike through wild country the answer is **YES**.

From the moment we left school, spirits were high and the mini bus' ability to cruise cattle grids helped even more. Even friendly P.C. Plod with his tales of horrific ticks, rampant clegs and ferocious snakes couldn't put us off our three course evening meals whilst we sat watching the sunset over Ben More.

Spirits remained at this high throughout the walk — partly through the idiotic efforts of Gavin who sang inconceivably bad songs such as, "The Bear Went over the Mountain" and attempted to convince that these very same bears were in fact

knee high, ate grass, wore woolly coats and bleated constantly. However, we were later slightly shocked by the ability of various forests to move and to become an impenetrable jungle which we had to hack through machete-style. The amazingly tame rabbits made up for this. They were prepared to sit dead still when we came up close and one even let us touch it! (Myxomatosis? Ed.).

Nevertheless, it wasn't all fun. I was constantly reminded about an army camp that I was to go to afterwards and Neil had a terrible time trying to keep his feet dry, even though they were already drenched. But these bad times were swamped by Chief Chief Fire Chief's evening bring-and-burn sessions. If it didn't move it burned. Moreover, Duncan

invented a chilli-con-carne, with the help of Andrew, which was enough to put the reputation of chicken vindaloo to shame!

Special mentions are also deserved by Dave (a keen physicist) who demonstrated the existence of gravity with his rucksack and a steep hill and a supposedly intelligent person who attempted to double park his tent. However, it is to Jenny my greatest admiration goes for her bravery above and beyond the call of duty, not only in putting up with us for a week but also for living off Frankfurters and pot noodle during all that time. Amazing!

To conclude, it only remains for me to say thanks to all involved especially Mr B. and to wonder why more people don't join in the fun, and yes Gavin, I did enjoy Army Camp.

NIK HARTLEY

KNOYDART NEWS

Once more the second week in June saw a merry band of UVI and staff collecting gear and psyching themselves up for the Post Highers week. JLB had been forbidden to mention the w-e-a-t-h-e-r in the hope that he, in his position as the rain god of Knoydart, might go unnoticed by the elements. Luckily this tactic seemed to work and blue skies and sunshine became the norm. The staff acknowledged that conditions resembled Hell but then somebody had to relieve the housemasters of their post-exam loose-ends. As a blow by blow account would become tedious brief anecdotes will have to suffice. (Ed: The rest was censored anyway!)

Saturday: An advance party led by JSB, JLB and Douglas Elder headed off towards Sourlie's bothy. Despite the promise of much money, a bog deep enough in which to leave Peter Clow was not discovered. Instead skinny-dipping in the pools had to provide the amusement.

Sunday: While the walkers explored the upper reaches of the River Carnach and scaled the dizzy heights of Sgurr na Ciche the second half of the group headed straight for Ardentigh. EAE, with limited canoeing ability and wearing no contact lenses, followed the coloured blobs of the other canoes into Loch Nevis. Meanwhile Miss Neale, congratulating herself on the easy option of going on the launch with food, gear and Mr Wilson (soon to be elevated to the rank of Admiral), was oblivious to the strangled cries of the canoeists still ashore whose packed lunches she had kidnapped.

Monday: Those at the centre enjoyed fine conditions for a canoe journey into the inner loch. There, James Cuthill's sunburnt arms, white torso and wet-suit clad legs, resembled a neopolitan ice-cream and Ben Gray demonstrated why his cricketing skills had not kept him at school when he tried to hook a jellyfish for six and promptly capsized. Miss Neale and Miss England, still at the going-round-in-circles stage, nearly came to blows as their canoes crashed into one another.

Later a new sport was invented: Miss England gained a lot of bruises, Mr Taylor used only his hands, while James Healy learned that you only had to get one leg over for success. What was it? Climbing round a table, of course.

Tuesday: A relaxing day was had by all at the centre. Some of the staff seal-launched the double canoes and pupils followed suit. JKT and PJE managed, successfully, to roll a double canoe together; Ben Gray and Miss England failed in single canoes separately. Miss Neale and Dan led a party to the woods to collect for a barbeque that was much enjoyed by all, especially the midges.

Wednesday: The second walking expedition set off only after Ben had been per-

suaded to take the kitchen sink out of his rucksack. The canoeists headed towards Inverie by a route that was more circular in some cases than direct. The way back was punctuated by several seal-launches and yet more plastic was left on the rocks beside Loch Nevis.

In the evening a foray was made in the rescue boat to Sourlies Bothy at the end of the loch. Fears of dehydration in the heat had made it imperative to get in further liquid supplies. JLB and JSB also had to give their order for the last night meal at the hotel in Inverie. They bravely waded out through the shallows and Mr Wilson, armed with menu, bottle and napkin, acted as waiter for the occasion.

Back at Ardentigh Dave and Trish, the wardens, were having a ceilidh attended by, among others, a man-eating one-time-murderess called Barbara, and Donald Tarbet who, at 92, had the day before walked two miles to catch the boat to Mallaig to check with the Doctor that he was sound in wind and limb.

Thursday: The sun beat down and after the night before's excesses the apres-midge (solarcaine) was much in use — the midges say it's great for indigestion. A frog was discovered and despite relieving itself in its fright (bad luck, Robin) showed itself willing to be kissed by Miss England. As a result EAE was awarded the dubious privilege of being married to Peter Clow, but several water fights later they were divorced. Relations were further complicated when Miss Neale acknowledged Peter and Dan to be her sons. Many were the cries of "Mum!" thereafter.

Meanwhile, the launch — with green welly atop a large branch, had been christened the HMS Wellybob with Miss Neale a glamorous figurehead for the morning. Somehow Miss England's experience in the engine room in the afternoon was neither so much fun nor dry.

In the afternoon the endless tedium of sunbathing was alleviated when Dan spotted something ominous. However, loud cries of "shark" and much banging of pots and pans failed to alert the windsurfers — good job it was a false alarm.

At the centre everything was running out. First it was the water then the petrol in the launch coming back from an excursion to Stoull, a ruined village further down the loch. Luckily we just made it to the jetty and wind-power did not have to be used, though several would have been willing, and able, to oblige.

Friday: By this time we had all become pretty adroit at flushing the loo with a bucket of sea water. Showers were banned. In fact, only Dan and Peter had that experience — pity they didn't get up first! ("Mum, Peter's wet the bed!")

A game of canoe polo revealed aggression in many unexpected quarters — Simon Miller was especially impressive. Perhaps he was just keen not to fall in after Dan had pronounced, in fairly colourful language, that the loch water was rather cold.

Miss Neale's elegantly made-up appearance had been a source of wonder all week but finally a use for all these luxuries was discovered as the group joined together to get revenge on PJE for all the atrocities he had committed. A truce had finally to be called to let him use the nail varnish remover.

From then on it was all hands to tidy up as we had the launch booked for six to take us over to Inverie. There the staff consumed a magnificent sea food supper while the boys went off to put out the fire in their mouths, caused by a meal for twelve being flavoured by chilli for thirty.

Saturday: Up at 6.30am (groan) for the final pack and off. A lifestyle where the hardest decision to be made was what factor sunscreen to put on and the main intellectual challenge was finding new uses for Flora Margarine, (Miss England had discovered it to be very soothing on blisters, while PJE swore it to be invaluable in a severe case of spraydeck nipple — perhaps we should have tried it on the Admiral's terminally frayed wellies), was one that nobody really wanted to abandon. Except that is, for one, who, when asked whether he wanted to go back to School said: "Yes, just to tell everyone what they missed."

E.A.E.



Miss Neale shows 'em how it's done.

ARDINTIGH DAWN

Still and soundless lochside in the pastel twilight gloom,
Midnight by the water, polished by mid-summer moon,
In the half-light of the sky, the Cuillin Ridge defined,
Against an ochre cloud-base that the sunset left behind.

Shadows of the hills; the mountain mantle all around
Mirrored on the glassy waters, echoed without sound,
Quiet voices murmur, and hours slip gently by,
As the first light softly breathes its gentle breath on Ardintigh.

By the silent lochside, in the mauve and lilac dawning,
Oyster-catchers dive and cry, to greet another morning,
Eyes which grow accustomed to the fast-increasing light
See the glowing of another sunrise chase away the night.

Here, with you, I sit and watch the dawn stretch to the sky.
Throw its reaching arms across the bay of Ardintigh.
Laughing at the thought that school is just twelve hours away,
It all seems quite unreal here at the break of the last day.

Now, back to a different life, reality re-born,
The moment passed. I can't believe now that we sat and watched the dawn
But I wonder, when I see you, if you think of Ardintigh,
And the pale grey sunrise breaking on the Cuillin Hills of Skye.

Anon.

(Thoughts of 'Post-Highers' Week)



Drawing by Eilidh Nicolson.

SURVIVAL

This year one member of the survival party was left behind – thank goodness this happened at the beginning of the week!

After an interesting leavers' party in Edinburgh, Clodagh M. missed her connection back to School. (Of course it was somebody else's fault, but we shan't mention Dave Young by name). After this ominous start, however, things went smoothly and we reached the island of Fladda without a hitch.

Having run these Survival Weeks for a number of years now, I was interested to find out how a party composed entirely of school leavers would take to it. Would they all be terribly mature and independent or would they still maintain the institutionalised thinking instilled into them by many years of school life? I would have to wait and see.

On arrival on Fladda, which – for the uninitiated – is a tiny slab of more or less barren rock in the Treshnish Islands between Mull and Coll, the first task was, as always, the establishment of some reasonable form of shelter. There was a distinct shortage of building materials, but the committee managed to produce an ingenious construction of ponchos and string that looked sufficiently stable and inviting. There was even enough time left before dark for the huntin' and fishin' set to swing into action and to let the resident sea-gulls know that we had arrived.

The aroma of cooking sea-gull brought back memories, not all of them sweet, and I happily joined those who decided to give this culinary attempt a miss and go on a bit of a diet instead. Sea-birds became an increasingly important part of our lives. Some were edible and came, like the puffins, with the highest recommendations of the St Kildans – but we all know what happened to them, and besides, puffins are protected by law. Others, like the elusive storm petrel, nest in the rocks next to the shelter and while

away the hours of darkness by squawking incessantly. Eventually we settled for the usual, a menu on which sea-gull and wild garlic stew topped the list and which was notable for its absence of fish.

Why fishing should present such a problem I will never really understand. After all, one is surrounded by waters that are fished regularly by professionals who seem to be able to make a living, never mind a single meal, from their activity. But somehow our makeshift array of hooks on home-made floats fail to produce the goods and as the week went by, the interest shifted from what appeared to be a rather futile exercise towards the more profitable bird hunting.

Regular readers of this column will have noticed that once again food (or the lack of it) appears to dominate the thinking. I keep telling prospective survivors that this is really the last item on the list of priorities, coming a long time after the real essentials of shelter, water and fuel. But will they ever learn?

How important the shelter is was beautifully demonstrated from Day Two onwards. The dry spell that had accompanied the time of the School Exams ended, and our defences against the rain were tested severely every night – and most days as well. What would survival be without giant puddles of water gathering on the poncho roof directly overhead, threatening to drown the unsuspecting sleeper and regularly managing to do so. It provides a lot of fun for those who are spared the experience, until their turn inevitably comes and they join the Chorus of the Drenched – a swearbox would fill up nicely on these occasions.

With the rain came the wind – a gale, in fact and the roof construction had to be re-thought and re-worked under somewhat difficult circumstances at two o'clock in the morning. Much praise must go to Alex and Martin for keeping the roof up and the spirits high, but even their

combined efforts could not prevent the occasional sense of humour failure in some dark, wet corners.

The weather played a major part throughout the week. The problems of keeping dry and warm did not eliminate all thoughts of food, but they certainly pushed the talk of pizza and cheeseburgers into the background. And of course, when the wind rose the question of whether the boat would manage to pick us up at the end of the week provided hours of speculative discussion and allowed those with a sick sense of humour to develop the topic of cannibalism to almost danger level.

I won't keep you in suspense any longer – nobody was eaten, we did get picked up, we did survive, and everybody received the prestigious club tie in the end.

But what of my earlier question, whether a group of people who had actually left school and who were, to all intents and purposes, free to do exactly as they pleased would be different from the usual group of survivors?

Let's say that I had less to do than normally. The decisions were initially taken by the group but a certain leadership seemed to emerge quite naturally; the doers did what had to be done and required only the gentlest of direction and advice, leaving me more time than ever before to read my book. In fact, if the sun had been shining, I would have been able to lounge on a rock and get tanned.

So if you read this, Heather, Judith, Alex, Nick, Martin, Jamie, James, Peter, Dave, Chris and Mark – if you can go through life tackling problems as cheerfully and efficiently as you tackled the survival week I shall have no worries about your future.

K.G.

AROUND THE SCHOOL

It is impossible that a pupil can pass through Strathallan School without at least once encountering Mr Eades and yet, despite this, most people are unaware of exactly what his job entails, and often fail to give him the recognition he deserves.

As in any smooth-running and successful organisation it is usually the people behind the scenes who keep it going with their hard work and commitment, and Mr Eades is a good example of this: a considerable force behind Strathallan. In fact, he has a hand in many aspects of running the non-academic life of the school — from working with the Headmaster's Secretary's office to being responsible for the well-being of individual pupils to whom he becomes "in loco parentis" or substitute parent when he transports them for treatment at the hospital. This is a duty which he carries out almost every day with great cheerfulness and much sympathy.

On top of that Mr Eades runs the stationery store, patiently issuing pens and paper to all, as well as doing the accounts and collecting goods from Perth. He can always be depended upon to find, and acquire, the best and latest ink eradicator or paper folder to order and always has time for a discussion on the merits of his stock. He also runs the CCF store almost single-handedly — as Quartermaster Sergeant, being responsible for everything that comes into the store, as well as distributing it.

As a result, Mr Eades has hardly a spare moment as I found when trying to "interview" him, and I believe that it is time that we thanked him for all his hard work — but especially for his ability to remain friendly and considerate even while dealing daily with the pupils of Strathallan.

So, Mr Eades — we thank you!

ALASTAIR EDWARDS



Mr Eades takes a bow.



Sister Isobel Stead in the San.



Marie — miles of essential repairs!

FREELAND embarked on an odyssey of adventure — the new and improved, first-ever study bedroom year. To add to that there was a new housemaster, house tutor and pool table. What's more, babysitting for Mr Court was no longer looked upon in the same light since his sons own an Nintendo and you don't have to walk miles to his house. Better still, along with Mr Mayes (and his inability to buy tickets) came Harvey — the world's best excuse not to do prep. Harvey, a small furry rat-like animal is perhaps the noisiest thing in Freeland, putting even the juniors to shame, and he continues to bark during prep despite efforts to 'bleach' him out! As for the socialisation of the house, bread is plentiful and the new house co-operative selling essentials to the hungry workers has been firmly established — things could hardly be better.

Nik Hartley



It took a sporting experience to wipe the smile off Nick Jones' face!

NICOL is a house. Quite a large house, but no larger than any of the other houses. Yet, compared with other houses you are stunned by the pure simplicity of our portal, especially with its shoe-cleaning device (thanks, PMV) and the designer umbrella rack, which is one of the more ingenious inventions of the CDT Dept. Moving in, one is awestruck by the monumental notice-board, the contents of which are rarely read and never understood!

Culture! Never has a word been so incongruous with the choice of paintings that litter our walls and the varied range of music which is forced to be kept to a maximum volume due to the fact that it is swamped by louder music if it is not.

You reach your study only to be met by a little self-adhesive yellow slip telling you that the door is locked. You take a deep breath as you realise you must face the inevitable: Mrs Murray is effective in keeping tidy the studies of even the most notorious mobster, and even the bravest shudders in his boots when he realises that he has not changed his sheets



Nik Hartley plans a fast get-away.



Roderick Williams and Duncan Dunlop.

Once the date of the **SIXTH-FORM-BALL** had eventually been decided, the night was approached with enthusiasm, and an unusual degree of optimism – on my part, at least. After the Thornbank and Woodland's girls were collected by their 'escorts', all sixth formers met for pre-Ball drinks in the new exam hall, where everybody quickly relaxed and got into the swing of things. Indeed, during the course of the evening much swinging was done by all – especially in the often amusing attempts at Scottish country dancing by wary newcomers to the ball scene. The school band, consisting of Hamish McCartan, Piers Raper, Neil Russell, Robbie Wilson and Phil Ainsworth, made their debut performance, much to the delight of the merry members of the sixth form who reeled and freaked with gusto to their music. Credit is due to all the staff who managed not only to maintain a sense of humour, but also to join in the high-spirited and sometimes perilous dances. The end of the evening saw many people definitely in need of a good night's sleep, and the realisation that it is actually possible to have fun during the long, cold Easter term began to cheer us all at dawn.

Jennifer Macdonald



"Can I cope?" Robin Johnston escorting Tessa Dunlop.

LAST WORDS —Well, the end is nigh and in this contribution to the school magazine I think I am meant to sum up the year, identify the major events and categorize the atmosphere within the school.

That is quite some task when so much has happened and when the year has gone so quickly that everything is just a haze. There has been of course one major event at Strathallan this year: the boys are finally all in their own houses and study bedrooms and roots are being made as they try to find an alternative excuse to accuse those on high of being feminists since accommodation is now on an even par. Rumour has it that washing machines may be installed next year . . . mmm, well it's an interesting thought!!

One change that provoked some interesting reactions was the alteration of our beloved school uniform; gone were the multi-coloured v-necks, the extremely varied prefects' attire and here were the Guernseys and the go-faster stripes. Yet we DID get to wear our "casuals" after tea and after chapel on Sundays – and did we? Well, the novelty wore off pretty quickly as the faithful old games kit was voted more comfortable and less trouble. Still, looking back to when the girls didn't have to wear ties (one-nil to the feminists) and upper six basically wore anything, the changes were needed and we do look pretty smart, on the whole.

While looking smart the school managed to behave well generally, although the fact that half of it was rendered immobile by measles and various other diseases in the first term must have helped. There were the inevitable few hiccups but

although this may just be because I'm in upper sixth. I felt the school was much more integrated this year: links were made across all forms and sexes (how many are there?) while the peer group bonds remained as strong as ever. This could be a result of the new houses and increased independence or just the wonderful upper sixth, although some people may have something to say about that.

It's been a good year and all that sticks in my mind is a phrase that was cited at this year's prize giving; it's now third

hand but its fundamental importance doesn't change with use – when there's that big mountain to climb, stop staring at the steps and start stepping up the stairs.

Finally — No real changes? Gordon Watt eat your heart out . . . we were stunned by Mr Pighills' announcement, just after the beginning of term, that he is to retire at the end of this year. A sense of insecurity, yet of anticipation creeps into the soul . . . School 'pigs' – you're on your last legs!

Claire Tomlin



A.D. Stevens and Matthew Barker in their "casuals" for the Fun Run.

FLOWER-POWER

After a lot of discussions, and even more confusion, a theme was decided on: humour shone through yet again with "Hippies and Yuppies".

Despite all the new ideas about the disco, we had to have some traditions kept (within school rules of course!) and as it was a leap year the girls decided to make the most of that opportunity. Now not only did we have to worry about what to wear, whether it be hippie or yuppie, we had to wonder who to ask and how! The invitations were just a little peculiar, as we wrote on anything and everything: bread, stones, leaves and even with lipstick. Crazy we know, but fun!

As the night rolled closer everyone (or the girls anyway) went mad trying on clothes, (most of which had come from grannie's cupboard) and experimenting, and I mean experimenting, with make-up. I've never seen flowers on cheeks, foreheads and many other places before! There was a sudden interest from people who weren't going to help. We are still not quite sure whether it actually was help or revenge! Believe me, if you had seen some people that night you would have wondered too.

At last, after what seemed like an eternity, everyone made the final adjustments to their . . . um . . . costumes!? Soon queries of "Do I look alright?" and "Are you sure?" were flying from every room as girls lost, found and lost everything again.



Lucy-Ann Bryans and Emma Dooley with the writer.

Before we knew it we were over in the "converted" Leburn dorms with music blasting from everywhere. At first everyone just stood there looking gormless but as soon as good old fourth form arrived the party livened up! Before long we were amazed by the wide variety of dancing: the "lads" were "headbanging" and jumping and at the same time toes and feet were flattened into unpredictable and painful shapes by the demands of gyrations and shakings.

The hours went flying past with loud disco music and (how shall we say) an 'unforgettable' performance by the school

band. Soon we were on to the slow songs that at times, depending who you were dancing with, seemed to last forever! The DJ then announced the last song was about to be played and everyone put their greatest effort into some **SERIOUS** dancing.

As for the scandal . . . well that's for the people who were there to know and the people who weren't, don't deserve to. The only surprising thing that happened was that much to everyone's disbelief we didn't get the disco banned for next year. Thanks Mr Vallot.

CATHERINE LOW



Ruthven's "Dudes" head for the dance.

BEANCHIES

Lower VI were ordered to the lecture theatre one evening to receive a talk about Young Enterprise. The talk started and things didn't seem too bad — most stayed awake. Finally we were asked who wanted to set up a company and play big boys (and girls!) for a year. Some of us, desperate to have something to write on our CV's said we would have a go. That's all it was at the time - a big joke.

We were soon straightened out. At our first meeting with our advisers (actual big boys and girls who volunteered to help keep us going along the right lines), we were told to think of the products we wanted to make and a name for our company. Well we quickly decided to make beanbags and scrunchies. No-one bothered to consider the fact that only two of us could actually use a sewing machine! With all our imaginable skills put together we finally came up with a name - BEANCHIES. (The first four letters of beanbag and the last four of scrunchies for those who didn't notice). That was our first major mistake. With a name like that no-one was prepared to take us seriously.

Since one of the rules laid down was that our only initial capital was from shares sold in our company, the name was at once a drawback. However, there are many optimists at Strathallan, so we got our money in the end, often from other pupils eager to earn dividends from their sweetie money.

After many fraught and tangled sewing lessons, we produced our first scrunchie — not too bad for beginners since the pulled-tight design with elastic concealed our erratic stitchwork very nicely. Much to our surprise, orders flooded in and the typing room-turned-factory-sweat-shop was bright with Liberty swathes and enthusiasm.

The next step - a major one - was trying to figure out how to make a beanbag. Only our Managing Director had the faintest idea - and that was to ask her mother! However, eventually a proper pattern was made from unpicking a worn-out pouffe and the prototype beanbag emerged. Mr Forster was our first customer. Either by great faith in our abilities, or by sheer stupidity he ordered six beanbags for Woodlands House. We now had something to strive for . . .

In fact the whole year was a practice run since everyone, even Mr Williams and the appointed advisers, was new to Young Enterprise. Every month we had a board meeting and thanks to Frances from Marks and Spencer, one of our advisors, these took place in the MD's boardroom in Perth. This became the highlight of the month. (M. and S. biscuits are delicious!). Here we discussed the problems we were having in each department and generally came up with sensible solutions to solve them.

At the end of the year, after many mishaps, mostly in the communication department, we did actually make a profit of around £200. The kindhearted Board of Directors decided not to keep the money for themselves and instead all shareholders received a dividend. Great rejoicing.

The Young Enterprise organisation set an optional exam which all of us involved, sat. And, yes, we all just passed, with one exception - Mariet Semple, who received a distinction!

The scheme was tremendous fun and a good time was had by all while learning something about the big (bad!) world.

MARGARET LOW

Company Members

Managing Director	Jenny Griffiths
Marketing Director	Andrew McNamara
Sales Director	Margaret C. Low
Personnel Director	Mariet Semple
Accounting Director	Christopher Moore
Production Director	Gavin Wilson
Secretary	Rachel Taylor/ Rona Macdonald
Staff:	Matthew Park
	Alastair Doodson
	Alastair Edwards
	Pauline Lockhart
	Caroline Lusk
	Iain Davidson
	Justin Borge-Neilson

RADIO FREAKS

This year, for the first time in my memory, Mr Goody ran an amateur radio club. Meetings were on Thursdays during prep. — at first in a maths room, then in the new radio "shack" in the Activities Block.

To many people, amateur radio sounds boring, but most who have tried it have found it a friendly, light-hearted hobby, where everyone has a sense of humour. A typical example of this is the entry in the log book — a call sign ending "Only Drinks Whisky" — an interesting version of the phonetic alphabet! ("Are we laughing?" Ed.).

The purpose of the club was to learn about all aspects of amateur radio, then to sit the Radio Amateur's Exam which would allow us to transmit alone. David Clark would obviously succeed without apparently listening to anything, but Peter Goody was heard to express doubts about his own chances, despite being a mathematician's son.

Robert Wheeldon's claim to fame (apart from an episode involving a large number of packed teas, just before the exams) was his bizarre Australian ritual of whistling at the radio, supposedly until it chirped back. This practice lacks common sense, but makes a great spectator sport. Who did he think he would fool

with that story about his cheap Australian radio not having a whistle of its own?

"Santa Claus" distinguished himself with a 30 minute contact with a Swedish fishing trawler but James' claimed hour long chat with an Admiral of the Swiss Navy was discounted at the time of his transmission. James himself managed fine after noticing that the radio could not make sense of his mental 'binary', although his action did inspire the world's most famous saying, "It is interesting how often those who say most, normally, refuse to speak on the air." (What do you mean, you 'haven't heard it?') Sorry James, you weren't actually supposed to answer that with your life story, although it does explain one or two small points . . .

Sole representative of Form V, Neil Blatherwick (well known for 'blather') turned up late and soaking wet every week. Life saving, eh? Don't believe a word of it. A mention must also be made of Andrew Yeates (no relation to the poet of *almost* the same name!), who discovered early on that he much preferred the company of pianos to radios. We thought he had a point about their quality of sound but remain unconvinced about his violin. 'The German Army' also beat a hurried retreat after being observed dur-

ing one lecture with a plume of smoke emerging from his left earphone.

Sadly, the only girl to survive beyond the first week was Joanna Malcolm who persevered through constant teasing, chalk dust and water spray but has yet to transmit anything despite being in great demand with other female operators. Has all this victimisation been for nothing? Come on, you Amazons, we deserve better next year . . .

Many thanks to Bill for his lectures, and to Mr Goody for setting it all up.

Congratulations to David Clarke, David Fraser, James Roome, Robert Wheeldon and Iain Sinclair on passing both parts of the RAE and becoming fully-fledged Radio Amateurs with a B class licence.

Let us hope that Neil Blatherwick can pass his remaining exam and become the sixth Strathallian Licenced Radio Amateur.

By the time you read this, the club will be operational on "Packet" with call sign GM7NSS as well as working HF on GSØPSS — try us! New members will be enthusiastically welcomed.

IAIN SENIOR

JOHN JOHNSTON & SON



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CANDID CAMERA



Mr Vallot lays in supplies — changing mat and bottle.



Collapsed, Detached and Tired.



Life study on a train.



Portrait of the Artist as a young man?



Lorna Doodson enjoying her Chop Suey in China.



"Come on, mum!"

VALETE

FREELAND

UVI

ANDERSON E. D. Came 1987; III; School Prefect; 1st XV Rugby; 1st XI Cricket; 1st XI Hockey; 1st VII Rugby; 1st XI Football; Lance Corporal; Bronze D of E; Houston Prize for all-round Merit. *Ardarroch House, Rait, Perthshire, Scotland. PH2 7RT*

CATHCART D. E. Came 1990; LVI; House Prefect, 7th XV Rugby; Swimming team; Basketball team; Skiing; Cycling. *Culraven, Borge, Kirkcudbright, Scotland. DG6 4SG*

DICK M. J. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; 2nd XV Rugby; Athletics Team (Captain); Swimming team; Squash team; Cross-country team; School play; Pipe Band; Coxwain in Navy; Sports colours. *8, Grant Avenue, Colinton, Edinburgh.*

FORD J. R. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; 2nd XV Rugby; 2nd XI Hockey; 2nd XI Cricket; Lifesaving; Under-Officer; Bronze, Silver and Gold D of E. *Nicol House, Strathallan School, Forgandenny, Perth. PH2 9EG*

GORDON M. S. Came 1990; LVI; 7th XV Rugby; 1st VI Tennis; Social Committee; Petty Officer. *Deils Craig, Strathblane, Glasgow. G63 9ET*

GRAY G. B. R. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; 3rd XV Rugby; Athletics team; Skiing team; Canoeing; Swimming; Tennis; Golf; Corporal; Bronze D of E. *East Fenton, North Berwick, East Lothian. EH39 5AH*

HEALY J. M. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; 5th XV Rugby (Captain); Athletics Team; Climbing; Skiing; Running; Swimming; Basketball; Sergeant. *Northfield, 11, Muirton Bank, Perth. PH1 5DN*

HYDE A. L. Came 1987; III; 7th XV Rugby; 2nd XI Hockey, 2nd XI Cricket; Canoeing; Bronze D of E. *3, Killin Court, Dunfermline, Fife. KY12 7XF*

JOHNSTON R. G. J. Came 1985; I; School Prefect; 1st XV Rugby; 1st VII Rugby; 1st XI Cricket; 1st XI Football; 1st V Basketball; Petty-Officer in Navy; Drum Major. *29, Falcon Gardens, Edinburgh. EH10 4AR*

LAMB R. C. Came 1990; LVI; 7th XV Rugby; 4th XI Hockey; 3rd XI Cricket; 1st XI Football; 1st V Basketball (Captain); Skiing, NCO in Navy. *15, Chemin de la Grenouillette, 31170 Tournefeuille, Toulouse, France.*

LOCHORE H. M. Came 1984; I; Head of House; School Prefect; 1st XV Rugby; 1st VII Rugby; 1st XI Hockey; Athletics team. *Burgie House, Forres, Moray. N36 0QU*

LOW J. C. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; 1st XV Rugby; 1st VII Rugby; 1st XI Hockey; Athletics Team (Junior, Middle and Senior Victor Ludorums); Cadet in CCF; Bronze D of E. *5, Spylaw Park, Edinburgh. EH13 0LS*

OBANK G. D. Came 1990; LVI; 1st XI Football; 2nd XI Cricket; 3rd XV Rugby; 4th XI Hockey; Skiing Team (Captain); Debating; Coxswain in the Navy; Bronze D of E. *Green Willow, Curly Hill, Ilkley, West Yorkshire, England.*

SALTERS K. L. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; 1st XV Rugby; 1st XI Hockey; 1st XI Cricket (Captain); Bronze D of E. *Fort Lodge, 9, Fort Road, Helen's Bay, Co. Down N Ireland. BT19 1LD*

SMITH J. A. Came 1984; I; House Prefect, 5th XV Rugby; Sailing Team; Canoeing; Badminton; Lifesaving; Petty Officer; Bronze, Silver and Gold D of E. *72, Ardenslate Road, Kirn, Dunoon, Argyll. PA23 8HY*

SMITH M. A. Came 1986; II; House Prefect; 1st XI Cricket; 1st XI Hockey; 2nd XV Rugby (Captain); Orchestra; Choir; Dance Band; Brass Group; Petty Officer. *Helenslea, 39 London Road, Stranraer. DG9 8AF*

WOOD A. F. C. Came 1986; II; School Prefect; 1st XV Rugby; 1st XI Hockey; 1st XI Cricket; 1st VII Rugby; Royal Marines; Lance Corporal Pipe Band. *25, India Street, Edinburgh. EH3 6HE*

V

ANDERSON S. W. Came 1986; I; Senior Colts Rugby; Senior Colts Cricket; 3rd XI Hockey; Canoeing; Golf; Lifesaving; Lance Corporal; Bronze D of E. *34, Menteith View, Dunblane, Perthshire.*

NICOL

UVI

BUCKLEY N. P. Came 1988; IV; School Prefect; Head of House; Rugby 5th XV; Tennis 1st VI (Captain); Swimming (Captain); Full Colours (Tennis and Swimming); Lance-Corporal, Head of Motorbikes. *Kartenaerlaan 7, 2121 XJ Bennebroek, Netherlands.*

CLARK D. W. Came 1986; II; House Prefect; House Colours; Rugby 5th XV; Hockey 4th XI (Captain); Golf 1st IV; Academic Scholarship; 3rd Form Prize; 4th Form Prize; GCSE Exam Prize; Maths Prize; Physics Prize; Chemistry Prize, Winner 1990 Dundee University School Project Competition; D of E Bronze; School Magazine. *4268 Peppermill Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45242, USA.*

GOODY P. Came 1984; I; House Prefect; Rugby 3rd XV; Athletics; Sailing; Lifesaving; Survival; Radio Club; Drama; Network Manager; School Magazine Editor; School Photographer; D of E Bronze, Silver and Gold; 3rd Form Effort Prize; 4th Form Effort Prize; PO in Navy. *Lambs Park, Forgandenny, Perth. PH2 9HS*

LATTA W. A. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; Rugby 3rd XV; 3rd Form Set Prize; Lance Corporal; Chief Mechanic in Motorbikes. *Kiddingwood Farm, Duncan, Kirkmahoe, Dumfries. DG1 1RD*

MACGREGOR-CHRISTIE G. A. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; House Colours; Rugby 2nd XV; Cricket 3rd XI; Hockey 2nd XI; Football 1st XI (Captain); Minor Sports Colours for Football; Able Seaman in Navy. *16, Raeburn Mews, Stockbridge, Edinburgh.*

MCGILVRAY D. J. P. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; Rugby 7th XV (Captain); Hockey 4th XI (Captain); Football 1st XI; Swimming; Debating; D of E Bronze; Junior NCO in RAF. *Gartinstarry Lodge, Buchlyvie, Stirling. FK8 3PD*

PROCTER C. I. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; House Colours; Rugby 3rd XV; Cross country; Debating; D of E Bronze; Drama; Survival; Company Sergeant Major in Army. *Lothlorien, 14, Wilson Road, Banchory, Kincardineshire. AB31 3UY*

ROBERTSON D. C. Came 1988; IV; House Prefect; House Colours, Rugby 2nd XV; Hockey 1st XI, (Full Colours); Football 1st XI; Indoor Hockey (Minor Sports Colours); Under-Officer in Army; Army Summer Stroll Team; Army HCTC Team. *3, Pitcullen Terrace, Perth. PH2 7EQ*

TAYLOR M. A. Came 1986; III; House Prefect; Rugby 3rd XV (Captain); Hockey 1st XI, (Full Colours); Football 1st XI; Summer Hockey 1st XI (Captain); Able Seaman in Navy. *Doune na Ree, Lower Powburn, Fordoun, by Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire.*

TENCH M. S. R. Came 1987; III; School Prefect; Rugby 1st XV; Cricket 1st XI; Hockey 3rd XI; 4th Form Exam Prize; PO in Navy. *Newton of Barras, Stonehaven. AB3 2TU*

LVI

BRADBURY D. A. Came 1988; III; Rugby U16'R'XV; Fishing (Vice-Captain); Photography; Computing. *The Hatton, Waulkmill, Redgorton, Perth. PH1 3HJ*

DUCAT J. B. Came 1988; III; Rugby 5th XV; Athletics. *19, Millside Drive, Peterculter. AB1 0WF*

V

LONG J. S. Came 1989; III; Rugby U16'A'; Cricket U15'C'; Corporal in Army. *Coxhill Farm, Old Carlisle Road, Moffat, Dumfriesshire. DG10 9QN*

III

INGHAM M. J. C. Came 1991; III; Rugby 3rd Form 'A'; Cricket 3rd Form 'C'; Hockey 3rd Form 'C' *Strawfields, Foulden, Berwickshire.*

RUTHVEN

UVI

ARRESTIS N. J. Came 1985; I, 65, *Bailie Drive, Bearsden, Glasgow. G61 3AH*

BURRELL A. M. G. Came 1985; I; Captain of School; Head of Combined Cadet Force; School Prefect; House Prefect; Smith Cup; 1st XV Rugby Sevens; Athletics; Cross country; Swimming; Fencing. *The Grange, Church Street, Galashiels, Ettrick & Lauderdale, Scotland.*

CUTHILL J. W. L. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; 7th XV Rugby; Athletics Team; Tennis; Squash; Skiing; Canoeing; Coxswain in Navy; Bronze D of E. *Easter Kincape, St Andrews, Fife. KY16 9SG*

GRAHAM D. W. D. Came 1986; II; House Prefect; 1st XI Cricket; 1st XI Football; 2nd XI Hockey; 7th XV Rugby; Skiing Team; Debating (Chairman); Squash; Golf; Tennis; NCO; Bronze D of E; French Prize. *31, Garngaber Avenue, Lenzie, Glasgow. G66 4LL*

LOVE P. G. Came 1990; LVI; House Prefect; Petty Officer in Corps. *Midoccean, Banks House, Onchan, Isle of Man, British Isles.*

MACLENNAN G. R. Came 1984; I; School Prefect; Head of House; 1st XV Rugby (Half Colours); 1st XI Hockey (Half Colours); Swimming Team (Half Colours); Athletics Team (Full Colours); Cross-country Team; Lifesaving;

Corporal in Royal Marines; Bronze and Silver D of E. *16c, Drummond Road, Inverness. IV2 4NB*

MILLER S. P. Came 1988; III; 7th XV Rugby; Sub PO in Navy; Bronze D of E. *Ilderton Hall, Wooperton, Alnwick, Northumberland.*

PIGANEAU F. X. M. G. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; 3rd XV Rugby; Shooting Team; Sailing Team; Fencing Team (Captain); Lifesaving Instructor; School Plays; Under Officer in Navy; Bronze, Silver and Gold D of E; House Colours. *21, Rue de la Fontain au Blanc, 78860 St Nom-la-Breteche, France.*

ROSS M. Came 1984; I; House Prefect; 2nd XV Rugby; Athletics Team; Cross-country Team; Corporal in Marines; Silver and Gold D of E. *47, Valentine Drive, Danestone, Aberdeen.*

SCOTT L. J. Came 1990; LVI; House Prefect; 3rd XV Rugby (Captain); Cross-country Team; Football Team; Able Seaman. *Symington House, Symington, Ayrshire. KA1 5GB*

STEWART J. Came 1998; III; House Prefect; Swimming Team. *c/o B C H Graham Jardine Ins Brokers Int Ltd., 6 Crutched Friars, London EC3N 2NT*

TORNOS J. A. Came 1985; I; School Prefect; 1st XV Rugby; Athletics Team (Full Colours); Lance Corporal in Army; House Colours; Maths Prize; Chemistry Prize. *85, Beech Avenue, Nairn, Scotland. IV12 4ST*

WALL E. D. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; Cross-country Team; Under Officer; Bronze, Silver and Gold D of E. *Creich Old Manse, Bonar Bridge, Sutherland, IV24 3AB*

LVI

BARCLAY N. J. Came 1988; III; U16'A' Rugby; U14'B' Cricket; Skiing; Golf; Shooting. *Woodend House, Madderty, Crieff. PH7 3PA*

KEDDIE A. W. Came 1987; II; 1st XV Rugby (Half Colours); 1st XI Hockey (Half Colours); 1st XI Cricket; Basketball Team; 1st XI Football (Full Colours for a Minor Sport); House Colours. *17, Pitcullen Crescent, Pitcullen Guest House, Perth. PH2 7HT*

V

AITKEN J. A. Came 1987; III; 4th XV Rugby; Senior Colts 'B' XI Cricket; Badminton; Swimming; Bronze D of E. *Castlebrae Lodge, Huntingtower, Perth. PH1 3JP*

SANGSTER W. H. Came 1989; III; 6 XV Rugby; 3rd XI Cricket; Lance Corporal in Marines. *2, Benmore Avenue, Montrose, Angus. DD10 9EX*

SIMPSON

UVI

AITKEN P. Came 1988; III; School Prefect; 2nd XV Rugby (Captain); 1st XI Hockey (Half Colours); 3rd XI Cricket; 1st XI Football; Golf; Debating; Head of Motorbike Corps; D of E Bronze and Silver. *Castlebrae Lodge, Huntingtower, Perth. PH1 3JP*

DUNN N. A. Came 1984; I; House Prefect; 1st/2nd XV Rugby; Athletics Team; Cross-country Team; Drama; Head of Marine Corps and Warrant Officer. *Birchfield, Barclay Park, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire. AB34 5JF*

FORSTER S. K. Came 1986; II; House Prefect; 6th/7th XV Rugby; 1st XI Football; Golf Team; Navy; D of E Bronze. *Thornbank House, Thornbank Road, Stranraer. DG9 0EY*

FRASER D. J. Came 1986; II; House Prefect; 7th XV Rugby; 3rd XI Hockey; Summer Hockey; Badminton; Squash; Football; Canoeing; Lifesaving; Survival; Pipe Major; D of E Bronze, Silver and Gold. *Bogside of Brodie, Auldearn, Nairn. IV12 5LE*

KAY K. T. H. Came 1986; II; House Prefect; 1st XV Rugby; Swimming Team; Athletics Team; Victor Ludorum (88/90); Piping. *c/o 9 Sunborry Place, Dean Village, Edinburgh.*

LEIPER J. A. Came 1986; II; School Prefect; Head of House; 1st XV Rugby; 2nd XI Hockey; 1st XI Football; Orchestra; String Orchestra; Choir; Able Seaman in Navy. *Airryhemming, Glenluce, Wigtownshire. OX8 0NP*

MACKENZIE N. R. L. Came 1985; I; House Prefect; 1st XI Cricket (Full Colours); 2nd XI Hockey; 1st XI Football; 3rd XV Rugby; 2nd Indoor Hockey Team (Captain); Skiing; Golf; Tennis; Lifesaving; House Colours. *Parks Farm, Inverness. IV1 2AA*

MACMILLAN D. A. W. Came 1990; LVI; House Prefect; 7th XV Rugby; 4th XI Hockey. *Hill Lodge West, 1 Cockburnhill Road, Balerno, Midlothian. EH14 7HY*

MCDONALD C. F. P. Came 1984; I; House Prefect; 2nd XI Cricket (Captain); 1st XI Hockey; 1st V Squash (Captain) (Full Colours for a minor sport); Lifesaving; D of E Bronze and Silver; Economics Prize. *c/o Mr A J McDonald, HQ SSVC, BFPO 29*

MUIR B. M. I. Came 1990; LVI; House Prefect; 2nd XV Rugby; Athletics Team; Football Team; Skiing Team; PO in Navy; William Tattersall Art Prize. *48, Castle Court, Kings Gardens, Newton Mearns, Glasgow.*

ROSS G. Came 1987; III, House Prefect; 7th XV Rugby; Sergeant in CCF; D of E Bronze. *Marnaba, Shore Street, Shandwick, Tain, Ross-shire.*

SCHMIDT-RIECHE D. W. Came 1986; II; House Prefect; 7th XV Rugby; Curling Team; Football Team; Squash; Tennis; Skiing. *Schwanenwik 10, D-2000 Hamburg 76, Germany.*

SIMMERS D. N. Came 1990; LVI; House Prefect; 2nd XV Rugby; Athletics Team (Half Colours); Football; Hockey; Tennis; Golf; Petty Officer; D of E Bronze; House Colours. *Remuera, Kirkhouse Road, Killearn, Glasgow. G63 9NB*

WATT G. H. Came 1984; I; House Prefect; 2nd XI Cricket; Skiing Team; Leading Seaman; D of E Bronze and Silver; English Prize. 27, *Quadrant Road, Newlands, Glasgow.*

YOUNG D. A. Came 1984; I; House Prefect; 3rd XI Cricket; 2nd V Indoor Hockey; Dance Band; Corporal in Marines; D of E Bronze and Silver. *Greenacres, Forgandenny, Perth. PH2 9EG*



Good luck to you all!

THORNBANK

UVI

CLARK J. H. Came 1985; I; House Prefect; 1st XI Hockey (Vice Captain) (Full Colours); 2nd VI Tennis; School Play; Sports Committee; House Colours. *Little Lun, Windygates, Fife. KY8 5KU*

CORRIE J. C. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; Netball Team; Curling Captain; Cross-country Team; Athletics Team (Captain); Orchestra (Leader); Choir;

String Quartet; House Colours; Patrick Grandison Prize for Strings. *Park of Tongland, Kirkcudbright, DG6 4NE*

DEWAR H. L. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; 1st XI Hockey; Athletics Team; Indoor Hockey (Full Colours for Minor Sport); School Plays; Verse-speaking; Drama; Photography; Bronze D of E; House Colours; Art Prize; Senior Reading Prize. 25, *Halyburton Place, Cupar, Fife.*

GRANT L. J. Came 1985; I; School Prefect; Head of House; 3rd XI Hockey; Choir; School Play; House Colours; Biology Prize. 6, *Cunliffe Close, Headley, Epsom, Surrey. KT18 6EG*

MEIKLEJOHN C. K. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; 1st XI Hockey; Indoor Hockey Team; Athletics Team; Rounders Team; Cross-country Team; Orchestra; String Group; Choir; Lifesaving; Silver D of E; Scanlon Cup for All-round Merit. *Blervie, Forres, Moray. IV36 0RH*

MORRIS J. M. Came 1990; LVI; House Prefect; 3rd XI Hockey, Rounders Team, Verse-speaking; House Colours. *Selkirk Arms Hotel, Kirkcudbright, Galloway. DG6 4JG*

MORTON T. J. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; Librarian; 2nd XI Hockey; 1st VI Tennis; Skiing Team; Choir; Orchestra; Wind Band; Typing; Verse-speaking; Lifesaving; Bronze, Silver and Gold D of E; House Colours; German Prize. 12, *Terregles Avenue, Pollokshields, Glasgow. G41 4DQ*

NICOLSON K. L. Came 1990; LVI; House Prefect; 1st VI Tennis (Captain); Rounders Team (Captain); Badminton Team (Captain); Netball Team; Music. *Capelan, 486, Lanark Road West, Balerno, Midlothian. EH14 7AN*

PETERS R. E. K. Came 1991. UVI; House Prefect; Badminton Team; Bronze, Silver and Gold D of E. *Brae of Auchendrane, Ayr. KA7 4TP*

STEPHENS Z. J. Came 1985; I; House Prefect; 1st XI Hockey; Athletics Team; School Play; Music; Bronze D of E. *Kentallen Farm, Aros, Isle of Mull. PA72 6JS*

TILLEY P. C. M. Came 1985; I; House Prefect; 3rd XI Hockey (Captain); Tennis Team. 19, *Chesterfield Court, 110 Dorchester Place, Glasgow. G12 0BW*

TOMLIN C. L. Came 1986; II; School Prefect; 1st XI Hockey; 1st VI Tennis (Captain) (Full Colours); Debating; School Play; Social Committee; House Colours; Business Studies Prize. 6, *Mount Pleasant Mews, Mount Pleasant Road, Brixham, South Devon. TQ5 9YA*

WESTON L. M. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; 3rd XI Hockey; School Play; Bronze D of E; History Prize. *Zeiland, 7, Thorn Road, Bearsden, Glasgow. G61 4BS*

V

TAYLOR R. J. E. Came 1988; II; 2nd XI Hockey; Athletics Team (Junior Vixtrix Ludorum); Swimming Team; Cricket; Cooking. *Mullinure, Armagh. BT61 9EL*

WOODLANDS

UVI

ALLEN S. B. Came 1990; LVI; House Prefect; Skiing Team; Badminton Team; Art Prize. *Druimgrianach, Cuil Bay, Duror of Appin, Argyll*

CLAYTON F. M. Came 1985; I; Head of House; School Prefect; 1st XI Hockey; Bronze and Silver D of E. *Bank House, Dornie, Kyle of Lochalsh, Ross-shire.*

CUST J. E. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; 1st Netball Team; Swimming Team; Shooting Team; Golf; Cricket. *Clutharden, 1, Upper Adelaide Street, Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire. G84 7HT*

DUNLOP T. J. Came 1989; IV; Badminton Team; School Play; Debating (Chairman); Verse-speaking; Politics Prize. *Ballinloan, Dunallastair, By Pitlochry, Perthshire. PH16 5PE*

ENGLISH L. J. Came 1991; UVI; House Prefect; Badminton Team; Golf; Community Services; Bronze, Silver and Gold D of E. *Coppings, 29, Fullarton Drive, Troon, Ayrshire.*

GRAINGER F. M. Came 1990; LVI; House Prefect; Netball Team; School Play. *Mid-Balgunning Farm, Balfron Street, Balfron, Glasgow. G63 0NF*

GRIFFITH A. L. Came 1989; LVI; House Prefect; 3rd XI Hockey; Fencing Team; Skiing Team; Rounders; Survival. *Via Cipriana 5, 00046, Gotta Ferrata, Rome, Italy.*

HUTCHISON F. M. M. Came 1987; III; School Prefect; 1st Netball Team (Captain); Rounders Team (Captain); Bronze, Silver and Gold D of E; CDT and Geography Prizes. *Kinlochlaich House, Appin, Argyll.*

LOW F. G. L. Came 1985; I; House Prefect; Badminton Team; School Play; Music; House Colours. *Ardseileach, 2, Ardgate, Shandon, Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire. G84 8WW*

STEVENS B. L. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; 1st XI Hockey (Captain); Cricket Team (Captain); Swimming Team; Athletics Team; Fencing; Corporal in Pipe Band. *The Old Railway Station, Walkerburn, Peeblesshire. EH43 6DD*

LVI

JOHNSTONE J. E. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; Skiing; Verse-speaking; Community Service; Bronze D of E; House Colours. *Beechlea, 6B, Burn Road, Inverness.*

V

McAVOY G. C. Came 1989; III; 3rd XI Hockey; Tennis Team; School Play; Verse-speaking; Athletics; Music; Bronze D of E. *Horsehill Farm, Waterside, Ayrshire.*

MILLER N. C. M. Came 1989; III; Swimming Team; Rounders Team; Choir; Music; Community Service; Bronze D of E. *Roselea, 4, Taylor Street, Forfar, Angus.*

OBITUARY

C. P. HEWSON (Died 21st June 1992) Housemaster, Riley. 1958-1975

Philip Hewson was a remarkable Housemaster, a remarkable Schoolmaster and a remarkable man. In a fast-changing world, he represented what he considered the unchanging and essential values of dedication, honesty, hard work and integrity and, in his heyday, the good sense to enjoy himself thoroughly as well. To a generation of Riley boys he was a father-figure, a rock of commonsense who cared deeply for all his pupils, a man who could both be kindness itself to boys who were in trouble and a stickler for authority and discipline with those who caused it. As such, he gained the respect of all who were fortunate enough to be pupils in Riley in his time, and the affection and gratitude of countless boys.

His rigorous approach to schoolmastering, which brooked no casualness or double-dealing, stemmed from the difficulties which beset him in his early life, only overcome by his single-minded determination. Things started well enough. The second son of a vicar, he received a 5-year Scholarship for St John's Leatherhead at the age of 11. Two years later, his mother died. His father's remarriage coincided with the end of his Scholarship and he was forced to leave St John's at the age of 16 without qualifications, as he had failed Maths in the matriculation exams. He taught for a short time at a Prep School in Surrey, and, soon after the outbreak of war, enlisted in the army, being commissioned firstly in the Northumberland Fusiliers and then in the Indian Army. He spent much of the war in Burma, an experience which he never discussed but which clearly affected him deeply. At the end of the war he was determined to enter University, but had to earn money while trying to secure the necessary qualifications. He taught at Hurst Grange and at a Diplomats' School in Paris, passed his exams and entered Edinburgh University. As he had no grant and little money, he spent his evenings acting as a House Tutor in the Royal High School boarding house. Eventually, ten years or so later than might normally be expected, he secured his degree, and came to Strathallan, as House Tutor in Riley, in 1953. In a span of about 15 years, he had undergone real hardship, real loneliness and many real difficulties, and, in Burma, had been close to death several times. It is no surprise, therefore, that in his later years he was so contemptuous and dismissive of lesser mortals who found it inconvenient to tackle minor problems, like learning Latin Prep.

Many of those who did not know him as a Housemaster, knew him as a Latin teacher. He was devoted to his subject



Mr Hewson in 1953.

and meticulous in his preparation and teaching, and expected the same from his pupils. Those of like mind benefited greatly from his instruction, enjoyed their lessons and achieved good results. Those who attempted resistance were, quite simply, made to do it and to learn it.

All, even the weakest, gained from the experience, even if they did not think so at the time. He applied the same methods to his Riley boys. He was too wise to expect boys always to do their best or to behave themselves but, when support and encouragement failed, nobody could have been firmer in exacting just retribution. On one occasion a boy had failed to complete an imposition by the end of term and had gone home: a phone call from Philip to Glasgow, and back came the boy. His father, it should be noted, had such faith in Philip's judgement that he didn't question the necessity for this. Certainly no other master in my time at Strathallan was held in such high esteem by the parents.

The high value placed on integrity derived from his religious faith as well as his early experiences. Chapel and Prayers, morning and evening, he regarded as vital and he took pride in involving the pupils as much as possible. Every Sunday evening, he had Scripture Union meetings for the boys. This was no lip-service to a distant God, but a living faith which permeated all he did.

With such high standards personally, he could not fail to be dismayed by what he saw as the decline of them, nationally and in school, throughout the late 70s and 80s. He could not adapt to changing customs, and in his last years at Strathallan was a sad figure, hurt by falling stan-

dards. Yet, in his housemaster years, he had provoked much affectionate humour when as 'Polly' or as 'Neb', he had amused all and sundry by his common phrases – everyone was 'man'; 'mort' was his word for a lot; anything was better than 'a slap in the belly with a wet fish'; and cricketers will always remember to 'play it from under the chin'.

Yes, cricketers, and sportsmen in general, were what Philip lived for most at Strathallan. He was a quite unforgettable coach. Totally dedicated to the cause, he would spend hours and hours every week developing boys' batting, and with what results! Several unbeaten seasons, not only at Cricket, but also at Rugby and Hockey, bear testimony to his enthusiasm and his prowess as a coach, and every game had to be played in the proper spirit. Nothing could have been a more appropriate epitaph than the night he chose to die. On that Sunday, England and Pakistan played out one of the most exciting Test match finishes for years; and that night, Colin Montgomerie, a Riley boy in Philip's last term as Housemaster, nearly won the U.S Open Golf Tournament. Back in that last term, Lathallan had bowled Riley out for 30. Disaster! Philip's teams were made of sterner stuff, though, and largely through Colin, promptly bowled Lathallan out for 27, such a spirit did he inspire in his boys.

This was just one vivid example I recall, but all former Riley boys, and many others, will have their own personal memories of things Philip did, or said, to help them on their way through life. On reflection, I am sure he will be regarded, not just as a great Schoolmaster, but as a real friend.

M. J. E. Wareham



Mr Hewson in his retirement.

STRATHALLIAN CLUB

GRAHAM JOHNSTON — President of the Strathallian Club 1991/1992

Graham was at Strathallan from 1955-1962 after which he graduated LIB at Edinburgh University in 1963 and BA at University College, Oxford, in 1966. He claims that both at School and University his sporting career was interrupted by examinations. In spite of that he played a lot of cricket and won his Oxford University Golf Blue from 1966-68.

He became a Writer to the Signet in 1970 (though the Signet never got any of his writings!) and was a partner in Hagart & Burn-Murdoch W S from 1973 until 1982 when he was appointed Sheriff for Grampian Highlands and Islands based at Aberdeen. In 1985 he became Sheriff at Glasgow and Strathkelvin, where Old Strathallians try to avoid appearing before him.

His achievements — “Not a lot,” he says, but as Editor of the Scottish Civil Law Reports 1986-1992, Hon. Fellow of the Institute of Professional Investigators, Hon. President of the Family Law Association and the Strathclyde Step Families Association, on the Council of the Sheriff's Association and the Strathclyde Family Conciliation Service, he must be doing something with his spare time! He also is a part-time lecturer at the Universities of Glasgow and Strathclyde and an Examiner for Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities.

His interests? Word Processing, (have you ever had a letter from his word-processor?), Bridge, Crosswords and Strathallan.

He is the middle of three generations of Johnstons at Strathallan and he has been a hard-working President of the Club, full of new ideas for cementing the relationship between the School and the Club. Both are most appreciative of all he has done during his year of office.



STATHALLAN SCHOOL SONG

As requested by Mr R. A. Wilson (1936) we reprint the words of the Strathallan School Song. The words are by Maurice Norton and the music by Cecil Sharman. Apart from a special recording for the school play it has not been sung for many years.

1 We come from Scotland's counties,
And from lands beyond the foam,
To partake of Learning's bounties
Where we make awhile our home.
Here is found the mould of manhood,
Which shall fit us for the strife,
Bidding us forget our own good,
And to play the game through life.

Chorus: Strath! Strath! This be our cry
When battle is ranging and danger is nigh.
Remember the honour surrounding the name
And strive for the School and the game.

2 When hopes of gain grow dimmest,
Then is forged the finer soul,
In the struggle at its grimmest,
When the varying fortunes roll,
There's no place for idling coward,
Nor for him that spares his whole:
Only he with grit endower'd
Shall at length attain the goal.

Chorus: Strath! Strath! etc.

3 When time shall far asunder
Scatter those foregathered now,
They will be to worlds a wonder
With the victor's crown on brow.
Though they walk in shades Elysian,
Still in voices like a sigh,
Shall arise in their division
Echoes of their former cry.

Chorus: Strath! Strath! etc.

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Music printed behind Strathallian Club
News on pages 78 and 79.

DINNER FOR STRATHALLIANS LEAVING SCHOOL 1978-82

SATURDAY 28 MARCH 1992

100 STRATHALLIANS an' a' an' a'

We were most encouraged by the large numbers who managed to attend, and we spent a very friendly, chatty, (noisy), companionable and happy evening renewing old friendships, seeing the developments of the School, getting news of Old Strathallians and generally enjoying ourselves.

We were most indebted to the Chairman and Headmaster for the invitation and for the presence of Sheriff A.G. Johnstone, President of the Club, and I. Q. Jones, representing the Governors. A real joy of the evening was to welcome Lady Members of the Club for the first time at one of these 'year' dinners, some of whom had abandoned husbands and babies to be with us.

Our special thanks go to Craig Young and his staff for the excellent meal, and for serving more than 50 cooked breakfasts; to the Staff of Thornbank and Woodlands for preparing and clearing up the bedroom facilities; to Lyn Smith for her help and forbearance in Thornbank; to the Bursar's staff for acting again as furniture removers; and to Mrs Wylie and her Staff for getting the Main Building ready for us.

We are sincerely grateful, too, to Geoff Bolton and his musicians for their excellent playing and to the Pipe Major — all of whom gave up holiday time. Finally, thanks to P. Aitken and P. Goody — our amateur barmen.

SPECIAL AWARDS

Bear-baiting Cup: T. F. McClung & partners
Captain of Winning Basketball Team: K. Noble
Chat-up-Cozzy Competition: Joint Winners C. Rowe, L. G. Richmond
Dormouse Award: P. R. Peddie
Early Rising Competition: R. J. Barlas
Fisher's Laundry Cup: W. Baird
Family Attendance Award: Turnbull Bros plc
Grab-the-Sleeping-Bag Comp: R. R. MacLeod
Hunt the Handbag: E. McCrae
Master of Disguise: J. R. Barcroft
Old Crocks Race: R. K. Dobbie
Strathallan Hong Kong Sevens Cup: M. W. Lightbody & G. J. Forbes
Senior X-Country: G. F. G. Mackenzie
Swimming Cup: NOT AWARDED

Silent Movies Oscar: Mr G. Bolton
R. Arumagam
R. Townhill
N. Wilson

The Flower of Scotland Award: Pipe Major D. Fraser

Travelling Scholarship: W. Kleeman

The Chairman awarded the 1992 Noise Abatement Award to the assembled Company.

The Sermon was preached by the Reverend R. Bear.

Those attending were:

Arumagam R. (Musician)	Doig R. J. S.
Bain D. J.	Drummond L. J. (Rhodes)
Baird A. C. B.	Du Boulay N. T. H. (Staff)
Baird H. D. W.	Elkins H. D.
Baird W.	Fairbairn A. C.
Barcroft J. R.	Fairbairn T. C. G. (ex-Staff)
Barlas A. D.	Fairley A. E.
Barlas R. J.	Forbes G. J.
Bell S. R.	Fraser D. (Pipe Major)
Benzies F. S.	Galashan A. F. R.
Bolton G. (Staff)	Galloway R. G.
Brewster R. J.	Genasi P. P.
Caithness A. B.	Glennie A. D. S.
Caithness C. G.	Glimm K. (Staff)
Calder A. L.	Hamilton-Smith G. P.
Campbell C. B.	Hobhouse J. P. (Bridges)
Clayton J. F. (Staff)	Hooper A. J. P.
Coard T. J.	Hughes J. T.
Coleman J. A. R.	Hunter J. M.
Dinsmore J. W. - Chairman	Irwin R. J.
Dobbie R. K.	Johnston A. G. — President

Jones I. Q. — Governor	Pighills C. D. - Headmaster
Kinder G.	Raeside C. N.
Kleeman W.	Raeside S. D.
Lee P. S. H.	Reynolds D. J. M.
Lewis J. S.	Richmond L. G. (Frame)
Lightbody M. W.	Robson D. A.
Livingston J. M. C.	Rowe C.
MacEwan G. C. (Gilmour)	Russell M. A.
Mackenzie G. F. G.	Shepherd A. O.
MacLachlan K. I.	Shepherd K. W. A.
MacLeod C. A.	Simpson S. D.
MacLeod R. R.	Sinclair G. F.
MacLeod T. J. (Staff)	Smillie K. S.
Macmillan F. S.	Spens D. M.
Macphie A. C. S.	Steedman C. M.
McClung T. F.	Stevenson S. A.
McCrae E.	Straiton C. T.
McDougall J. B.	Taylor D. N.
McDougall N. L.	Thompson J. A.
McGillivray C. M.	Townhill R. (Musician)
McIntosh J. D.	Turnbull J. M.
McKenzie-Smith A. J.	Turnbull S. R.
McLaren A. H.	Turnbull W. J. C.
McLaren D. A.	Tyser W. P.
McPhail J.	Walker I. H.
Millar C. J.	Watson P. G. C.
Muir P. L.	White G.
Murton L. J.	Williams D. A. R. (Staff)
Niven I. A.	Williams Mrs K. (ex-Staff)
Noble K.	Wilson N. (Musician)
Norval A. G.	Wishart G.
Ogilvie I. G.	Wordie W. E.
Peddie P. R.	

HONG KONG DINNER

Brian Raine was host to a dinner for Strathallians, parents and prospective parents at the Hong Kong Overseas Bankers' Club, The Landmark, Hong Kong, on 7 April 1992, during his visit to the Hong Kong Sevens. The Chief Guest was John Gray (1951) of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank.

Those accepting the invitation were Mr D. and Capt A. Barton, Mr and Mrs R. Dewar, Brian Parker, Chris Dobson, John Gray, Jimmy Linn, Mr and Mrs A. M. Paul, Rod Powrie, Alan Pearson, Tui Orr, Glenn Smith, Mr and Mrs S. McBride, Viv Cornish, Mr and Mrs A. Ball, Capt and Mrs D. Penry, Stuart Smith and Mr and Mrs E. MacKay.

Brian was particularly grateful to Roy and Ann Dewar for all their help.



Mr John Gray and Mrs McBride.

THE LONDON DINNER — 1992

The London Dinner was held in the Caledonian Club on the 6th of March. Michael Bucher was in the Chair and, as usual, there were no official speeches though Graham Johnston, the President of the Club, and Cosmo Fairbairn — on behalf of the Headmaster, both said a few words.

Those present included:

D. Anderson, N. Avern, D. Barr, P. Beaton-Brown, S. Beaton-Brown, J. Beckman, A. Bucher, M. and Mrs Bucher, D. Bullough, G. S. Caldwell, N. M. Corbett, M. Cressford, M. F. d'Angibau, J. S. d'Angibau, I. Eastwood, T. C. G. Fairbairn, J. F. Fawcett, A. J. Fleming, A. G. Johnston, T. L. Harrison, W. N. S. Hoare, K. R. Hunter, P. D. Hunter, A. Innes, W. H. Jack, R. Kilpatrick, S. H. Lait, D. M. Lawson, J. Lusk, G. MacDonald (and Mike), W. A. Macmillan, B. E. Marr, A. D. D. McCallum, A. Nairn, J. Nairn, A. M. Pate, N. D. L. Paterson, D. Pirrie, S. Ritchie, W. C. Roy, D. Sinclair, K. Skea (and Steve), M. J. Steele, A. Stuart, D. Thain, R. Thomas, J. Wilson and A. Whittingham. The Secretary apologises if there are any omissions.

The London Club keeps a record of all Strathallians who are Members of the Club and whose addresses are in England and Wales. They have a special Membership with an introductory/recession offer of membership for only £5! All those interested should please contact a Member of the Committee.

The Committee would like to thank the following for donations:

R. A. Broadwood, I. Campbell, G. Carrie, C. M. T. Cornish, B. J. F. Crawford, J. A. Davidson, A. E. Dawson, J. Dove, R. C. Dow, A. J. Durie, M. Evans, A. W. Ferguson, E. Ferguson, E. M. Grant, R. Gjertson, J. T. M. Hart, W. N. S. and Mrs Hoare, B. W. Hutton, E. J. M. Inglis, F. C. Kelly, R. I. M. Kerr, P. A. K. Laband, R. D. Linton, R. Logan, D. S. MacCallum, E. V. Mackay, R. Martin, D. McCallum, A. Morrison, H. R. Postlethwaite, R. Peacock, H. Scott, S. Thomas, P. J. Tulloch, A. D. G. Widdowson and G. S. Watson.

The London Branch is most grateful for the support from wives who attended the Dinner, and they would like to thank Helen Morgan for all her work in setting up the database and other administration.

The London Dinner for 1993 will be held in the Caledonian Club on Friday, 12 March.

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From: Emma McNamara (1991)
Cultura Inglesa Salvador,
Rua Plinio Moscoso 57,
Jardim Apipema,
40, 155 Salvador,
Bahia, Brazil.
January 1992

It has taken a while, but I think I have almost got used to being a teacher. Quick, on the spot grammar explanations seem to be becoming easier at last, and I now find myself giving logical answers to things rather than scribbling awkward cartoons on the board. The last month of the semester at the Cultura was taken up with preparing for and marking exams, and so was quite busy. I think that this time is more daunting than any other, and you are really inspired to try your hardest at teaching, especially when you look at the students' worried faces, and realise that their complete trust is in you and that they are hanging on your every word and taking it as gospel. Responsibility begins to loom!

Despite this, the atmosphere in the classroom is relaxed and friendly, especially since a lot of my students are around my age. It was even quite sad at the end of the semester saying all the "goodbyes and good lucks". Next semester I will be taking more classes, (at least 4) and I just hope the students will be as keen and co-operative as those of the previous semester.

Likewise, our work at the orphanage is continuing to go well. Unfortunately, because of our teaching programme at the Cultura, we are not able to spend as much time as we would like on this side of the pro-

ject, but what time we do spend is enjoyable and, hopefully, useful.

Despite their situation, the children there are always extremely cheerful, and surprisingly the novelty of Claire and me appearing at the orphanage every week has not worn off. They still run up to us, screaming with (what we interpret as!) delight! — here are 2 gullible victims who will sit patiently while they play hairdressers — unfortunately a favourite game — even with boys.

It is both amusing and touching to see what simple things grab their interest as it is obviously a direct reflection of their deprivation. For example, my contact lenses are a point of marvel and complete fascination. Every time we go there they religiously form a queue to tap my "plastic eyes" (with frighteningly grubby fingers!). If any stray computer print-out papers happen to blow over the walls from the federal police next door, they spend hours making kites or just chasing them round their playground.

The energy they possess is quite unbelievable. Unfortunately, it is all too often spent on less pleasant pastimes, like tearing apart large grasshopper-like insects limb from limb, and extracting the 'juice' by jumping on them, but then I suppose an interest in biology has to start somewhere! Making Claire and me sprint races non-stop for half an hour, or watching us do cartwheels and handstands is another favourite form of amusement.

Many of the children there also seem to be budding "Capoeira" experts. Capoeira is a very popular pastime here. It is a martial art

which was brought over by African slaves and has since developed into a ritualistic dance. It is very complicated and involves many intricate moves, giving the appearance of combat, but with every 'blow' that is struck the two fighters/dancers skilfully miss each other by a hairsbreadth, moving in a fluid and beautiful sequence. Capoeira necessitates a hard, dedicated training, a supple body and a complete lack of fear for one's personal safety. The children at the orphanage certainly have the latter two attributes and love to throw themselves undaunted from the top of their climbing frame (this in itself would defy many safety standards) or leap into petrifying back-flips from the kerb of the road. They cannot seem to understand why Claire and I will not do the same!

Since being here I have also visited one of the favelas in the city. One of my colleagues at the Cultura happens to be a medical student and a group from his university are doing a project on diarrhoea in infants in the slum areas. One day I went with them to help. What they do is to record cases of diarrhoea and then do a survey involving a questionnaire about how things are washed and whether water is sterilised etc. and dioralyte solutions are handed out. The mothers are given information about water and general cleanliness. For all the money spent on antibiotics, I think that just sitting people down and educating them is twice as valuable. It is astonishing how naive some of the mothers are about hygiene — the correlation between the cases of diarrhoea and houses without water filters is shockingly accurate.

STRATHALLIAN GOLF CLUB

MATCH VERSUS KELVINSIDE ACADEMICALS JUNE 30th 1991.

This year the match was played at St Andrews over both the New Course and the Eden Course. Apart from the struggle to raise the 8 players needed for play in the morning and afternoon, the Old Boys failed to capitalise on their 3-1 lead from the morning's play over the Eden Course. Possibly our relaxed lunch or the high number of personnel being unavailable for the afternoon's play were to blame, the final score ended up a 3 to 4 loss. Once again we narrowly failed to grasp the trophy.

ANNUAL MEETING - PRESTWICK 25th AUGUST, 1991.

A good turnout of 20 players were treated to a Prestwick Course in excellent condition, but with blustery, showery weather to contend with. The re-appearance of Nick Fleming signalled his recapitulation of the Scratch Salver—his last appearance was also victorious—with a comfortable 7 stroke margin over David A. S. White. The handicap trophy saw a new name on it, that of John E. Hamilton, with a net score of 67. The par of the course is 71, although on that day it was probably nearer 73, which was a highly creditable performance particularly since Nick Fleming was beaten (!) into second place with a 69 total.

After the usual Prestwick lunch with its aperitif of Kummel or Port, David Sharpe produced an arresting total of 39 Stableford points to capture the Stableford trophy, beating Fergus McMillan into second place with 37 points. Very good scoring round this difficult course. The appearance of Nigel Smith and George Kitson representing the School Masters continues our links with the school, which is very much to be encouraged, particularly as recent school leavers do not appear to take much interest in the Golf Section.

OLD BOYS VERSUS THE SCHOOL

SUNDAY, 5th SEPTEMBER, 1991.

This fixture was revived in an effort to encourage the links between present and

past pupils. This year the event was held at Elie Golf House Club, a location previously favoured in days gone by. The School were bolstered to 8 players with the addition of School Masters Nigel Smith and George Kitson. The format of better-ball four balls was played for 2 rounds over the Links course with the inevitable victory for the Old Boys only being secured after some tight matches, the final result of which did not reflect the hard fought effort from the Boys. (For the record, we won 5-3). It is hoped that this fixture will be contested on a more regular basis, although term-time commitments do prove to be obstacles.

QUEEN ELIZABETH 26th/27th SEPTEMBER 1991

This annual event, held at the Royal Burgess Club, has not been won by the Strathallians before. This year's competition did not change that story, although a brief flicker of hope existed after the Saturday victories over Old Fettesians and Old Grammarians. The Sunday morning Match against Merchistonians brought out the best in our team. The first and second pairs had won and lost respectively, leaving the third pairing of D.A.S. White and R. Goodfellow carrying our hopes. This match required something special to decide the outcome, which a winning Merchistonian birdie 3, at the 21st hole, certainly was. For the second time in 3 years, extra holes proved to be the weak point in the Strathallian armour and the loss of the hole was our exit point, but only after a very tight match.

The team that weekend was J. T. Moffat, K. C. Grant, R. I. Williamson, A. S. McInroy, D. A. S. White and R. Goodfellow.

SCOTTISH WAYFARERS 21st/22nd MARCH, 1992

The weekend camaraderie and bonhomie that the Stenhouse Quaich competition creates was given even greater enjoyment by the pleasant weather granted to the competitors. For the second year running the Old Boys surpassed themselves by not coming last, instead managing a very creditable 3rd place with 3 vic-

tories from 5 matches. Our bogey sides of Merchistonians and Lorettonians continued to collect our scalps—but one day we will triumph!

The team that weekend was S. Lowden, G. S. Lowden, H. MacFarlane, S. Stevenson, K. G. MacLeod, I. Q. Jones, A. D. G. Duncan, D. Montgomerie.

GRAFTON MORRISH QUALIFIER 8th MAY, 1992

A record of only one Qualification for the Finals was not endangered. This annual six man team effort over Brunsfield does not enjoy the best of support. This year our effort was further hindered by inclement weather in the form of difficult wind and driving rain. Whilst the conditions were the same for all 9 schools participating, the Strathallians were not able to finish better than 7th.

The team that day was J. N. Fleming, A. S. McInroy, F. McMillan, A. D. G. Duncan, H. MacFarlane and J. S. Lowden.

LONDON SCOTTISH SCHOOLS — DENHOLM 1st JULY, 1992

In recent years this competition has proved difficult for the London area Strathallians—firstly in finding sufficient players and secondly in finding a respectable finishing placement. This year the news is one of a very good team performance. The four man team of S. Lowden, G. Allen, K. MacLachlan and D. Thomas (Captain) produced an extremely good 'best 3' Stableford score of 111 points to finish a highly creditable 2nd place from 21 teams, being beaten by Stewarts Melville with 120 points. (I wonder who their handicap Secretary is!). Well done gentlemen! Better luck next year.

Anyone interesting in joining the Golf Section should contact Hamish MacFarlane, 9 Craigelvan Grove, Condorrat, Cumbernauld, G67 4RU. New Recruits always welcome.

STRATHALLIAN SKI CLUB

Newly founded! Contact Hamish Steedman, 031 445 5536 at Woodlands, 6 High Buckstone, Edinburgh, EH10 6XS.

ROUND TABLERS

Strathallian has recently produced a crop of Round Tablers in Tayside who have been or are about to be Chairman.

"The Round Table Chairman is an organiser among equals, leads his meetings and displays dedication."—The Tabler Magazine. Does this reflect the Spirit of Strathallian?

Douglas Benzie (1970-75) was Chairman of Blairgowrie in the 1991/92 season.

David Pate (1969-74) is Chairman of Forfar in the season 1992/93.

Alistair Inglis (1973-78) is Chairman of Montrose in the season 1992/93.

Richard Voigt (1970-76) is Vice-Chairman of Perth 200.

Mike Kirk (1970-74) is a longstanding member of Perth 200.

Brian Raine was also a prominent Tabler in his day with Perth 200.

Any other Strathallian considering joining Round Table should contact Douglas Benzie on 0250 875509.

METAMORPHOSIS

(A Colonial view of Strath from the inside, 1937-41)

"I think you'll find things a bit different here from what you've been accustomed to".

With a firm grip on my arm Harry Riley, Esquire guided me through the portal into Main House. The car bearing my parents out of my daily life had already disappeared behind the giant rhododendron bush as they began their return journey to Alexandria. Christmas Term 1937 was two days off. My first sight of The Headmaster, as was my last, four years later, was of him wearing his favourite dark brown suit with a light pinstripe, a mortar board set squarely on his shiny pate.

Attendance at the Boy Scout Jamboree in Holland that July had set the seal on my early years as a Colonial. In swift succession there followed a rendezvous with my parents in Paris, outfitting at Brown Muff's in Dundee, where I acquired among a multitude of other things, an enormous brass-bound cabin trunk, then an introductory visit to Strath.

I was to be in Freeland House for the whole of my stay and was allocated a bed in Bedroom 'D', otherwise known as the Drawing Room (as it had been in the original Ruthven manor). On the day following my arrival the rest of the 192 denizens began to appear.

"Are you a new boy?"

"Yes"

"Why are you so brown?"

"I swim in the sea every day."

"Where?"

"Alexandria, in Egypt."

"EGYPT!! Hey, listen fellows. He's from Eee-gypt!"

What with Joe Louis doing his stuff in the boxing world and my deep tan, it was only hours before I acquired the nickname "Brown Bomber" which stuck to me for four years. For the first ten days I concentrated hard on fitting in, doing all the right things at the right time as to the manner born. Not always easy.

"Stop running in the corridor!" I came to a grinding halt in my belated trajectory towards Chapel. "What's your name?"

"Er — Whitton". We hadn't been introduced so I ventured, "What's yours?"

"Don't be cheeky, or I'll see you after tea". How was I to know he was the Captain of School!

A life of ordered routine was generously spiced with traumata. After breakfast during my first week I was approached in the corridor by a Freeland House Prefect.

"Are you a swimmer?"

At last, I thought, here was my chance. Ten years of swimming in the Mediterranean had given me unequalled

confidence.

"Yes", I waxed enthusiastic, "I'm pretty fast".

"Right. Swimming bath tomorrow at seven for new boys' trials".

"After prep", I muttered more in confirmation than as a question as I began to turn away.

"BEFORE BREAKFAST, BOY! Och, you're no in bloody Egypt now you know!"

My sunkissed flesh crinkled instantaneously as I dived into the glacial water and the survival imperative got me tearing up the swimming bath for two lengths and out well ahead of the opposition. Which was a pity really, because that put me into the House team for keeps — and I loathe cold water.

Culinary delicacies included 'rugger boots' for lunch on Saturday. This was roast beef that required a masticatory perseverance that was startling for the uninitiated. The pudding that B. S. Robertson refers to (The Strathallian 1990/91) was inevitably named Oxygen Pudding — quite simply because it was colourless, odourless and tasteless! Mr Cole was gratified that we had at least learnt something in his Chemistry classes.

At lunch on one occasion Mr W. E. Ward the Maths and Physics Master took his place in front of the soup tureen while the order was passed up the table — "Ten soups". He had a keen sense of humour, and as the boy who was assisting him ended an obviously amusing anecdote, Mr Ward laughed out aloud — Lo!.....his false teeth fell into the soup! While he fished around in the murky depths with the ladle the amended order was passed up the table — "No soups!"

Easter and Christmas holidays I could spend at Strath or with my aunt in Yorkshire. On two occasions after the war cut me off from my home in Egypt, I was very glad to accept the warm hospitality of Jeff Keighley's parents and home. Jeff and I were close friends for the whole of the four-year period.

One Easter holiday while I was practising golf strokes on the lawn, Mr Riley (we always called him The Boss) beckoned me into his study. I thought I was about to be ticked off for slicing a mashie shot so badly that the ball had curved away to bounce off a concrete mullion in the large window of his study. Instead he handed me a 12-bore shotgun together with two cartridges. He showed me the safety catch and how to break the gun.

"Go into the woods and see if you can get a rabbit for tea".

I couldn't bring myself to tell him that I

had never fired a shot-gun in my life. So off I went.

Years of living in the Middle East had made me wary of snakes, so that while I was pushing my way through the undergrowth on the hillside at the far side of the lawn and heard a sudden rustling among the dried leaves to my left, I jumped. The gun, which I was carrying cocked across my body with the muzzle pointing to the ground, went off. Subsequent investigation revealed one recently shot rabbit! The Boss invited me to share it with him for tea. I didn't think it necessary to go into too much detail about how I had tracked it.

Another very close friend of mine was 'Chung' (Goo'lord!) Harkness who, I believe, was later shot down and killed while flying his Spitfire in combat. Since his home was in West Africa (I think his father was a Medical Officer in the Colonial Service) we often spent the short holidays at Strath together.

'Chung' was nothing if not enterprising. After one sortie to Perth together to see the Canadian ice-skating ace, Red McArtney soar over six (or was it seven?) barrels laid side by side, nothing would do but that we should emulate the feat on the following day on the deep-frozen School pond. We would start simple and work up. Winding his massive frame up to an impressive speed 'Chung' hurtled towards the single barrel we had placed in position and heaved himself mightily into the air. He rose a whole inch above the surface of the ice, there was a loud dull 'CLUNK!', a high-stifled "Goo'lord!" (his favourite expletive) and he disappeared in a forward roll with flailing limbs. He wasn't in the Sani for too long!

Harry Riley was a stickler for good manners, protocol and 'playing the game' and he required that School Sports Day, when parents, relatives and friends visited the School, should be regarded by every boy as an opportunity to act as host.

On the occasion of Sports Day in 1940 two mirages appeared in the sky above Strath and began to beckon irresistibly to both 'Chung' and myself. One was that the film 'Dawn Patrol' was showing at the cinema in Perth. The other was that we thought we were somehow absolved from the need to act as hosts by the fact that we were separated from our homes by 'the enemy'. Moreover we were both daft on flying and it wasn't many months before both of us seemed to be spending the greater part of our working life in a cockpit. Against all orders we broke bounds and took the train into Perth.

A great film, we agreed enthusiastically

as we came out of the cinema into the bright sunlight. Why don't we go somewhere forUGH!!

The ground suddenly caved in under us as we simultaneously saw him. Harry Riley, Esquire, standing square in front of the entrance waiting to welcome us back into the Alvis, his ruddy cheeks aquiver, eyes blazing behind his spectacles. The journey back to Strath was ominously silent.

After supper I was summoned first from the dormitory by Jimmy Smith, the School Captain. The Boss was fuming. The lecture was distressful. The ensuing ten minutes were among the most painful I can remember as 'The Biff' came into full play.

Still — it had been a super film.

But the Summer hols were something else. Very special. In 1938 and 1939 I was to spend the eight weeks at home, in Egypt. I was allowed to leave Strath three days before the end of Term to begin the delightful safari to the sunny, blue Mediterranean. First Mr Riley drove me to Perth Station in the Alvis, then followed an overnight sleeper to London where a taxi ferried me over to Victoria Station to join the rest of the Colonials to be 'taken charge of' by the First Officer of the chartered ship waiting at Marseilles. Another overnight journey via Paris and Lyons to Marseilles brought us to the Khedivial Mail Line ship for a five-day cruise to Alexandria.

The declaration of war caught me in Egypt. I had to fly back to Southampton in the Imperial Airways flying boat Ceres to avoid the risk of being torpedoed, and I realised sadly that the enemy would be active between me and my family for goodness knew how long.

As I. H. H. Fraser wrote in his article (The Strathallian, 1990/91) the sinews of war caught Strath in its coils slowly, but inexorably. At the paper stand in the Common Room we read about the torpedoing of the 'Athenia' and the sinking of HM Submarine 'Thetis' with over ninety crew trapped aboard, alive, to die a horrible slow death from asphyxia. Mr Riley's secret weapon, the butter machine, was introduced and duly installed. News of the evacuation of Dunkirk came to us in the Common Room with a feeling of total unreality — was this really happening to us? Even when The Boss at Sunday chapel called for prayers for those involved, it was all hard to grasp.

Meanwhile the RAF was 'sweating it out' as it prepared for The Battle of Britain.

The stark reality of the war hit us one day when Mr Riley addressed a meeting of S5 and S6 boys in the Grubroom Study (the Grubroom was the lowest Authority in the School hierarchy — there wasn't anything lower). There was a threat of attack by parachutists. Strath must play its part. A local LDV (Local Defence Volunteer) Force was to be formed immediately and there was to be a School pla-

toon. As we headed for the rugger field subsequently for a practice game, it was interesting to see how many of us had acquired a new-found interest in gazing skywards.

In the following weeks Army uniforms were issued, we were given Black Watch badges to fix to our forage caps, instructed in first aid, and given hours of foot-drill and arms-drill in the gym by a Territorial Army Captain and a Sergeant who had emanated from somewhere or other.

"You are now", Mr W. E. Ward oscillated precariously on the balls of his feet as he addressed all thirty of his troops in his capacity as Chief of Staff, "sufficiently trained to play your part as the Strathallan Platoon of the Local Defence Volunteers. Every alternate night, working with the Forgandenny LDV you will defend the Railway Station." This was getting serious. We seemed to have been pitched suddenly right into the thick of battle.

It was a black and freezing night. Two of us had the guard duty from 10pm until 2am and it was already past 2am. We had long since emptied the contents of our thermos flasks, the temperature was well below freezing and the ground was carpeted with a thick layer of frozen snow and ice. Impatiently we stamped noisily up and down the platform of Forgandenny Station breathing out clouds of steam. The relief guard would consist of two men from the village.

Suddenly in the pitch blackness beyond the end of the platform ramp we heard boots crunching and slithering on the lethal ice.

"Bout bloody time", grumbled my partner, then, "Halt! Who goes there?"

The challenge went unheeded. The footsteps crunched closer accompanied by an unintelligible muttering. Suddenly they broke into an urgent stumbling run.

"My God!", breathed my partner, "Wha' if it's them. Wha' if it's the Gerry". In a split second two ancient P14 rifles were in two pairs of hands, safety-catches off, cut-off out and LIVE rounds up two spouts. We stood at either edge of the platform facing the 'enemy'.

"HALT! — or I fire". We gazed myopically into the pitch blackness.

After what seemed an age we managed to interpret the hoarse breathless wheeze, "It's — only me....dinna fire....it's Jim...."

There followed immediately an unbelievable simultaneous eruption of sound — a cry of surprise as our relief slipped on the icy ramp, the crash as he smashed down onto the ice and the deafening roar of his rifle discharging.

To this day, as I gaze at the constellations over Zululand in the quiet wee hours, I only have to recall this incident to hear the angry whine of the bullet that struck the platform between my partner and myself before soaring off as a ricochet in the general direction of Russia.

My last run in the Alvis was when Mr Riley accompanied me to the Caird Hall

in Dundee to enlist in the RAF on 28 February 1941, my eighteenth birthday. When we drove back to Strath that afternoon, with my London Matriculation Certificate behind me and the King's shilling in my pocket, I realised sadly that that day was the end of another chapter in my life.

That was 51 years ago. Since then no single person has had such a beneficial effect on the formation of my character as Harry Riley, Esquire, by his example and encouragement in loco parentis. For that I shall always be grateful.

DAVID WHITTON
Durban. June 1992.



KEEPSAKES

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All including postage.

Apply to Matron at School

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N.B. Personal collection only, from Matron, for this last item.

STRATHALLIAN CLUB NEWS

- ADAM G. M. (1988) still playing rugby, he made his debut for Anglo-under-21's while studying at Southampton University.
- AITKEN D. S. (1986) is a management trainee with the Maerok Line and recently had a posting in London.
- AITKEN K. S. (1984) She is nursing in Aberdeen.
- ALLINGHAM M. J. de G. (1983) won a Scotland B rugby cap and was a member of the Scottish cricket team's tour to South Africa.
- ASHTON T. C. (1968) is serving in Germany with the 26th Field Regiment Royal Artillery.
- BAILLIE C. A. J. (1980) married Sylvie Theraulaz on 29th August 1992. They are living in Vevey, Switzerland.
- BARGON E. R. (1979) After working in the hotel industry he took 1st Class Honours in Economics at Dundee Institute of Technology and is now working as a Group Pensions Administrator with Scottish Equitable. His brothers, Clive (1984) and Mark (1988) were staying with him in Edinburgh when he wrote.
- BELL S. R. (1982) is a Captain in the Army and at present is serving in Perth. He is married and is living in Forgandenny!
- BENSON S. J. (1981) (Sally Rutherford) Her second child was due in March, hence her inability to attend the 1978-82 dinner. She won £40 backing Peter Niven (1980) at Sedgefield Races!
- BLANCHE G. W. G. (1978) opened "Paxton House", Berwick upon Tweed in April. He is hoping for Strathallian visitors.
- BOON K. (1988) *The Scotsman* had a report in October 1991 on the progress of the boys who toured New Zealand with the Scottish Schools in 1988. Kristian was purported to be working down a coal-mine in Yorkshire.
- BRASH A. R. (1967) Now Dr Brash, he works in the Department of Pharmacology in the School of Medicine at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee.
- BRASH D. G. (1968) is a solicitor in private practice with Alex Morrison & Co W.S. of Edinburgh.
- BRIAN S. G. (1982) is Managing Director of a Petroleum Retailing Company with a subsidiary convenience store/newsagency. He lives in Frodsham, Cheshire, with his wife and Rebecca Louise aged 4, and Philip James, who is 2.
- BROWNE D. J. S. (1988) has been working in France.
- BROWNE J. G. (1984) Jenny is now Mrs Reekie and has a baby. She and her husband live in Angus.
- BUDGE A. D. J. (1958) is an agricultural adviser living in Banbury, Western Australia, and has a property on the Margaret River in the South-west. He keeps in touch with N. F. Clark (1958).
- CHAPMAN J. H. (1983) is now living at 81 Kirk Road, Wishaw, and was married on 8th July.
- CHENERY R. A. (1987) graduated B. Mus. from Durham University and is a Lay Clerk at Wells Cathedral. He is a part-time teacher at Wells Cathedral School.
- CLARK D. J. (1988) worked in a Kibbutz at the end of last year and toured Israel and Egypt.
- CLARK I. A. (1989) is in the Royal Signals Regiment and is very much enjoying the Army.
- CLARK P. J. (1986) Pamela is working for Morgan Grenfell in London.
- CLAYTON M. J. (1990) plays shinty for St Andrew's University.
- COCKBURN N. (1990) is entering his final year as Organ Scholar, reading for a B.A. in Music at Keble College, Oxford. Congratulations to him on winning the Sawyer and Durrant prizes for the examination in performance in his diploma to be an Associate of the Royal College of Organists.
- COZIER F. S. (1983) After gaining his Honours Degree in Engineering at Aberdeen University he returned to his native Trinidad where he is a Senior Field Engineer with Anadrill Schlumberger. He married Danielle in August 1991.
- CRABB J. R. M. (1982) has emigrated to Australia and in May married Andrea Russell of Melbourne.
- CRABB S. A. (1981) Sandra also lives in Australia where she works for Price Waterhouse as an Accountant. She recently had a short term contract in New Guinea.
- CRAWFORD H. B. (1938) continues his work as a gemmologist in Castle Douglas and he will facet, repair or identify any fine gemstones you may have!
- CRICHTON M. J. (1985) is the Customer Service Representative of the Prudential Assurance Co Ltd in Stirling.
- CURRIE G. A. (1990) is reading Social Psychology and Sociology at the University of Ulster, Coleraine, and is thoroughly enjoying it.
- CURRIE G. M. (1983) She is a Senior Reporter with the Lancashire Post.
- CURRIE S. A. (1988) is reading Building and Quantity Surveying at Heriot-Watt University.
- DAJANI S. N. (1981) will welcome you at The Crown Hotel, Amman. He was very sorry not to be able to come to the 1978-82 Dinner.
- DELBARRE N. M. (1971) is living in Saffron Walden.
- DEVLIN C. (1986) After taking her B.A. at Oxford in English she was in publishing for a year but decided to go into teaching. She spent 10 weeks teaching practice at Strathallan during the Spring Term 1992. Congratulations on her appointment as the first full-time lady member of staff at Glenalmond College in September 92.
- DIAMOND P. D. (1987) Which of us did not turn to Channel 4 during January to see Gamesmaster at 6.30pm on Tuesdays? Congratulations, Dominik, on the wonderful success of your programme. We look forward to the next series. Thanks, too, for telling Fiona of 'The Courier and Advertiser' that your time at school at Strathallan was "definitely the happiest of my life so far!".
- DICKINSON E. J. (1987) Elspeth is working for Unilever.
- DICKINSON G. A. (1930) is still living in Argentina but visited the UK in summer on his way to a tour in China.
- DINNEN G. S. (1969) has been working in Indonesia and has plans for directing a company investing in the leisure and golf world. We wish him all success.
- DINSMORE D. W. (1986) We particularly noted his article in *The Sun* of Saturday, 1st February: "Roller Les is Sticking up for Freedom".
- DOBBIE M. J. (1983) is living in Georgia and has been working for Roy Miller, Republican, running for election to Congress. He married Mary Elizabeth Karafotias in August.
- DOWNES D. J. (1990) is a trainee with Provincial Insurance Co.
- DRUMMOND L. M. (1982) (Lindsay Rhodes). Her daughter, Poppy, is now two and Lindsay is taking a teacher training course at the Northern College, Aberdeen, to qualify as a teacher of Drama.
- DUNCAN R. J. (1980) represented Great Britain in the Winter Olympics. Congratulations — It's a long way from Sunday Skiing at Glenshee! Congratulations, too, on his engagement to Lyn Gill.
- ELDER R. J. (1966) is still working with English National Opera at the London Coliseum.
- ELKINS M. J. (1978) is married and working and living in South Africa.
- FAGG A. J. (1985) He graduated BA in History from Hull University and he has been working as an assistant nurse in the Intensive Psychiatric Care Unit at the Royal Edinburgh Hospital. He hopes to take an M.A. in Social Work.
- FAGG J. D. (1986) Congratulations on the award of a Scholarship at Manchester University where she has taken an M. Sc. in Audiology. She hopes to take a Ph.D. at an American University researching into the problems of deaf children.
- FERGUSON S. A. (1979) lives near Tring in Hertfordshire and works with the Ministry of Defence.
- FINNIE S. (1988) is working with Jacob

- and Howey Ltd in Plymouth.
- FLEMING J. N. (1958) He much enjoyed last year's Old Strathallian Golf outing at Prestwick. He is Lieutenant-Colonel on the Staff of HQ Army, Scotland.
- FORBES A. G. (1936) He was very interested in Mr Roberson's article about Strathallian in the 30's in last year's issue. He tells of two chance meetings with ex-Strathallian Masters during his service in the 39-45 war. He met Mr Roberson in Catterick when on a 10-mile run, and he met Mr Wenham when boarding a train at Howrah Station when travelling from Calcutta to Bengal. He has not seen either since!
- FORD T. H. (1987) Congratulations on the award of a 1st in his Master's Degree in Chemical Engineering at Newcastle University.
- FOSTER J. C. (1979) He is married with a daughter, and he practices Law with Hanson, Hashey in Fredericton, New Brunswick. He reports an extremely harsh winter in Canada in 91/92 with temperatures of -30C.
- GADIE C. E. (1986) She has graduated with a 2/1 in Tourism Studies from Bournemouth Polytechnic.
- GADIE P. A. (1985) After graduating BA in Geography at Sheffield University he is serving with 40 Commando, Taunton.
- GANDHI S. K. (1981) He is working with the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries in Weymouth, but he has a house in Perth as well.
- GEORGE B. H. (1941) lives in Lancashire and he had a surprise meeting with the Headmaster at the Caledonian Club Dinner in Southport.
- GOODBOURN B. M. (1981) is living in Herts and he is working for Celdis in Reading.
- GOODBOURN J. N. (1979), his wife, Hannah, and their two children live in Harrogate where he is a computer programmer for Dunlop.
- GOODBOURN M. G. (1981) works for a consultancy firm in Birmingham.
- GRANT J. M. (1982) is married and was sorry not to be able to attend the year dinner but they were in Kenya seeing his brother Ken — see below.
- GRANT K. V. S. (1980) he got married in Nairobi in March to Karen Harvey. He is working on a large water supply project out there.
- GRAY J. M. (1951) Congratulations to John on his appointment as Chief Executive of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation. The Financial Times reported that this was the first time that the Bank has split the roles of Chairman and Chief Executive.
- GRAY M. A. R. (1950) also lives and works in Hong Kong. He is Managing Director (Asia Pacific) for the Dennison Far East Unit of Avery Dennison Corporation.
- GREEN A. J. (1973) lives and works in Edinburgh and he brought his family to the Fête.
- GREEN R. H. (1972) lives in Edinburgh and is a bigwig at the Royal Commonwealth Pool.
- GUNN R. H. D. (1964) He is Manager, Trade Finance for the International Banking Services for the Toronto Dominion Bank, with whom he has been for 24 years. He was, until recently, in Taiwan, but has been posted back to Toronto. En route to his present post he had a Scholarship at the Miner Institute University of New York, and graduated from McGill University, Montreal, with a Fellowship from the Institute of Canadian Bankers. Married with two children he is a member of the Canadian Board of Trade and the Foreign Trade Committee of the Canadian Bankers Institute. He keeps in touch with R. B. Gray (1960) who also lives in Canada.
- GUTHRIE A. N. H. (1966) is living in Guildford, near Perth in Western Australia.
- GUY W. (1984) This year he won his PGA Players Card and qualified for the Open Championship at Muirfield, where he came out equal with B. Langer. Our warmest congratulations.
- HARRISON C. R. (1981) works in the Department of Western Art in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.
- HANNAH D. W. (1958) is with the Alliance and Leicester and has moved from Paisley to Auchterarder.
- HASLAM R. G. (1990) is taking a BSc in Computer Science at Heriot-Watt University.
- HATRICK K. (1980) has gained a 2 i in his degree in Molecular Biology. He is going on to take a Ph.D. at the National Institute for Medical Research in London.
- HEAD S. T. (1990) is studying Civil and Environmental Engineering at Newcastle University. His family has moved to the Isle of Man.
- HOLST M. J. (1985) was married to Tara Davies in Larne Methodist Church on 10 April 1992. He is studying for his PhD at Peterhouse, Cambridge.
- HOOPER A. J. P. (1980) He and his wife, Judith, live in Twickenham with their daughter Holly. Trained as a Mechanical Engineer at Cardiff University and as a Chartered Accountant he is running two London Studio complexes producing television commercials.
- HOUISON-CRAUFURD J. A. (1984) got married with at least six Strathallian witnesses.
- HOUISON-CRAUFURD S. D. (1990) is at Strathclyde University.
- HOUISON-CRAUFURD T. E. (1984) got married in 1991 and is living in St Helens. She is completing a nursing degree at Manchester.
- HULME M. J. S. (1982) is Marketing Manager for National Home Loans Corporation. He lives near Birmingham and is engaged to be married. He still plays hockey for Olton West Warwicks.
- HUNTER J. S. (1966) has been appointed a Governor of Strathallian.
- ISMAIL R. (1987) Roxanne has graduated at SOAS (London) in Law and has a place at Bar School. She was President of her college Law Society and a member of their team in the National Observer Mooting Competition. She claims that all her activities have been rather law-orientated.
- JACK W. H. (1932) lives in Westcliff-on-Sea. He was definitely the Senior Strathallian at the London Dinner.
- KENNEDY S. M. (1988) has graduated from Heriot-Watt University in Combined Studies and is going on to take a Teacher Training Course.
- KERR R. P. (1974) worked for some time in Africa and Norway but is now a manager with an oilfield service company in Aberdeen, living near Ellon.
- KINDER G. L. H. (1978) He runs the Wynd Gallery in Lanark and would be pleased to advise on picture framing or anything connected with Art.
- LAIDLAW C. D. G. (1971) is director of Citigate and specialises in PR and Marketing.
- LAING H. R. (1982) He graduated from Leeds University and lives and works in Pretoria, South Africa. He married Celia Barnard in the Dutch Reform Church, Pretoria, in 1989.
- LAING P. M. A. (1991) was incorrectly published on Page 4 of last year's magazine as having gone to Peterhouse. He is, in fact, at Trinity College, Cambridge, studying Philosophy.
- LEE C. L. H. (1981) Christine has completed her PhD in Microbiology at Waikato University, Auckland.
- LEE P. S. H. (1980) He and his wife live in Paisley where she is a doctor and he is a pharmacist. They have a baby boy.
- LESTER R. H. (1978) After gaining his BSc at Wolverhampton Polytechnic he moved to the USA where he now has his Green Card. He is a senior sales representative for Glaxo and owns a beautiful house in Lake Oswego, Oregon.
- LIDDELL F. G. (1987) She has graduated from Auckland University but she spent last Christmas and New Year in the UK.
- LIDDELL S. J. (1986) works in New Zealand and Roxanne Ismail reports he will probably be married when you read this.
- LIGHTBODY M. W. (1982) was named United Kingdom Independent Baker of the Year, marking the success of his innovative business offshoot "Celebration Cakes". No design is too difficult, so any Strathallian wanting a very special cake can contact Martin.
- LINTON D. G. (1962) is with the Secretary's Department of Manweb plc in Chester.
- MacDONALD M. J. (1974) Congratulations on graduating Summa cum laude for the degree of Doctor of

- Medicine at Emory University, Atlanta. He was one of two students to gain the highest Honors Award. His parents were delighted to attend the graduation and diploma ceremony when the guest speaker, introduced by ex-President Jimmy Carter, was Mr Mikhail Gorbachev. Malcolm and his parents all send warmest wishes to Strathallan.
- MacDONALD R. H. (1980) is a pilot with British Airways.
- McCONCHIE D. R. (1979) is living in Edinburgh. He has completed a post-graduate course in computing at Napier College.
- McKENZIE-DONOVAN A. (1986) nee McKenzie-Walker. She is living in London and she and her husband John had a daughter, Elizabeth, on 12 March 1992.
- MacLAURIN B. A. (1981) Barbie works for the BBC in television production and research. Amongst her work was the documentary "Happy Families" for the World Environmental season in May. She has been lucky enough to travel to India, Nepal, Thailand and Ecuador.
- MacLEOD C. A. (1980) is reading Theology at St Andrew's University with a view to becoming a Minister.
- MacLEOD R. N. (1975) has left Loretto and has become a Padre in the Army.
- McCAUSLAND I. H. M. (1981) works in Hong Kong as a consultant in financial services for Mondial.
- McCLUNG G. E. (1983) works with Slaughter and May in the City.
- McKEE P. J. (1982) is teaching Maths at Sherborne School and is House Tutor of School House and much involved in games.
- McLEAN G. C. (1980) was married to Louise Clement on April 4th. They are living in Hong Kong where he works for Allen and Overy.
- McLEAN C. E. (1981) (Lyn Belch) had a baby girl, Laura, last September.
- McLEOD A. N. (1964) lives in East Sussex and is a stockbroker in the City.
- McNAMARA E. A. (1991) has spent her gap year teaching English at the Cultura Inglesa Salvador in Bahia, Brazil, where her pupils have ranged in age between 14 and 50. She has also seen the poorer end of Brazilian society helping in an orphanage where the children took on the task of trying to teach her Portuguese. She has also managed to travel in Brazil and spent Christmas in Brasilia and New Year 91/92 in Rio de Janeiro.
- MARSHALL A. G. (1973) is Sales Manager for the Rutland Exchange Ltd. He and his wife, Wendy, are living near Dunning and their son, Andrew, is going to Forgandenny Primary School! A daughter arrived in September.
- MAXWELL J. (1990) He is at St Andrew's University reading French, German and History of Art. He fences epee. In the Student Paper 'The Chronicle' he had an article on Cultural Revolution reporting on a trip to Northern Italy, Trieste and Yugoslavia with Richard Demarco in December 1991. (Ed: I do not think we can hold them responsible for the sad events in Yugoslavia since!)
- MEIKLE L. J. (1986) Congratulations on her 1st Class Honours in Estate Management at Heriot-Watt University.
- MENNIE N. R. (1981) works for Allied Dunbar in the South East.
- MITCHELL G. C. (1980) gained his BSc in Land Economics from Paisley College and then qualified as a Chartered Surveyor. He works with James Barr & Son of Glasgow. He married Heather Adam on 4 October 1991.
- MOIR R. I. (1990) passed out of Britannia Naval College in December 1991 and was posted to 819 NAS at Prestwick for air training. Congratulations on being the RN Ski Champion again in 1992.
- MONTGOMERIE C. S. (1975) This year all we will say is congratulations on your continued excellence in your golfing career. We were delighted to read that Tom Shields of the Sporting Diary of *The Herald* is a keen reader of the Strathallian Magazine. In his column he took us slightly to task for being rather laid back in our reporting of Colin's 1990/91 successes. We cannot risk the same again this time!
- MORTON H. G. (1961) As a child psychiatrist he acted as professional adviser to Lord Clyde's Orkney inquiry.
- MUIR A. A. (1971) Patrick Russell was amazed when Alan's 70ft luxury yacht "Tabasco" moored in the bay outside his house in Singapore. Barbecues and "a very good week doing the party round as an old boy trio with Iain Pickett (1981)", over from Hong Kong, ensued before "Tabasco" moved on.
- MUIR D. S. (1978) is still doing well in Derby.
- MUIR K. H. (1980) got married in Australia on 11 January 1992 and is doing a management course in Forestry.
- MURDOCH T. (1957) is living in New Zealand and working with Carpet Wool Manufacturers. He travels in South East Asia a lot.
- NIVEN P. D. (1980) Congratulations on riding Rubika to 14th place in the Grand National at 28-1. He was also the first Scottish National Hunt jockey to ride 100 winners in a season, came 3rd in the Jockeys' Championship and was a close 3rd in the Champion Hurdle.
- ORR K. F. (1985) He is appearing in "Les Miserables" in Manchester at present and then it is coming to Edinburgh.
- PATERSON M. D. L. (1988) has graduated BLE (Land Economy) at Aberdeen University. He has travelled extensively in vacations, and in 1991 went to Thailand, The River Qwai, China and home on the trans-Siberian express to Moscow and then took another train to London.
- PORTER J. A. L. (1972) is feeling ancient because his eldest child is at the GCSE stage. He travels a lot for his photographic work and in Africa ended up behind rebel lines looking down the wrong end of a rifle. This experience was "nothing, compared to Strath in the old days"!
- POTTS A. M. (1980) was sorry he was unable to attend the 1978-82 reunion. He had just come back from a visit to Norway.
- POTTS W. M. (1978) He is living in Okehampton and, according to his brother above, is a busy father coming to terms with responsibility!
- RHODES S. M. (1986) has been travelling the world mostly by boat. Her sister, Lindsay, is not sure if her interest is in yachts or the yachties. She is not looking forward to returning to a proper job!
- ROBSON D. A. (1981) married Jan in November 1990, and they had a Lightbody wedding cake. If you need any shampoo — David is your man, so our spies tell us.
- ROGER T. F. (1944) After his post as Chief Engineer Development of the Papua New Guinea Electricity Commission he has retired to St Catherines, Ontario, Canada.
- ROSELLE C. P. (1959) He is hoping to visit Scotland — and — Strathallan in June/July 1993. His address is P O Box 4051, Rio Rico, AZ 85648, USA. Some time ago a copy of the Strathallian addressed to his brother S R (1960) in Springfield, Illinois, was returned by the American postal authorities as: Address Inadequate. We would be glad to hear of his proper address.
- RUSSELL M. A. (1978) is working for Ferranti-GEC in Edinburgh.
- RUSSELL P. D. (1981) married Ilona Finnigan in Penang on 14 December 1991 and they are living in Singapore.
- RUSSELL P. J. (1982) has been working with Hewlett Packard in Amsterdam but is returning to the UK.
- SCOTT N. W. J. (1978) is living in Reading. He got married in Spring 1992.
- SHANNON K. J. (1975) He has lived in Victoria, Australia, for eight years where he is married with two daughters.
- SMITH P. (1991) Paulina is at Trinity College, Cambridge, reading Oriental languages and was not looking forward very much to her oral exam in Japanese. Still, punting in the sun has some advantages!
- STEELE T. A. (1991) is studying for a BA in Communications at Napier Polytechnic.
- STROYAN M. R. C. (1983) The Fishtrader Magazine of January 1992

carried a page long article on Fred's company New England Lobsters International Ltd, in Wandsworth, London. Fred did his training with Clearwaters in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and then with a big London food distributor. "Mad" was the word some people used to describe Fred's decision to start a new company in the pit of a recession, but he seems well set on the road to success with a projected £1.2 million turnover in the company's first year.

TARGOWSKI E. G. (1969) has been appointed a Governor of Strathallan. He got some mentions in the papers as Counsel for some of the Orkney parents in the abuse enquiry.

TAYLOR R. A. (1965) is living in Havelock North, New Zealand, and he would give a big welcome to any Strathallians in the region.

TETHER B. S. (1986) is studying for a D. Phil. at Sussex University.

TETHER N. J. (1985) has been teaching at Aldenham School for three years and has completed a M.A. degree in International Relations.

TETHER R. M. (1989) is at Southampton University and spent the summer as a trail leader on walking safaris in Luangwa Valley National Park in Zambia.

THOM R. D. (1968) is Director of Finance and Administration for the

Royal Academy of Dancing in Battersea, which teaches ballet in over 50 countries.

THOM S. M. (1968) (formerly C. M.). He has changed his name from Charles to Solihin and he lives in Lake Oswego, Oregon, USA, with his wife, Alicia, 3 daughters and a son. He runs seminars and workshops on osteopathy and life enrichment.

THOMSON A. A. (1981) This is Angus ex-Simpson. He is living in Australia and playing rugby.

UPRICHARD D. E. (1984) is married and lives and works in New York.

WALKER R. G. (1978) is living in Danville, California and would very much like to contact Strathallians nearby.

WATSON B. C. (1981) works for Gleneagles Leisure Pursuits.

WATSON D. J. (1980) is married with a baby and is a director of a surveying company in Gabarone, Botswana.

WATSON L. W. (1985) is living in Inverness and is working for Moray Firth Maltings.

WATT S. J. (1986) nee Mackie. She has qualified as a Notary Public.

WIGHTON A. (1974) is an avid reader of the Strathallian. In 1977 he got married and he and Joan have 2 girls and a boy aged 10, 8 and 5. He is Vice President, Skycharter Ltd, Toronto International Airport, so for those wanting to charter an executive jet, he has 6 Falcons and 2

Learjets. He has achieved his life ambition to fly. He would give a big welcome to Strathallians going across "the pond" and says Hello from the "old Yank" to all the boys from his era.

WILSON R. A. (1936) was delighted to read Mr Roberson's article in last year's Strathallian. He, too, has many memories of Breckenridge and of Springy Forrest who he claims to have tackled successfully — once! He was also very anxious to be reminded of the Strathallan School Song, part of which incidentally, was recorded for use in the School Play "The Happiest Days of Your Life", performed this year. We print the full text elsewhere in the magazine.

WYLTON T. (1958) (T. W. Higginson). Congratulations on his performance in the BBC's award-winning episode of "Casualty". He has also appeared in many television films.

YELLOWLEES M J (1978) Not satisfied with his Ph.D. in Scottish History he is taking a degree in Law at Edinburgh University with a view to entering the profession. He says he has retired from International Hockey but is still coaching.

YOUNG W. R. S. (1957) lives in Western Australia, as does his brother John (1960). William, accompanied by D A Fleming (1959) called in at Strathallan in June on his first visit since leaving School.

OBITUARY

BARROWMAN J. M. T. (1983): We were very sad to learn that John was drowned on 7 November 1991.

BRECHIN R. H. (1948): on 28 April 1992. He was a very enthusiastic Curler and he organised the International Curling Silver Broom Competition when it was held in Glasgow.

FERGUSON G. P. H. (1937): on 19 September 1991. After leaving School he took an apprenticeship with Scotts Engineering and entered the family business. He served in Burma during the war. He and his wife lived in Gourrock for more than 40 years.

GILLANDERS N. A. (1932): on 10 April 1992. An appreciation will be found elsewhere in the magazine.

GILLANDERS S. R. (1936): on 29 April 1992, brother of the above and of Eric (1928), and father of Torquil (1979). He lived in Killinghall, Harrogate.

GRAY A. G. R. (1935): He lived in Port of Spain, Trinidad.

LINTON W. S. (1932): He lived in South Africa.

MARSHALL G. A. W. (1943): On 4th September 1992. He lived in Pennyghael, Mull, and was the father of Alan (1973).

MORTIMER J. R. G. (1963): in London on 1 September 1991. He was a FRICS with his own firm, a keen golfer with Royal Blackheath and a Past Master of Trambands Lodge, London. Our deepest sympathy goes to his parents and his wife Ann on his untimely death after an operation.

MURRAY R. I. M. (1966): in January 1992, aged 43. He was a founding partner of the Glasgow legal firm of Dorman Jeffrey in 1979 and was described as "one of life's natural lawyers" at the time of his death. He lived in Helensburgh and for some years he was the Hon Secretary and Treasurer of the Strathallian Club.

NAIRN W. M. (1947): on 27 February 1992. A short appreciation will be found elsewhere in the magazine.

PATTERSON R. H. (1947): on 5 October 1991. He lived in Troon and was father of Michael (1973) and David (1974). For many years he was a staunch supporter of the Annual Dinner.

REID N. G. (1926): in November 1991. An appreciation will be found elsewhere in the magazine.

STEVENSON R. H. V.: at the age of 81. He was the father of Struan (1964) and he farmed at Ballantrae. He was a pioneer with Simmental cattle and he had been President of the Ayrshire NFU and a member of the Potato Marketing Board and the Milk Marketing Board.

WOOD J. M. (1929): On 14 April 1992. He was a very well known figure in Perth business circles.

FORMER MEMBERS OF STAFF

HEWSON C. P.: All Strathallians and particularly those who were in Riley during his Housemastership, will be sad to hear of Philip's death in June 1992. A separate obituary will be found elsewhere in the magazine.

POLLARD S. C.: Former friends and pupils will be sorry to hear of the death of Stanley in January 1992. A graduate of Oxford and an ex-Colonial Officer, who had to walk out of Burma during the War after the Japanese invasion, he was one of nature's gentlemen, and he will be long remembered by his Strathallan pupils for his upright bearing and his individual teaching of Biology.

OBITUARY

NEIL A. GILLANDERS

OS 1932 GOVERNOR 1966-85 HON GOV 1985-1992
CHAIRMAN 1971-73 and 1975-77



It must be declared from the start that this short and inadequate tribute to the enormous contribution that Neil Gillanders made to Strathallan is written by one of his employees! I first met Neil — Mr Gillanders, Sir, as it was then — in a small crowded room in the Station Hotel, Perth in early January 1975. He was Chairing the Selection Committee for a new Headmaster. "How well do you know Duncan McCallum?" was his opening question, which I still remember vividly today. I also remember my answer but that is irrelevant. What is relevant is at that first meeting with the Governors I sensed an atmosphere of commitment, intelligence, hard work and fun, which is the hall mark of the Strathallan Governors and which in no small measure is attributable to the leadership of successive chairmen.

It had fallen to Neil to settle into retirement an experienced and long standing Headmaster, Duncan McCallum and to lead the search for his successor. With the untimely death of Bill Paton (Chairman 1974) Neil found himself back at the top table for longer than expected and having to nurture a very inexperienced young Headmaster. Looking back what fun we had, though it might not have appeared so at the time. Who was to move into the new Houses, the appointment of a new Bursar and the consequent restructuring which ruffled a few feathers. A heart attack in the Common Room, the Captain of rugby to be sent home, it did not matter what the problem was, nor when it happened, Neil's wise council and his seemingly inexhaustible patience were always

freely given and never once did he make me feel that this was all my fault!

One day a friend of Neil's asked him to bring his new Headmaster to the Shoot. This invitation for a day's shooting soon extended into full membership of this Shoot and from then onwards a friendly relationship between Governor and Headmaster became a friendship.

How Neil enjoyed his shooting. Missing and recalling, some time later admittedly, the absurdity of the miss was almost as much fun as achieving a good shot of which there were many. The whole day was a ritual- the packing of the lunch basket, for two if there was a guest, and in the latter days the bandaging of limbs and the strapping of painful joints were all meticulously carried out, for Neil was a meticulous person. His gin and tonics were as carefully and as lovingly poured out at lunch time, as were his papers filed after a Governors' Meeting, and there were plenty of both.

He was always ready to help the School. When he retired from business life in Dundee he willingly took over a School Appeal. After one of our forays, this time to a reception in the Houses of Parliament, he was determined we should dine at one of his old haunts in Soho, but that's another story! It is sufficient to say that yes, we did catch our sleeper back — well just!

Neil, himself, retired from the Board in '85 after almost twenty years but he never missed a party or attendance at the Annual General Meeting. His connection with Strathallan extended much further than my personal friendship. He left in 1932 having played for both the 1st XI and 1st XV. He had two brothers at the School as well as two of his own sons and a succession of nephews. He loved his family and in the latter years when terribly restricted by his painful handicap his grandchildren brought a particular joy. He had a special way with all ages. He never appeared at School without a little something for a boy or girl if they were related or he knew their parents. Letters of encouragement came naturally to him and all letters to him received a prompt and happy reply.

Perhaps the final tribute ought to be recorded in the remark of a friend of mine who, having met Neil for a day on Loch Tummel, said, as his car disappeared down the loch road, "It must be fun working for a Gentleman".

DAVID PIGHILLS

W. M. NAIRN 1930-1992

William (Willie) Nairn died on 27 February 1992 after a long fight against illness. He attended the School between 1944 and 1947. His brothers Roy (1947/51) and Andrew (1957/62) also attended the School. Willie was President of the Club in 1973/74.

After doing his National Service he qualified as a Chartered Accountant (one of eight members of the Nairn family to do so) becoming a partner in Nairn, Bowes & Craig in 1955. Under his control the firm grew to become an integral part of a national firm.

The professionalism shown in work also showed in his leisure pursuits where his love of fly fishing was predominant. He was Captain of Strathallan Angling Club and Phoenix Angling Club and Secretary of the Glasgow and District Angling Club's Association over the years. His fishing exploits even reached the national arena where he represented and captained the Scottish National Fly Fishing Team gaining many caps in the process.

Willie was also a family man who loved entertaining and having guests. Clients and friends will always remember his loyalty, advice and ability always to be there in trouble or joy.

Willie is survived by his wife, Cynthia and three children, Fiona and Irene, who are both established in the hotel and catering industry, and Robin (Strathallan 1972/76) an accountant like his father.

R.V.N.





Strathallan School 1st XI Cricket Team 1926

*J. D. Reid, R. Barr, J. J. McFadzen, W. A. C. Lambie
J. R. Wheatley, T. M. Hart, N. G. Reid (captain), C. Bowman, A. H. Porter
L. M. Frazer, J. F. Dow.*

N. GUTHRIE REID

All those of the older generation of Strathallians will be saddened by the news of the death of Guthrie Reid on 5th November 1991 at the age of 83. He was predeceased by his wife, May, and is survived by their two daughters. He was the last surviving founder-member of the Club and was its second President in 1934. He took part with enthusiasm in all the activities of the Club until ill-health compelled him to give up. He did a lot for Strathallan, serving on the Board of Governors as the Club's representative from 1949 to 1952 and later as an Honorary Governor.

Arriving at Strathallan in 1923 he was quickly recognised as an outstanding sportsman excelling at both rugby and cricket, ultimately captaining the cricket eleven in 1926 — the year the school beat Harry B Rowan's XI. The accompanying photograph shows the Team.

Guthrie was employed by ICI in a managerial capacity for thirty-six years until he retired in 1969. He served as Major in the Highland Light Infantry during the Second World War, being mentioned in despatches, and being awarded the TD. His quality of leadership was further recognised as Deacon of the Weavers of

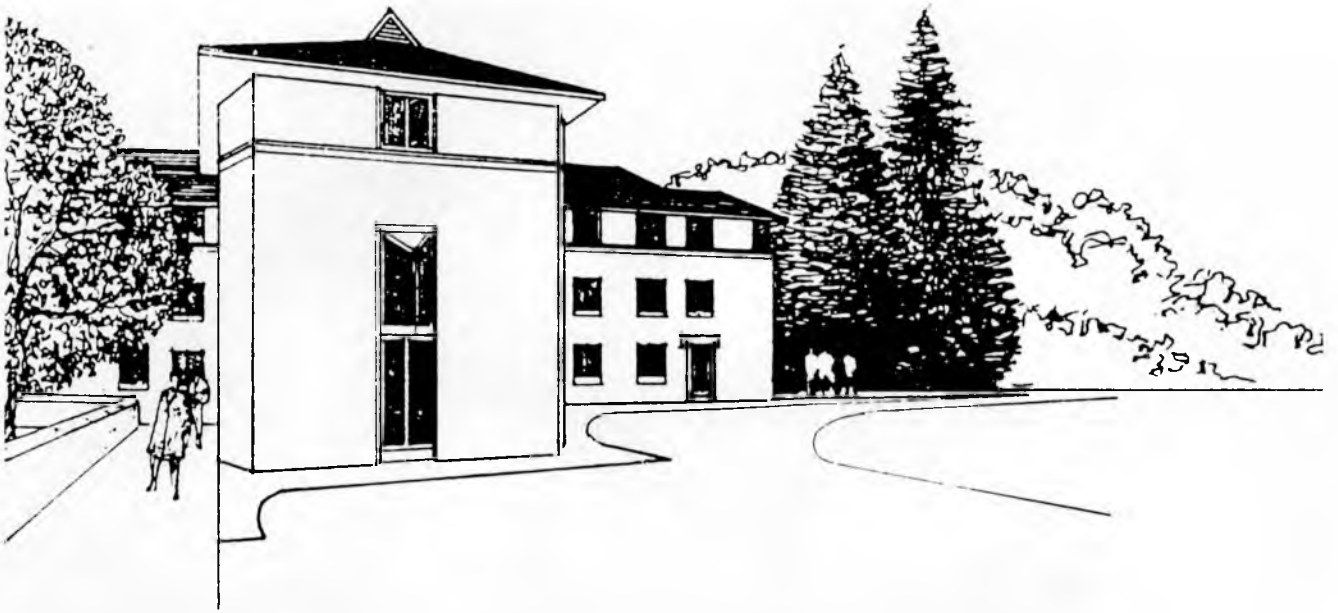
the Trades House of Glasgow, and as Captain of the Elie Golf House Club from 1963 to 1965.

Guthrie will be remembered by his countless friends as a man of indomitable cheerfulness, amiability and strength of character. Self-effacing and caring, he was a true friend to all who knew him, and will be greatly missed.

The School is grateful to him for the legacy which he left. This will be used to found a Guthrie Reid Travelling Scholarship.

R.S.J.

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